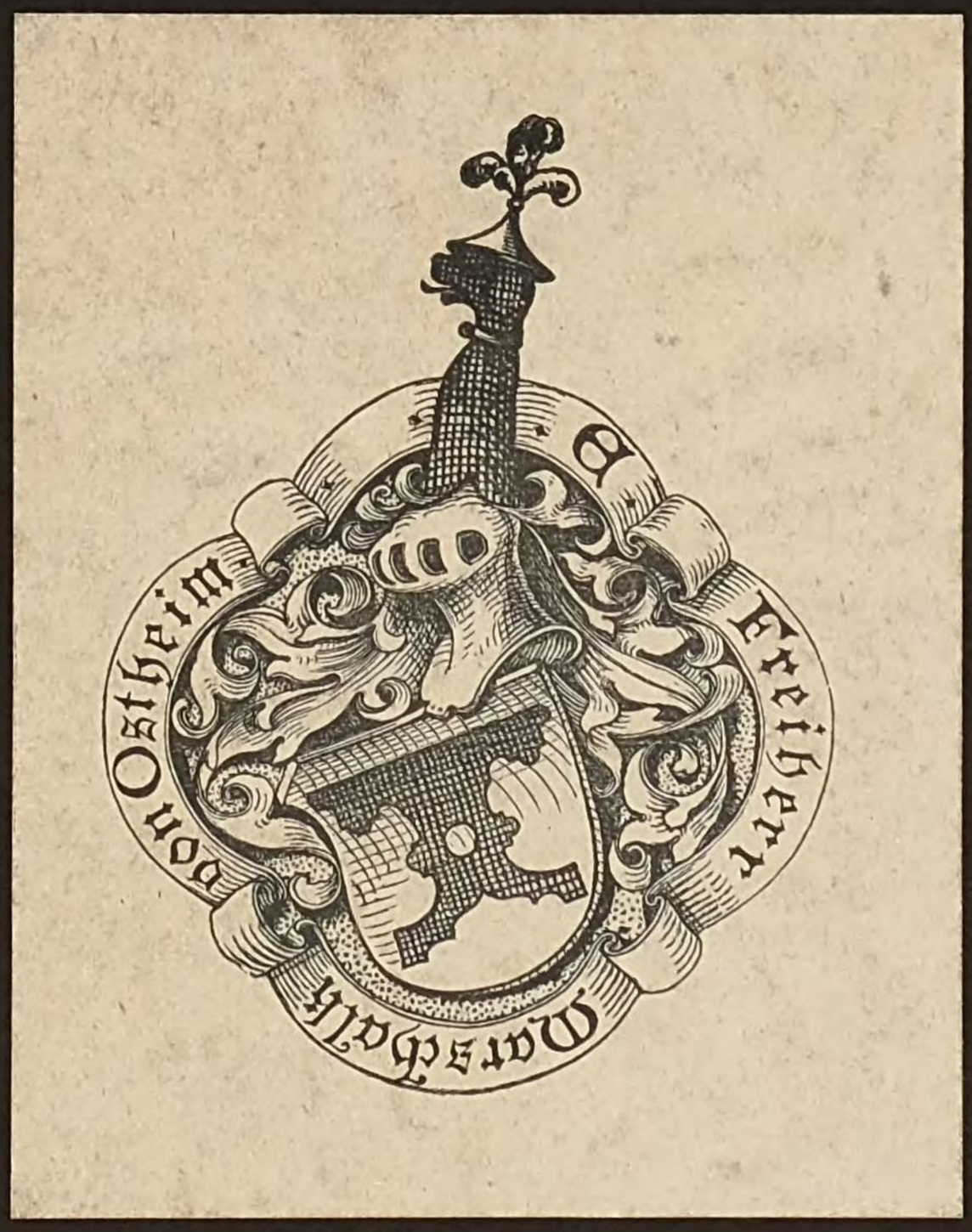
AROUND THE WORLD

WITH

GENERAL GRANT

John Russell Young.



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AROUND THE WORLD

WITH

GENERAL GRANT:

A NARRATIVE OF THE VISIT OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, TO VARIOUS COUNTRIES IN EUROPE, ASIA, AND AFRICA, IN

1877, 1878, 1879.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

CERTAIN CONVERSATIONS WITH GENERAL GRANT ON QUESTIONS CONNECTED WITH AMERICAN POLITICS AND HISTORY.

BY

JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG.

WITH EIGHT HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME II.

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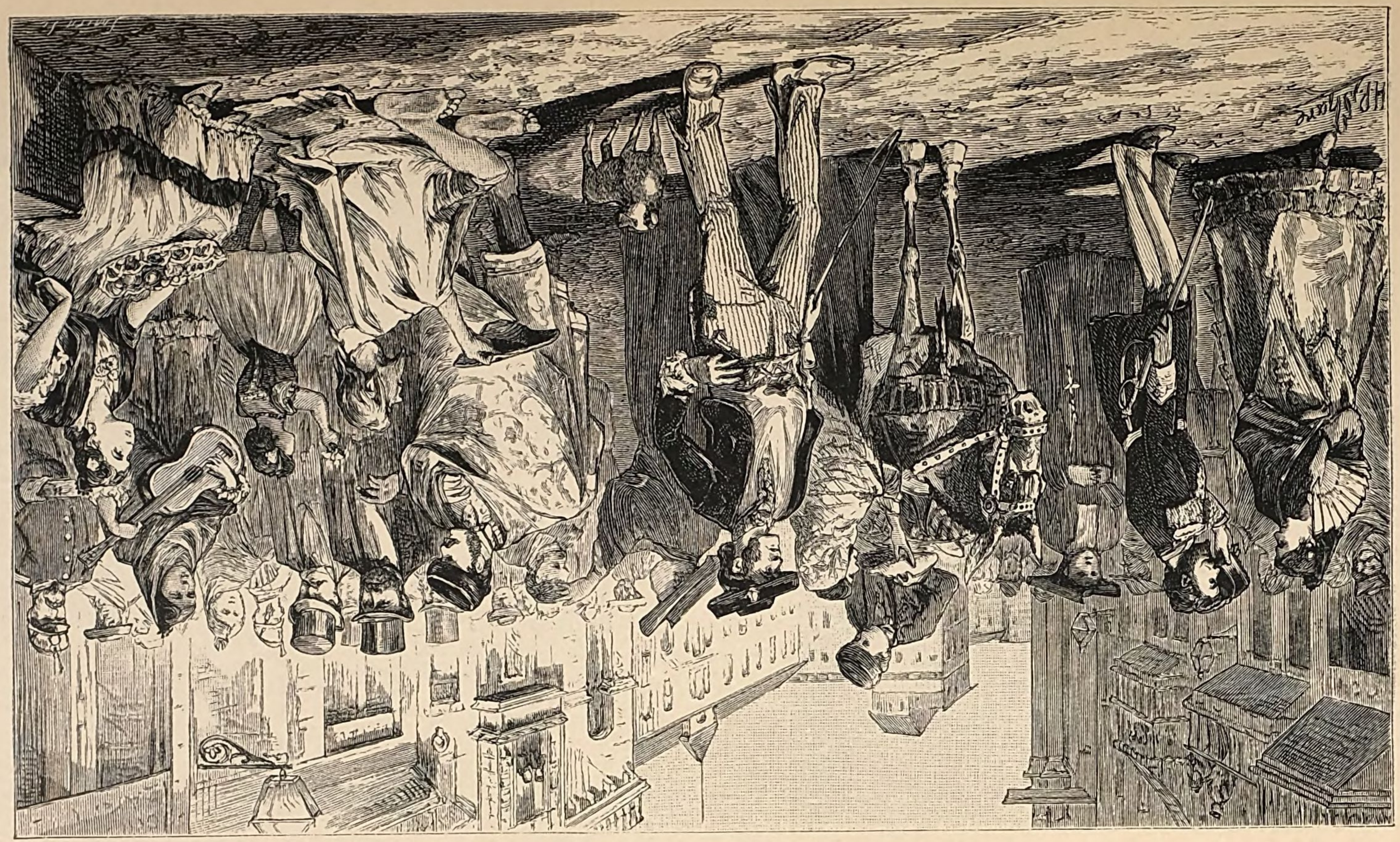
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AROUND THE WORLD

WITH GENERAL GRANT.

STREET IN CORDOVA.





OUR RESIDENCE AT JEYPORE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

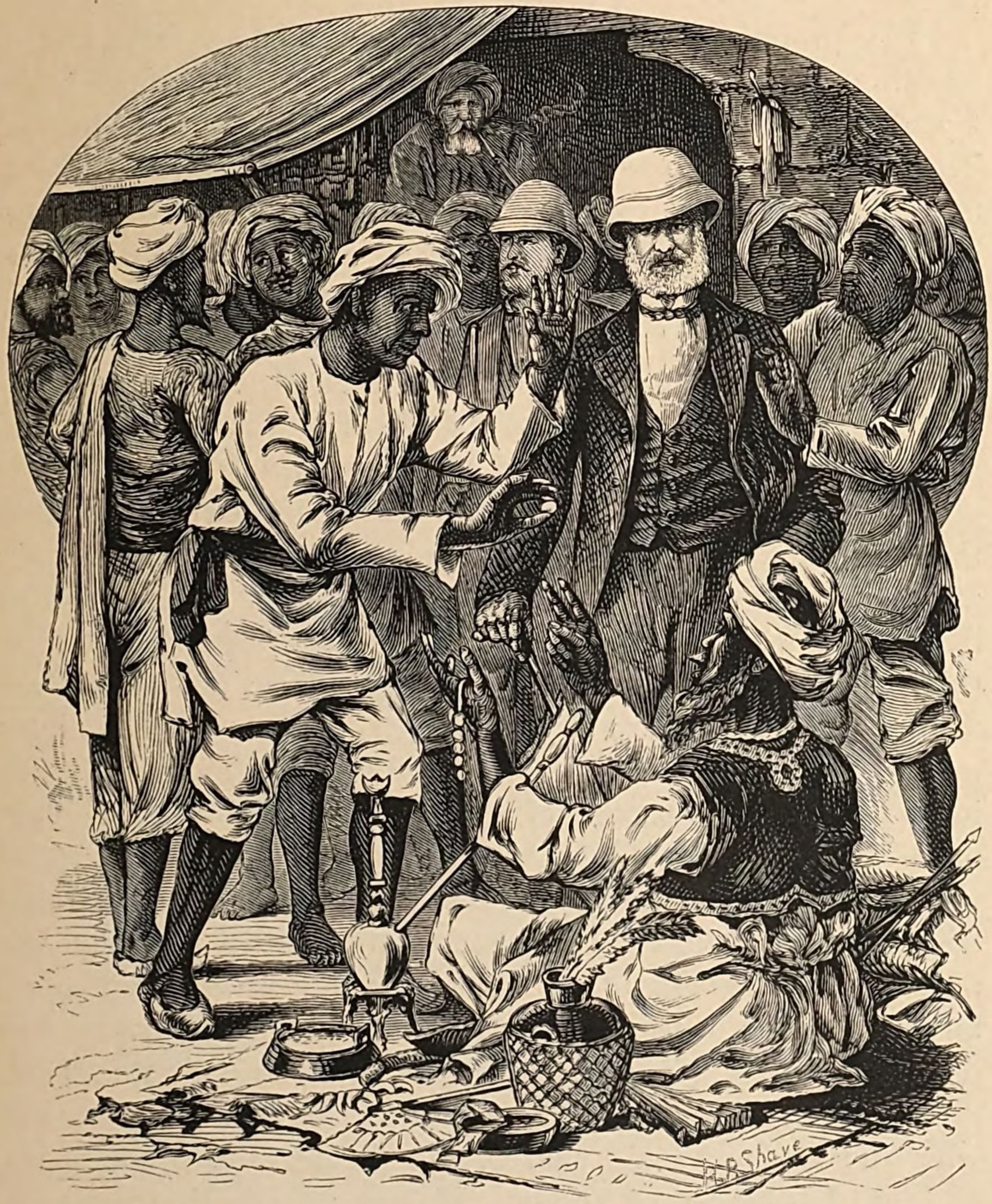
INDIA.

OUR stay in Agra was short, but it would have been impossible to have left India without seeing the Taj. This building is said to be the most beautiful in the world. As we came into Agra in the early morning the familiar lines of the Taj—familiar from study of pictures and photographs—loomed up in the morning air. You have a view of the building for some time before entering the city. The first view was not impressive, and as we looked at the towers of the Taj, and the white marble walls that reflected the rays of the rising sun, it seemed to be a beautiful building as a temple, and no more. Perhaps the long night ride may have had something to do with our indifference to art, for the ride had been severe and distressing, and it was pleasant to find any shelter and repose. The General and

Mrs. Grant went to the house of Mr. Laurence, the nephew of Lord Laurence, and a member of one of the ruling families of India. The remainder of the party found quarters in a hotel, the only one I believe in the place, a straggling, barn-like building, or series of buildings, over which an American flag was flying. Indian hotel life is not the best way of seeing India, as most travelers in passing through the country are entertained in private houses, bungalows of the officials, mess quarters of the officers, or missionary stations. The Agra hotel seemed to have been built for the millennium, when all shall be good and crime unknown. There were no gates or windows, no doors—all was open. The rooms all ran into one another, and the boarders seemed to live on a principle of association. I never knew who was the landlord, never saw a servant in authority. Everybody seemed to keep the hotel, and when you wanted anything you simply went and took it. Mr. Borie was accommodated with an apartment on the ground floor; the others quartered above him.

After dressing we called on our friend and found him surrounded by all the merchants of the town. The moment a Sahib comes to Agra the whole town comes to see him, and opens a bazaar at his door, and sits there all day with carbuncles, garnets, sandal-wood, arms, mosaics, photographs. If you walk across the way to breakfast, you are the center of a chattering group who force their wares upon you, and if you give them any encouragement, by which I mean if you do not inflict upon them personal violence, which none of us were disposed to do, they will invade your chamber and nestle at your bedside as you sleep. The forte of the Hindoo is patience, and he believes that if he waits you will buy. So when you tell your merchant you do not want anything, that you have resolved to buy nothing, that you have no money, he calmly sits on his haunches and waits. If you make a small purchase for charity's sake, on the principle of giving a shilling to an organ-grinder to get rid of him, it only gives the merchant courage and his friends courage, and they all come and wait. You sit down in your room to read or write, and look up. There is a bearded Moslem

with a handful of sabers, which he says are from Nepaul. You drive him away, and in a moment there is another phantom, a smiling Hindoo, who folds his hands and makes a salam, and



MR. BORIE WITH THE MERCHANTS.

unless you reach out for a bootjack or some more serious weapon, will unroll from his belt a bundle of precious stones. There is no escaping the merchants, and I am ashamed to confess that whenever we were sorely pressed we sent them to Mr. Borie,

who was the purchasing member of the party, and never impatient with the merchants, always finding amusement in trying to open conversation and in examining their slender stocks of goods.

The propensity of the native mind to barter and sale is amusing. The impression among the inhabitants of the country, as you go from place to place, is that you have come to buy. The moment it is known that a Sahib is in town all the peddlers and the merchants from the bazaars come to your lodging-place, and encamp on the veranda or under the trees on the lawn, bringing their stuffs and trinkets. They sit like a besieging army and do not move; sit all day chattering and waiting. The purchasing members of our party are Mrs. Grant and Mr. Borie, and as we come in from a drive or a walk in the cool of the evening, we are apt to find Mr. Borie sitting with a swarm of peddlers around him, calmly inspecting the jewels, the silks, the silver, and the gold. Mrs. Grant's ideas of purchasing are affected by her sympathies, and her disposition to pay the peddlers more than they ask, because they look so poor and so thinly clad. Mr. Borie's ideas of merchandise are based upon the rules which governed trade when he was a Philadelphia merchant, and what troubles him is the elastic quality of trade in India, and the absence of a rule as to one price. He lays down this principle of business economy with emphasis to his Hindoo friends, and I have no doubt it would bear good fruit if they understood him. The want of an English valuation has prevented the peddlers from comprehending several maxims of business advice, which no one is more capable of giving than our friend. But a fixed price would take away all the charm of trading to a Hindoo. The bazaar is his life. It is to him what the exchange, the church, the theater, the coffee-house, and the club are to the Saxon. He goes to the bazaars to be amused and informed. All the gossip of India floats through the bazaars. The professional story-tellers—the comedians of Indian life—tell him stories, or read from the ancient books, or recite the deeds of their ancestors, or tell him what the stars have in store for him. Prophecy, astrology, and omens have a

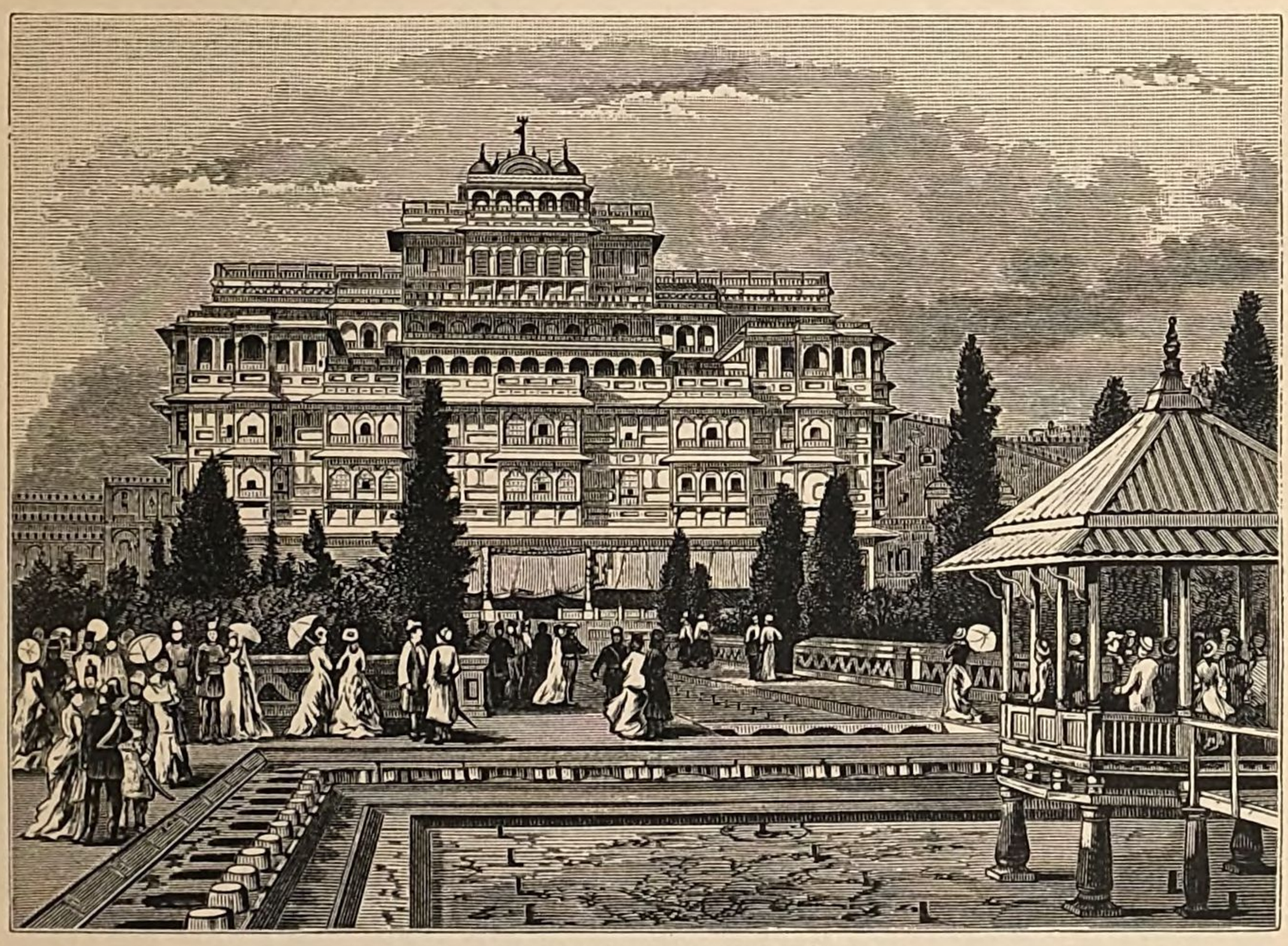
meaning, and in anxious days, when there is peril or mutiny in the land, sedition or treason will flash through India from bazaar to bazaar. When we come to a new place our servants are always impatient until they have leave to go to the bazaars, ostensibly for food, but really to hear all about the town. The Government of India knows the feeling of the people from no other source so clearly as from the spies who report the gossip of the bazaars.

So if Mr. Borie were to succeed in planting his sound business principles of ready cash and fixed prices in India, it would destroy the poetry of trade. To the native mind the charm of trade is dickering. It amuses him and brings all his faculties into play, and is also an amusement to the crowd who come and sit around on their haunches and watch the proceedings, as at home a mob would watch a boxing-match. Having taken your estimate the battle begins warily, for the Hindoo is an ingenious, nimble creature, and will not lose his trout at the first nibble. If you are skilled in Indian bartering, the moment a price is named your true tone is one of astonishment, anger, grief; and if you have a cane raise it, as though your indignation was roused to such a pitch that it was with difficulty you could be persuaded from taking summary vengeance on a peddler who would presume to insult your understanding by asking such a price for garnets or shawls. When a trade opens in this way the sport is sure to be fine, and the bazaars are hopeful of a good day. But none of us were up to this, and our purchases began in a slow, plaintive way, until Kassim was called in as interpreter, and then the trade took a poetic turn. Kassim's cue was despair, and from despair to anger. He began with a remonstrance to the dealers upon the sin and madness of such a charge. Then he appealed to their religion. Taking out a silver rupee, and pointing to the head of the Queen and the imperial superscription, he asked the dealer whether he would swear that his wares were worth what was asked. This suggestion led to loud clamors, in which both parties took part, the voices rising higher and higher, and the spectators coming in to swell the chorus, until all that was left

was to sit in patience until the chorus ended. I never saw any trader swear on the rupee. I am told that there is some spell attached to the oath on the rupee; that a false oath would be perjury, and the native avoids the vow. All you can do is to sit and look on. You may jog your servant, and tell him you are in a hurry, and ask him to bring the negotiation to a close; you may even express a desire, if time is an object, to pay all that is asked. It makes no difference. You are in the waves of the negotiation and they bear you sluggishly on and on. The laws of the trade cannot be broken. There is so much comfort in the whole business—to your Hindoo interpreter, who is at home in his bazaar; to the merchant, who has his hook in your gills and is simply testing your pulling power, and also the crowd around—that you in time become a spectator yourself, and enter into the amusement of the transaction and watch it as a curious phase of Indian manners. As a matter of observation the merchant seems to really ask about thirty per cent. more than he will take eventually. I have seen a good many abatements in the course of those small trades, but rarely more than thirty per cent.

Mr. Borie's well-ordered mercantile mind was so disturbed by these violations of sound business maxims in his purchases of bangles, garnets, jewels, cloths, laces, and shawls that it was with a sense of relief he discovered one honest merchant, who lived on the main street, and who bid us welcome to his bazaar with the assurance that he always charged one price, and had sold rampose chuddahs to Lord Lytton and the Prince of Wales. The honest merchant whom Mr. Borie discovered lived in a second story, up a narrow pair of stone steps, which you had to reach through a courtyard. Signals of our coming had been sent, for we found the establishment in a fluttering state, Hindoos in various stages of delight meeting us as we came. The proprietor was a smooth-faced Brahmin, in a blue, flowing robe, with a bland, smiling face, who spoke English enough for us not to understand him. By dint of pantomime, and now and then a noun asserting itself, and the aid of one or two clerks who knew English, we man-

aged to open negotiations. The merchant sat on a cushion on the floor, not resigned to fate, in Moslem fashion, leaving all things in the hands of Providence, knowing that what would be would be, and that it was not for mere men to try and change the decrees of Allah, but was eager, receptive, and conversed generally upon his honesty. Taking from his breast a packet of papers, we found them letters from various exalted people commending his merchandise. Some were from Americans—



PALACE OF MAHARAJAH.

Mr. Cadwalader, Mr. Seward, and others. Then he told us he was a very good man and had saved money—some lacs of rupees. All this while servants were bringing in stuffs and throwing them around the floor. Other servants brought in trays laden with sweetmeats, among which I recall a candied mango, which was pleasant and new. Then champagne came in, and we began to feel as if we were at a fancy ball or some public entertainment, and not an afternoon visit to a shop. Mr. Borie commended the merchant for the sound business principles he had enunciated, which, he continued, were the funda-

mental elements of all success in business, and without which there could be no real prosperity. Looking over the various treasures strewn around, he intimated a fear that he might not be able to buy them. Then the merchant, with captivating tact, offered to sell Mr. Borie all the goods he wanted on credit, and if our friend was in need of money he would give him ten or twenty thousand rupees until he reached Calcutta or New York. To these courtesies and assurances Mr. Borie listened with beaming eyes, rejoiced to see sound business principles in India, and to know that his name was one which even in the farthest East was a spell to conjure up rupees.

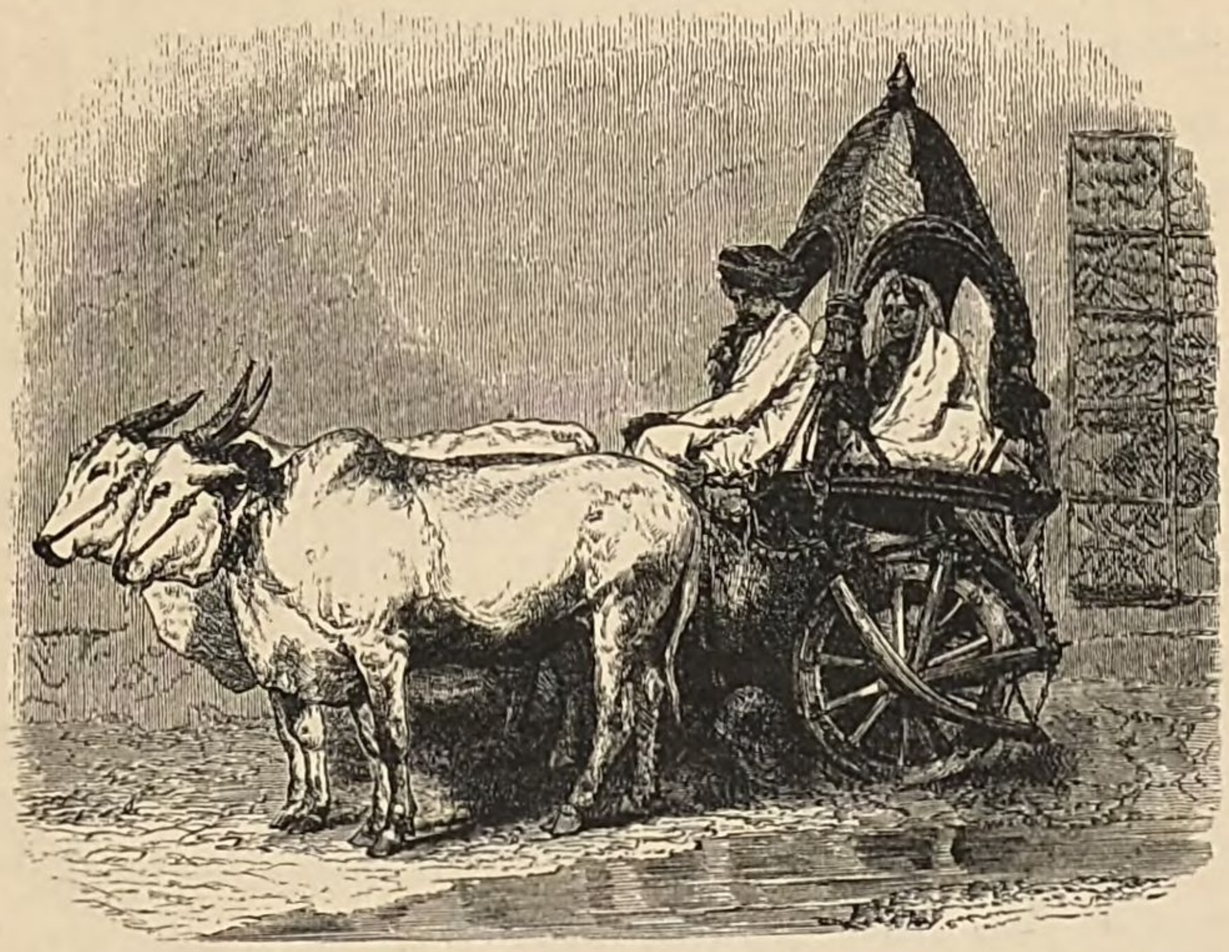
Then the merchant told us of his family life, his wife and his children, sitting on his cushion all the time and looking at us with his smooth, bland, smiling face. I said that I had heard that a rampose chuddah was so soft that you could draw it through a ring, and expressed a desire to see the experiment. "Oh, yes," he said; "there are some that could be drawn through a ring." Mr. Borie was about to take a ring from his finger, but the merchant had one brought—a large ring, I observed, that might have held the signet of Goliath. A shawl was brought and the operation began. First the merchant tried, twisted and untwisted, pulled and pulled. Then assistants tried, pulling and twisting until the perspiration came in beads, the merchant saying all the time that one of the advantages of the rampose chuddah was that you could pull it through a ring. In about a half hour the shawl came through, leaving the whole party in a panting condition, as though they had been running with a fire-engine. At intervals some curious bit of work would turn up, and attract Mr. Borie's attention, and be thrown on a pile. In this way business was done—autobiography, sleight-of-hand, sweetmeats, champagne, and cigarettes. Then, when the conversation lulled, our merchant would tell us how honest he was, and never sold but at one price, in which resolution Mr. Borie confirmed him, from the results of his own ample and notable experience. Now and then, if a suggestion was made that something was too dear, the merchant would fold his hands and bow, and say he would

have other articles opened of lesser value, but he had only one price. So our afternoon passed away, and when we returned home Mr. Borie expressed himself pleased with his day's visit, that it was really one of the most satisfactory days he had known in India, and that no one but a merchant could know the comfort it was to buy and sell at fixed prices. It did not change Mr. Borie's opinions in the least, but gave him a more extended view of the Indian character when he learned, a few days later, that there was no merchant in India more disposed to dicker than this tradesman, and that if he had bought his goods on Indian principles the afternoon would have passed just as pleasantly, and they would have cost him at least twenty per cent. less than was paid for them.

Agra contains only one monument, and the remains of a beautiful palace now used as a fort. When the descendants of the great house of Tamerlane overran India, Agra was among the cities which they captured. It was in the seventeenth century one of the wealthy cities of India, a rendezvous for Indian and Persian merchants. Akbar, who reigned in the sixteenth century, and was among the greatest of the Moguls, gave Agra its grandeur. He built his palace, which is now the fort. What it must have been in the time of the emperor we may imagine from what we see at Jeypore, where the Maharajah still reigns and lives in Oriental splendor. No modern palace can give you an idea of what these royal residences must have been in their day. Royal life now is not what it was under the great kings. A Mogul kept about him thousands of retainers. A palace was a fort, a barracks, a home for the sovereign, his harem, his ministers, and his nobility. You can understand, then, why the palace of Akbar should have occupied a site of nearly four square miles. But the mere size of the Agra palace will give you no conception of its splendor. Many changes have taken place since Akbar's time The mutiny led the English to sweep away certain sections for strategic reasons. As a monument of Moslem architecture the palace is one of the best specimens, and reminds you of the Alhambra, although in a better condition, and with marks of a barbaric splendor which do not

belong to the Alhambra, and which are the effect of Indian taste blended with Saracenic art. It was in this palace that the families of the British residents took refuge during the mutiny of 1857.

A description of the palace, to give you any idea of its vastness and splendor, would be impossible in the space of any publication not devoted to architecture. The palace is built of red sandstone, a stone that seems to have been the foundation of all the buildings of the Akbar domination. The same stone prevails at Futtipoor-Sikra. But all the ornamentation, the chambers, corridors, and pavilions, are of white marble. The influence of a European taste is seen in the mosaic, which repeats the Florentine school, and is even carried out in the bazaars, where Agra mosaic that looks like a crude imitation of Florence is a specialty. This influence came from European adventurers who found a refuge at the court of the Mogul, among them a Frenchman named Augustin de Bordeaux. Saracenic art, tinted by the Orientalism of India and controlled by a taste which had been formed in the schools of Europe, make a peculiar blending. The general effect is lost in the crowding together of so many objects of beauty. There is no view like those you see in Spain, in the Moorish monuments of Granada, Toledo, and Seville. The fort is on a plain, and might be a market or a barracks from all you can see on the outside, which is a blank wall. But there are bits throughout the palace which



CARRIAGE OF HINDOO LADY.

neither time nor the influence of nature nor the heel of conquerors has destroyed. The Pearl Mosque, as it is called, is very beautiful. Built on a foundation of the common red sandstone, its domes may be seen in distant views of the fort. There is no ornament to detract from the religious sentiment which should pervade a temple. The God you worship there is the God of Beauty. The bath-room, with its decorations of looking-glass, is curious, but you see the same effect in the palace of the Maharajah of Jeypore. The Hall of Audience is a noble room, but as minor things are lost in the greater, so in your remembrances of the fort nothing takes the place of the Pearl Mosque.

But the Taj! We were to see the most beautiful building in the world. Public opinion all through India unites in this judgment of the Taj. I had my railway-window impressions, and it is rather a habit when a friend tells me he knows or has seen the most beautiful thing in the world, to ask myself whether he has seen all the beauty the world contains and is competent to pass such an opinion. So I said to myself, what our friends mean is that the Taj is the most striking building in India, and they use the phrase about the world in a French sense, a Frenchman saying that all the world has been at church when he means a good many of his friends were there. It was late in the afternoon when we went to the Taj. The ride is a short one, over a good road, and we had for an escort Judge Keene of Agra, who has made the art, the history, and the legends of the Mohammedan domination in India a study, and to whose excellent history of the Taj I am indebted for all my useful facts. It happened to be Sunday, and as we drove along the road there seemed to be a Sunday air about the crowds that drifted backward and forward from the gardens. On our arrival at the gate the General and party were received by the custodians of the building, and as we walked down the stone steps and under the overarching shade trees we had grown to be quite a procession.

The principle which inspires these magnificent and useless tombs is of Tartar origin. The Tartars, we are told, built their

tombs in such a manner as to "serve for places of enjoyment for themselves and their friends during their lifetime." While the builder lives he uses the building as a house of recreation, receives his friends, gives entertainments. When he dies he is buried within the walls, and from that hour the building is abandoned. It is ever afterward a tomb, given alone to the dead. There is something Egyptian in this idea of a house of feasting becoming a tomb; of a great prince, as he walks amid crowds of retainers and friends, knowing that the walls that resound with laughter will look down on his dust. This will account for so many of the stupendous tombs that you find in Upper India. Happily it does not account for the Taj. If the Taj had been a Tartar idea—a house of merriment to the builder and of sorrow afterward—it would have lost something of the poetry which adds to its beauty. The Taj is the expression of the grief of the Emperor Shah Jehan for his wife, who was known in her day as Mumtaz-i-Mabal, or the Exalted One of the Palace. She was herself of royal blood, with Persian ancestry intermingled. She was married in 1615 to Shah Jehan, then heir to the throne, and, having borne him seven children, died in 1629 in giving birth to the eighth child. Her life, therefore, was in the highest sense consecrated, for she gave it up in the fulfillment of a supreme and holy duty, in itself a consecration of womanhood. The husband brought the body of the wife and mother to these gardens, and entombed it until the monument of his grief should be done. It was seventeen years before the work was finished. The cost is unknown, the best authorities rating it at more than two millions of dollars. Two millions of dollars in the time of Shah Jehan, with labor for the asking, would be worth as much as twenty millions in our day. For seventeen years twenty thousand men worked on the Taj, and their wages was a daily portion of corn.

The effect of the Taj as seen from the gate, looking down the avenue of trees, is grand. The dome and towers seem to rest in the air, and it would not surprise you if they became clouds and vanished into rain. The gardens are the perfection of horticulture, and you see here, as in no part of India that I

have visited, the wealth and beauty of nature in Hindostan. The landscape seems to be flushed with roses, with all varieties of the rose, and that most sunny and queenly of flowers seems to strew your path and bid you welcome, as you saunter down the avenues and up the ascending slope that leads to the shrine of a husband's love and a mother's consecration. There is a row of fountains which throw out a spray and cool the air, and when you pass the trees and come to the door of the building its greatness comes upon you—its greatness and its beauty. Mr. Keene took us to various parts of the garden, that we might see it from different points of view. I could see no value in one view beyond the other. And when our friend, in the spirit of courteous kindness, pointed out the defects of the building—that it was too much this, or too much that, or would have been perfect if it had been a little less of something else—there was just the least disposition to resent criticism and to echo the opinion of Mr. Borie, who, as he stood looking at the exquisite towers and solemn marble walls, said: "It was worth coming to India to see the Taj." I value that criticism because it is that of a practical business man concerned with affairs, and not disposed to see a poetic side to any subject. What he saw in the Taj was the idea that its founder meant to convey—the idea of solemn, overpowering, and unapproachable beauty.

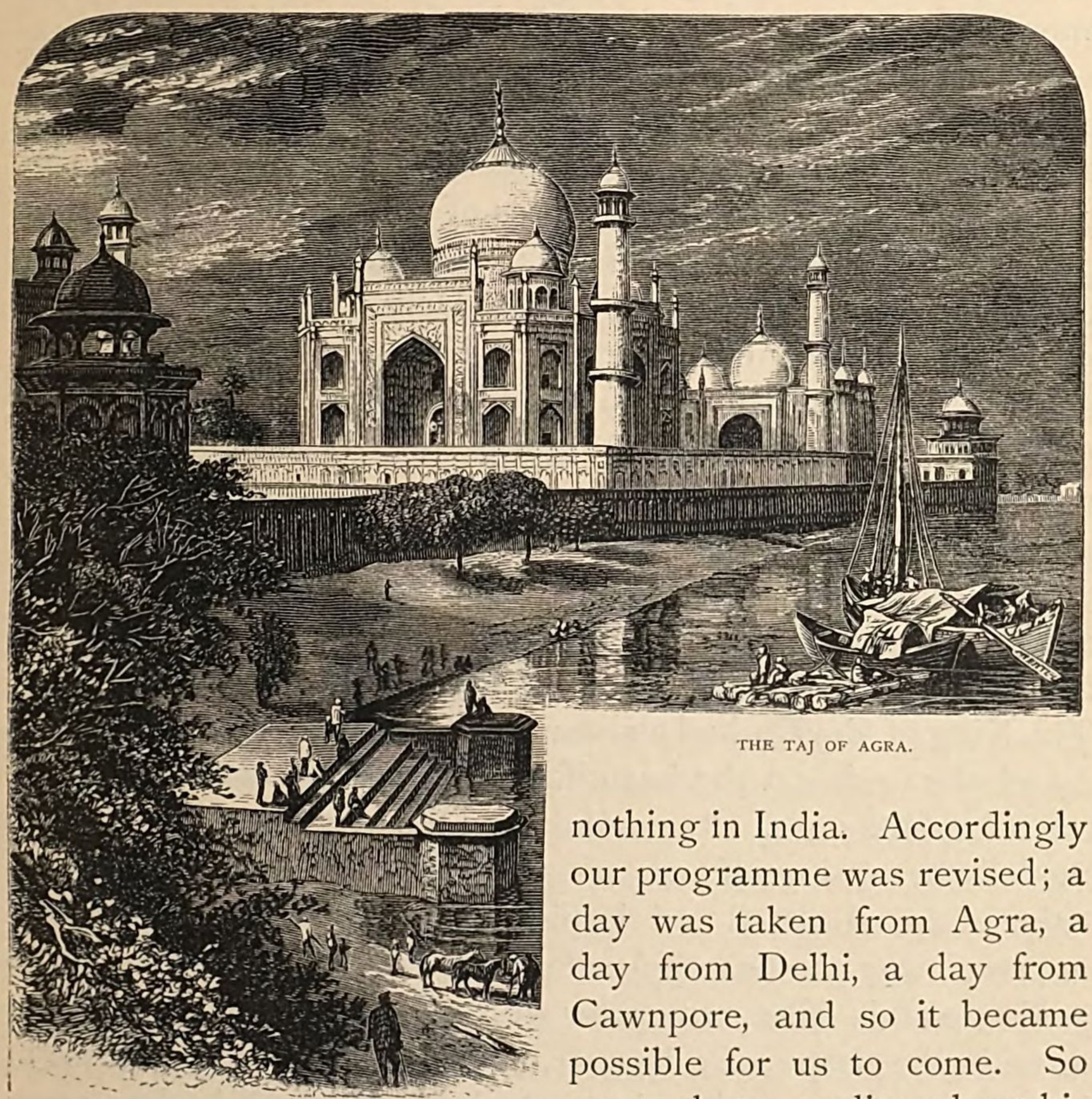
As you enter you see a vast dome, every inch of which is enriched with inscriptions in Arabic, verses from the Koran, engraved marble, mosaics, decorations in agate and jasper. In the center are two small tombs of white marble, modestly carved. These cover the resting-place of the Emperor and his wife, whose bodies are in the vault underneath. In other days the Turkish priests read the Koran from the gallery, and you can imagine how solemn must have been the effect of the words chanted in a priestly cadence by the echo that answers and again answers the chanting of some tune by one of the party. The more closely you examine the Taj the more you are perplexed to decide whether its beauty is to be found in the general effect of the design, as seen from afar, or the minute and finished decorations which cover every wall. The general idea of

the building is never lost. There is nothing trivial about the Taj, no grotesque Gothic molding or flowering Corinthian columns—all is cold and white and chaste and pure. You may form an idea of the size of the Taj from the figures of the measurement of the Royal Engineers. From the base to the top of the center dome is 139½ feet; to the summit of the pinnacle, 243½ feet. It stands on the banks of the river Jumna, and it is said that Shah Jehan intended to build a counterpart in black marble in which his own ashes should rest. But misfortunes came to Shah Jehan—ungrateful children, strife, deposition—and when he died his son felt that the Taj was large enough for both father and mother. One is almost glad that the black-marble idea never germinated. The Taj, by itself alone, is unapproachable. A duplicate would have detracted from its peerless beauty.

We remained in the gardens until the sun went down, and we had to hurry to our carriages not to be caught in the swiftly descending night. The gardener came to Mrs. Grant with an offering of roses. Some of us, on our return from Jeypore, took advantage of the new moon to make another visit. We had been told that the moonlight gave a new glory even to the Taj. It was the night before we left Agra, and we could not resist the temptation, even at the risk of keeping some friends waiting who had asked us to dinner, of a moonlight view. It was a new moon, which made our view imperfect. But such a view as was given added to the beauty of the Taj. The cold lines of the marble were softened by the shimmering silver light. The minarets seemed to have a new height, and the dome had a solemnity as became the canopy of the mother and queen. We strolled back, now and then turning for another last view of the wonderful tomb. The birds were singing, the air was heavy with the odors of the rose-garden, and the stillness—the twilight stillness—all added to the beauty of the mausoleum, and combined to make the memory of our visit the most striking among the many wondrous things we have seen in Hindostan.

Among Indian princes there is none who stands better in the eyes of the government than the Maharajah of Jeypore. I

am afraid none of us knew much about this noble prince, but wherever we went in India we were told we should go to Jeypore. The programme of the General had not included this tour; but when we came to Allahabad Sir George Couper made such an impression upon the General by his description of Jeypore that it was clear that unless we saw Jeypore we had seen



THE TAJ OF AGRA.

nothing in India. Accordingly our programme was revised; a day was taken from Agra, a day from Delhi, a day from Cawnpore, and so it became possible for us to come. So we took to reading about his Highness and learned several facts. The prince is thus inscribed in the chronicles: His Highness Siramadi Rajahai Hindustan; Raj Rajender; Sri Maharajah Dhiraj Sewae, Sir Ram Singh Bahadur, Knight Grand Commander of the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India. He enjoys a personal salute of twenty-one guns—the highest salute given to any

Indian prince—given only to those who have been submissive and loyal to England or who have rendered the Crown a distinguished service. He is commonly called Maharajah Ram Singh. When he wrote his name on his photograph he signed simply Ram Singh. He is forty-four years of age. His territory is 15,250 square miles, supporting a population of nearly two millions, and yielding a revenue of about $24,000,000 annually.

In the literature of India there are two poems—the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" of Hindostan—known as the "Mahábárata" and the "Rámáyana." These poems tell of the exploits of princes of a lunar race, and princes of a solar race. The great prince of the solar race was Rama. Rama was son of the King of Oude, and an incarnation of the Deity. A king who lived near him had a beautiful daughter. He promised to bestow this daughter upon the prince who could bend the bow with which the god Shiva had destroyed the other gods. Rama broke the bow and won the beautiful princess. Rama was to have ascended the throne. His father had among his wives one who was anxious for her son to succeed, and she induced the father to banish Rama and give preference to her own son. This is worth noting as among the disadvantages of polygamy. So Rama wandered off. The King of Ceylon had a sister who fell in love with Rama, and asked him to desert the beautiful princess for whom he had bent the bow of the gods. Rama disdained the overture, and punished the lady by cutting off her ears and nose. Out of revenge a relative of the mutilated and despised Ceylon princess was induced to carry away the beautiful wife of Rama. The miscreant who performed this office, a monster with ten heads and twenty arms, came in the shape of a beggar, and carried off the princess in his chariot through the air to Ceylon. Rama raised an army and marched upon Ceylon. Battles were fought and the princess recovered, and her purity was established by the ordeal of fire. This ordeal was witnessed by three hundred and thirty millions of gods, and the beautiful princess coming out unscathed, the poem ended in the happiness and triumph of Rama.

It is well to know something about your friends before you

visit them, and we rooted this information about Rama out of our histories, because from Rama the Maharajah of Jeypore claims descent. He traces his own line back to 967, to Dhola Rai, and Dhola Rai was thirty-fourth in descent from Rama. We hear a good deal about good blood and long descent and Norman ancestors, but here is a prince whose line goes back nearly a thousand years, and then rises into the heavens and claims the universe among its progenitors. Something must be allowed for Indian imagination and the necessities of verse. But the poem which tells of the adventures of Rama and his princess is supposed to tell the story of the invasion of Southern India by the Aryans, one of the earliest events in Indian history. As a consequence the Maharajah of Jeypore may fairly rank among the most ancient families in the world. Among his ancestors was Jai Singh II., a prince remarkable for his learning, especially in astronomy and mathematics. Jai Singh II. founded the city of Jeypore. The present Maharajah has always been a warm friend of the English, and when the Prince of Wales came to see him he expended $500,000 in entertaining his Royal Highness. We left Agra about noon, the day being warm and oppressive. Our ride was through a low, uninteresting country, broken by ranges of hills. The railway is narrow gauge, and, as I learned from one of the managers, who accompanied us, has proved a success, and strengthens the arguments in favor of the narrow-gauge system. It was night before we reached Jeypore. On arriving at the station the Maharajah was present with his ministers, and the English resident, Dr. Hendley, who acted in place of Colonel Beynon. As the General descended, the Maharajah, who wore the ribbon and star of the Order of India, advanced and shook hands, welcoming him to his dominions. The Maharajah is a small, rather fragile person, with a serious, almost a painful, expression of countenance, but an intelligent, keen face. He looked like a man of sixty. His movements were slow, impassive—the movements of old age. This may be a mannerism, however, for on studying his face you could see that there is some youth in it. On his brow were the crimson emblems of his caste—the warrior

caste of Rajpootana. His Highness does not speak English, although he understands it, and our talk was through an interpreter. After the exchange of courtesies and a few moments' conversation, the General drove off to the English residency, accompanied by a company of Jeypore cavalry. The residency is some distance from the station. It is a fine, large mansion, surrounded by a park and garden.

It was arranged that we should visit Amber, the ancient capital of Jeypore, one of the most curious sights in India. Amber was the capital until the close of the seventeenth century. It was among the freaks of the princes who once reigned in India that when they tired of a capital or a palace they wandered off and built a new one, leaving the other to run to waste. The ruins of India are as a general thing the abandoned palaces and temples of kings who grew weary of their toy and craved another. This is why Amber is now an abandoned town and Jeypore the capital. If the Maharajah were to tire of Jeypore and return to Amber, the town would accompany him, for without the court the town would die. Traveling in India must be done early in the morning, and although we had had a severe day's journey, we left for Amber at seven in the morning. A squadron of the Maharajah's cavalry accompanied us. They are fine horsemen and wear quilted uniforms of printed cotton. In India one way of keeping cool is to quilt yourself with cotton. On my observing that soldiers under an Indian sun, swathed in quilted cotton, must be very uncomfortable, I was told that the Indian found heavy apparel an advantage, and



Ramkij

Englishmen when hunting wore sporting dresses on the same principle. Our drive through Jeypore was interesting from the fact that we were now in a native city, under native rule. Heretofore the India we had seen was India under Englishmen; but Jeypore is sovereign, with power of life and death over his own subjects. The city is purely Oriental, and is most picturesque and striking. There are two or three broad streets and one or two squares that would do no discredit to Paris. The architecture is Oriental, and, as all the houses are painted after the same pattern in rose color, it gives you the impression that it is all the same building. The streets had been cleaned and swept for our coming, and men, carrying goatskins of water, were sprinkling them. Soldiers were stationed at various points to salute, and sometimes the salute was accompanied with a musical banging on various instruments of the national air. The best that India can do for a distinguished American is "God save the Queen." I was amused in Bombay, on the occasion of a state dinner to General Grant, at the distress of one of our friends at the Government House because his band could not play any American national air. There was to be a toast to the country, and of course as the toast was drinking the band would play. But what to play? The "Star-Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle?" They had never been heard of in India. When the dinner came and the toast was drunk, the band played a snatch or two from a German waltz, and our company all stood gravely until it was done, under the impression that it was the national American air, and feeling, I have no doubt, that we must be a giddy people to create a national hymn out of dancing music. The best the Jeypore bands can do for the General is "God save the Queen;" and, happily, it makes no difference to the person for whom the honor is meant, as he does not know one tune from another, and believed, no doubt, with his English friends at Bombay, that the dance music was the real anthem.

We note as we drive through Jeypore that there are gas lamps. This is a tremendous advance in civilization. One of the first things we heard in India was that in Jeypore lived a

great prince, a most enlightened prince, quite English in his ideas, who had gas lamps in his streets. Wherever we stopped this was told us, until we began to think of the Maharajah not as a prince descended from the gods, but a ruler who had gas lamps in his streets. We are told also that he has a theater almost ready. There is a troupe of Parsee players in town, who have come all the way from Bombay and are waiting to open it. The Maharajah was sorry that he could not show the General a play, but his theater was not finished. What strikes us vividly is not the gas in the streets or the theater, but the Indian aspect. It is all so new and strange that the gas lamps seem to be out of place. These long streets of rose-colored houses, with turrets and verandas and latticed windows, that look so warm and picturesque and glowing—this is what your fancy told you might be seen in India. The bazaars, in which dealers are crouching; the holy men and ascetics covered with ashes; the maidens, with green and scarlet drapery, carrying huge water pitchers on their heads; the beggars; the brown, naked children rolling in the earth; the calico-covered soldiers, and the odd costumes, the marks of rank and caste—from the holy Brahmin, who belongs to a sacred race, down to the water-bearers and scavengers—all this is new and strange. An attendant leads a cheetah along the street, and you shudder for a moment at the idea of a wild menagerie animal being at large; but you learn that the cheetah is quite a harmless animal when tamed, and good for hunting. We come to the edge of the town, which suddenly ends, and are in a valley. The hills are covered with a brown furze, which looks as if it would crackle and break under the burning sun. The roads are lined with cactus, and the fields are divided by mud fences which would not last a week in our rainy regions. We pass gardens —walled gardens with minarets. Here the ladies of the Hindoo gentleman's house may take their recreation, but their life is seclusion. The camels pass us carrying heavy burdens, and the trees are alive with monkeys. The monkey is a sacred animal, and no Hindoo would take its life. Monkeys skip over walls and sit on the trees and watch us as we pass. I do

not know what would become of India with the monkey as a sacred protected animal but for the leopard. In a short time he would swarm over the land. But the leopard and other wild beasts keep him down. Wild peacocks swarm and beautify the hard brown hills with their plumage. The peacock is also a sacred animal, and they were as plentiful on our road to



OUR FIRST ELEPHANT RIDE.

Amber as sparrows on the road to Jerome Park. The hills are now and then crowned with castles, the strongholds of old chiefs who took to the cliff and the fastness for protection in the days when might made right in India, the days before the Englishman came and put his strong hand upon all these quarreling races and commanded peace. We pass a lazy pool, in which

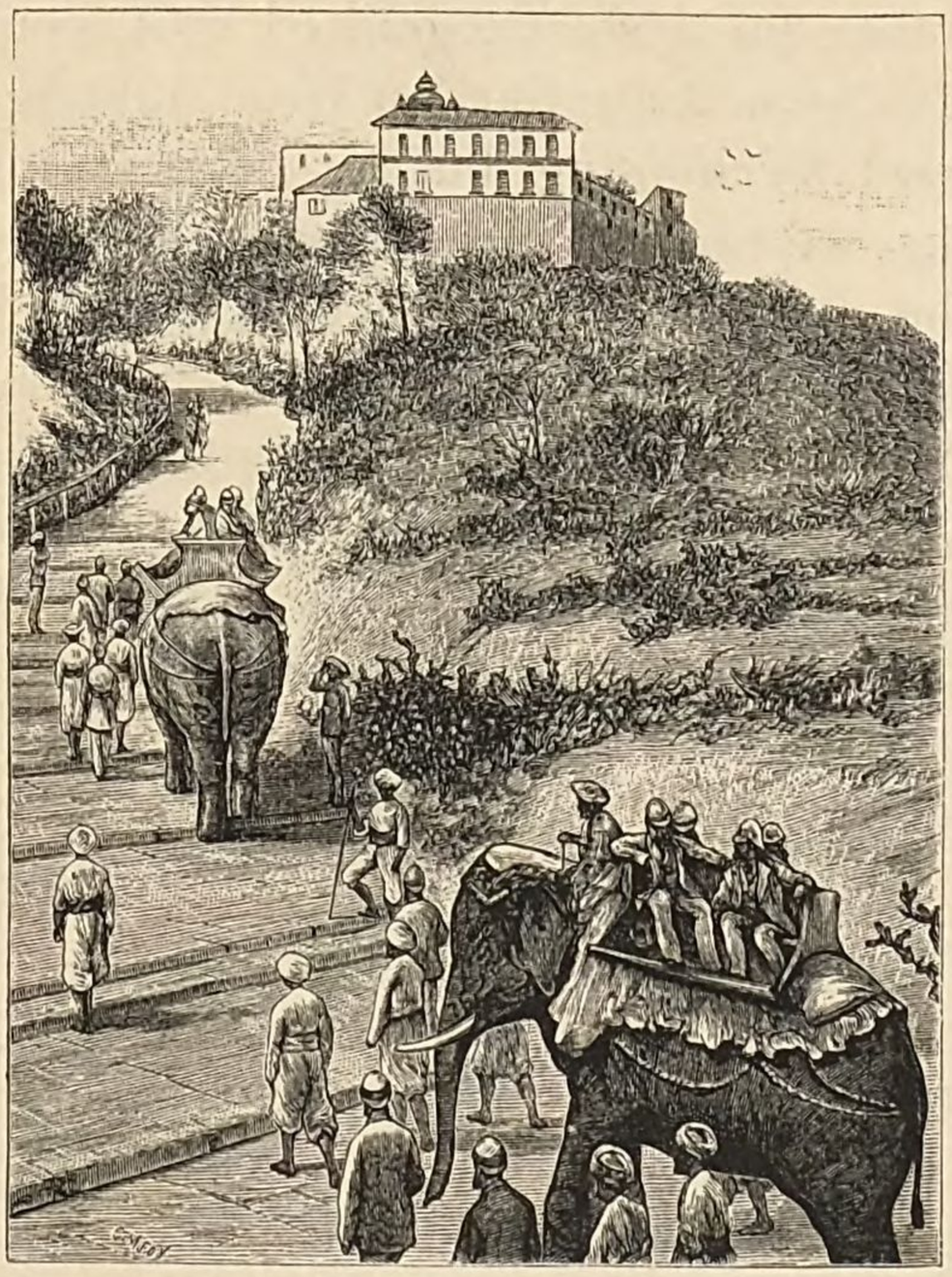
crocodiles are lazily swimming, and on the banks are two or three wild pigs drinking the water. They are unconscious of the murderous eye of the Colonel, who has come to Jeypore to add to the laurels of his laurel-laden house those of a pig-sticker. The beating sun pours its rays over you, and you shrink from it under the shade of your carriage, and wonder how these lithe and brown Hindoos, who run at your carriage wheels, can fight the sun. There is no air, no motion; and now, that we are out of Jeypore, and away from the cool and freshened streets, all is parched and arid and dry.

To go to Amber we must ride elephants. For after a few miles the hills come and the roads are broken, and carriages are of no value. We might go on horseback or on camels, but the Maharajah has sent us his elephants, and here they are waiting for us under a grove of mango-trees drawn up on the side of the road as if to salute. The principal elephant wears a scarlet cloth as a special honor to the General. The elephant means authority in India, and when you wish to do your guest the highest honor you mount him on an elephant. The Maharajah also sent sedan chairs for those of us who preferred an easier and swifter conveyance. Mrs. Grant chose the sedan chair, and was switched off at a rapid pace up the ascending road by four Hindoo bearers. The pace at which these chairs is carried is a short, measured quickstep, so that there is no uneasiness to the rider. The rest of us mounted the elephants. Elephant riding is a curious and not an unpleasant experience. The animal is under perfect control, and very often, especially in the case of such a man as the ruler of Jeypore, has been for generations in the same family. The elephant is under the care of a driver, called a mahout. The mahout sits on the neck, or more properly the head, of the elephant, and guides him with a stick or sharp iron prong, with which he strikes the animal on the top of the head. Between the elephant and mahout there are relations of affection. The mahout lives with the elephant, gives him his food, and each animal has its own keeper. The huge creature becomes in time as docile as a kitten, and will obey any order of the mahout. The elephant

reaches a great age. The one assigned to me had been sixty years in the royal stables. It is not long since there died at Calcutta the elephant which carried Warren Hastings when Governor-General of India—a century ago. There are two methods of riding elephants. One is in a box like the four seats of a carriage, the other on a square, quilted seat, your feet hanging over the sides, something like an Irish jaunting-car. The first plan is good for hunting, but for comfort the second is the better. When we came to our elephant the huge beast, at a signal from the mahout, slowly kneeled. Then a step ladder was put against his side, and we mounted into our seats. Two of the party were assigned to an elephant, and we sat in lounging fashion, back to back. There was room enough on the spacious seat to lie down and take a nap. When the elephant rises, which he does two legs at a time, deliberately, you must hold on to the rail of your seat. Once on his feet he swings along at a slow, wobbling pace. The motion is an easy one, like that of a boat in a light sea. In time, if you go long distances, it becomes very tiresome. Apparently you are as free as in a carriage or a railway car. You can sit in any position or creep about from one side to the other. But the motion brings every part of the body into action, bending and swinging it, and I could well see how a day's long journey would make the body very weary and tired.

We left the plain, and ascended the hot, dusty hill to Amber. As we ascended the plain opened before us, and distance deadening the brown arid spaces only showed us the groves and walled gardens, and the greenness of the valley came upon us, came with joyousness and welcome, as a memory of home, for there is no green in India, and you long for a meadow or a rolling field of clover—long with the sense of thirst. There was the valley, and beyond the towers of Jeypore, which seemed to shimmer and tremble in the sun. We passed over ruined paths, crumbling into fragments. We passed small temples, some of them ruined, some with offerings of grain or flowers or fruit, some with priests and people at worship. On the walls of some of the temples we saw the marks of the human

hand as though it had been steeped in blood and pressed against the white wall. We were told that it was the custom when seeking from the gods some benison to note the vow by putting the hand into a liquid and printing it on the wall. This was to remind the god of the vow and the prayer, and if it came in the shape of rain or food or health or children, the joyous devotee returned to the temple and made other offerings — money and fruits. We kept our way, slowly ascending, winding around the hill on whose crest was the palace of Amber. Mrs. Grant, with her couriers, had gone ahead, and, as our procession of elephants turned up the last slope and passed under the arch, we saw the lady of our expedition high up at a lattice window waving her handkerchief. The courtyard was open and spacious, and entering, our elephants knelt and we came down. We reached the palace while worship was in progress at the temple. Dr. Handley told us that we were in time to take part in the services and to see the priest offer up a kid. Every day in the year in this temple a kid is offered up as a propitiation for the sins of the Maharajah. The temple was little more than a room in the palace—a private chapel. At one end was a platform raised a few inches from the ground and covered over. On this platform were the images of the gods, of the special god—I think it is Shiva—whom his Highness worships. On this point I will not speak with certainty, for in a mythology



JOURNEY TO THE PALACE OF AMBER.

embracing several hundred millions of gods one is apt to become bewildered. Whatever the god, the worship was in full progress, and there was the kid ready for sacrifice. We entered the inclosure and stood with our hats off. There were a half dozen worshipers crouching on the ground. One of the attendants held the kid while the priest sat crouching over it, reading from the sacred books, and in a half humming, half whining chant blessing the sacrifice, and as he said each prayer putting some grain or spice or oil on its head. The poor animal licked the crumbs as they fell about it, quite unconscious of its holy fate. Another attendant took a sword and held it before the priest. He read some prayers over the sword and consecrated it. Then the kid was carried to the corner, where there was a small heap of sand or ashes and a gutter to carry away the blood. The priest continued his prayers, the kid's head was suddenly drawn down and with one blow severed from the body. The virtue of the sacrifice consists in the head falling at the first blow, and so expert do the priests become that at some of the great sacrifices, where buffaloes are offered up in expiation of the princely sins, they will take off the buffalo's head with one stroke of the sword. The kid having performed the office of expiation becomes useful for the priestly dinner.

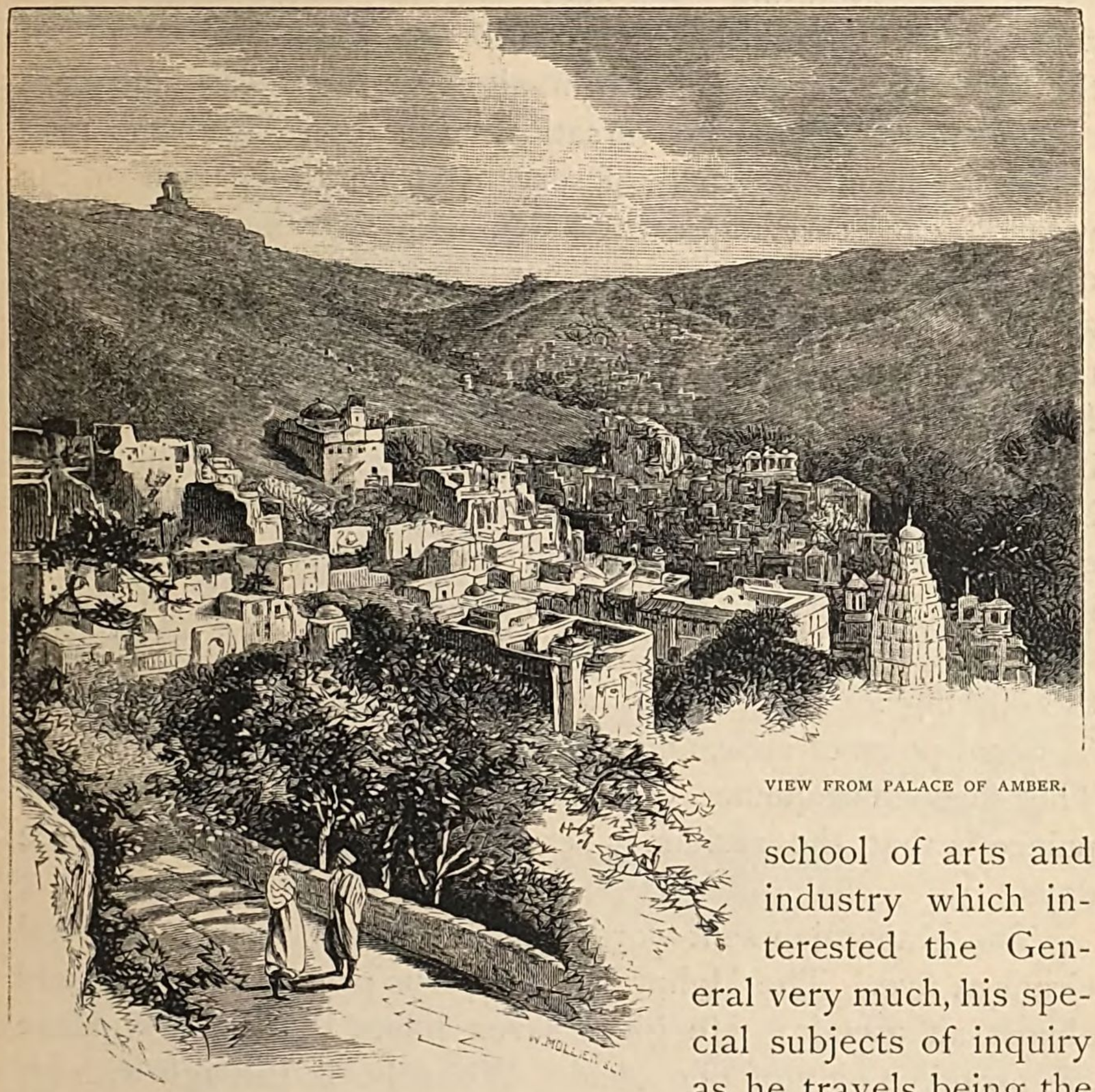
Of the palace of Amber the most one can say is that it is curious and interesting as the home of an Indian king, in the days when India was ruled by her kings, and a Hastings and a Clive had not come to rend and destroy. The Maharajah has not quite abandoned it. He comes sometimes to the great feasts of the faith, and a few apartments are kept for him. His rooms were ornamented with looking-glass decorations, with carved marble, which the artisan had fashioned into tracery so delicate that it looked like lacework. What strikes you in this Oriental decoration is its tendency to light, bright, lacelike gossamer work, showing infinite pains and patience in the doing, but without any special value as a real work of art. The general effect of these decorations is agreeable, but all is done for effect. There is no such honest, serious work as you see in the Gothic cathedrals, or even in the Alhambra. One is the expression of

a facile, sprightly race, fond of the sunshine, delighting to repeat the caprice of nature in the curious and quaint; the other has a deep, earnest purpose. This is an imagination which sees its gods in every form—in stones and trees and beasts and creeping things, in the stars above, in the snake wriggling through the hedges—the other sees only one God, even the Lord God Jehovah, who made the heavens and the earth, and will come to judge the world at the last day. As you wander through the courtyards and chambers of Amber the fancy is amused by the character of all that surrounds you. There is no luxury. All these kings wanted was air and sunshine. They slept on the floor. The chambers of their wives were little more than cells built in stone. Here are the walls that surrounded their section of the palace. There are no windows looking into the outer world, only a thick stone wall pierced with holes slanting upward, so that if a curious spouse looked out she would see nothing lower than the stars. Amber is an immense palace, and could quite accommodate a rajah with a court of a thousand attendants.

There were some beautiful views from the terrace, and we sat in the shade between the columns and looked into the valley beyond, over which the sun was streaming in midday splendor. We should have liked to remain, but our elephants had been down to the water to lap themselves about and were now returning refreshed to bear us back to Jeypore. We had only given ourselves a day for the town, and we had to return the call of the Prince, which is a serious task in Eastern etiquette. Mr. Borie was quite beaten down and used up by the sun and the wobbling, wearisome elephant ride; but we succeeded in persuading him to make the descent in a chair, as Mrs. Grant had done. There was something which did violence to Mr. Borie's republican spirit in the idea of being carried about in a chair when there were elephants to ride, and it was only upon pressure that we managed to mount him in his chair. While Mr. Borie and Mrs. Grant were off swinging and lolling down the hill, the rest of us took a short cut among the ruins, leaping from stone to stone, watching the ground care-

fully as we went, to see that we disturbed no coiled and sleeping cobra, until we came upon our huge and tawny brutes and were wobbled back to our carriages and in our carriages to town.

We saw the sights of Jeypore on our return. There was a



VIEW FROM PALACE OF AMBER.

school of arts and industry which interested the General very much, his special subjects of inquiry as he travels being the industrial customs and the resources of the country. He would go ten miles to see a new-fashioned plow or to avoid seeing a soldier or a gun. The school is one of the Prince's favorite schemes, and the scholars showed aptness in their work. The special work in which Jeypore excels is enameled jewelry, and some of the specimens shown us were exceedingly beautiful and dear. We went to the Mint, and saw the workmen beat the coin and stamp it. We went to the collection of tigers,

and saw a half dozen brutes, each of whom had a history. Two or three were man-eaters. One enormous creature had killed twenty-five men before he was taken, and he lay in his cage quite comfortable and sleek. Another was in a high temper, and roared and jumped and beat the bars of his cage. He also was a man-eater, and I am sure that his manifestations quite cured us of any ambition to go into the jungle—cured all but the Colonel, whose coming campaigns in the tiger country are themes of occasional conversation. On returning to the residency we found a group of servants from the palace on the veranda, each carrying a tray laden with sweetmeats and nuts, oranges and other fruits. This was an offering from the Prince, and it was necessary that the General should touch some of the fruit and taste it, and say how much he was indebted to his Highness for the remembrance. Then the servants marched back to the palace. I don't think that any of us could have been induced to make a meal out of the royal viands, not for a considerable part of the kingdom; but our servants were hanging around with hungry eyes, and as soon as the General touched the fruit they swarmed over the trays and bore away the offerings. The Doctor looked at the capture from a professional point of view, and saw that he would have work ahead. The sure consequence of a present of sweetmeats from the palace is that the residency servants are ill for two or three days.

The Maharajah sent word that he would receive General Grant at five. The Maharajah is a pious prince, a devotee and almost an ascetic. He gives seven hours a day to devotions. He partakes only of one meal. When he is through with his prayers he plays billiards. He is the husband of ten wives. His tenth wife was married to him a few weeks ago. The court gossip is that he did not want another wife, that nine were enough; but in polygamous countries marriages are made to please families, to consolidate alliances, to win friendships, very often to give a home to the widows or sisters of friends. The Maharajah was under some duress of this kind, and his bride was brought home and is now with her sister brides behind the

stone walls, killing time as she best can, while her lord prays and plays billiards. I asked one who knows something of Oriental ways what these poor women do whom destiny elevates to the couch of a king. They live in more than cloistered seclusion. They are guarded by eunuchs, and, even when ailing, cannot look in the face of the physician, but put their hands through a screen. I heard it said in Jeypore that no face of a Rajput princess was ever seen by a European. These prejudices are respected and protected by the imperial government,



INDIAN GRAIN CARTS.

which respects and protects every custom in India so long as the states behave themselves and pay tribute. In their seclusion the princesses adorn themselves, see the Nautch girls dance, and read romances. They are not much troubled by the Maharajah. That great prince, I hear, is tired of everything but his devotions and his billiards. He has no children, and is not supposed to have hopes of an heir. He will, as is the custom in these high families, adopt some prince of an auxiliary branch. If he fails to do so—and somehow childless rajahs generally fail, never believing in the inevitable, and putting off the act of

adoption until it is too late—the British government will find one, just as they did in Baroda the other day, deposing one ruler and elevating a lad ten or eleven years of age, "who now," as I see in an official paper, "is receiving his education under the supervision of an English tutor." The government of the kingdom is in the hands of a council, among whom are the prime minister and the principal Brahmin.

We drove to the palace at four o'clock, and were shown the royal stables. There were some fine horses and exhibitions of horsemanship which astonished even the General. We were shown the astronomical buildings of Jai Singh II., which were on a large scale and accurately graded. We climbed to the top of the palace and had a fine view of Jeypore. The palace itself embraces one-sixth of the city, and there are ten thousand people within its walls—beggars, soldiers, priests, politicians, all manner of human beings—who live on the royal bounty. The town looked picturesque and cool in the shadows of the descending sun. We looked at the quarters devoted to the household. All was dead. Every part of the palace swarmed with life except this. Word had been sent to the household that profane eyes would soon be gazing from the towers, and the ladies went into seclusion. We strolled from building to building—reception-rooms, working-rooms, billiard-rooms, high walled, far apart, with stone walls and gardens all around; space, air, and sunshine. His Highness had risen this morning earlier than usual, to have his prayers finished in time to meet the General. At five precisely we entered the courtyard leading to the reception hall. The Maharajah came slowly down the steps, with a serious, preoccupied air, not as an old man, but as one who was too weary with a day's labors to make any effort, and shook hands with the General and Mrs. Grant. He accompanied the General to a seat of honor and sat down at his side. We all ranged ourselves in the chairs. On the side of the General sat the members of his party; on the side of the Maharajah the members of his cabinet. Dr. Handley acted as interpreter. The prince said Jeypore was honored in seeing the face of the great American ruler, whose fame had

reached Hindostan. The General said he had enjoyed his visit, that he was pleased and surprised with the prosperity of the people, and that he should have felt he had lost a great deal if he had come to India and not have seen Jeypore. The Maharajah expressed regret that the General made so short a stay. The General answered that he came to India late, and was rather pressed for time from the fact that he wished to see the Viceroy before he left Calcutta, and to that end had promised to be in Calcutta on March 10th.

His Highness then made a gesture, and a troupe of dancing girls came into the courtyard. One of the features of a visit to Jeypore is what is called the Nautch. The Nautch is a sacred affair, danced by Hindoo girls of a low caste, in the presence of the idols in the palace temple. A group of girls came trooping in, under the leadership of an old fellow with a long beard and a hard expression of face, who might have been the original of Dickens's Fagin. The girls wore heavy garments embroidered, the skirts composed of many folds, covered with gold braid. They had ornaments on their heads and jewels in the side of the nose. They had plain faces and carried out the theory of caste, if there be anything in such a theory, in the contrast between their features and the delicate, sharply-cut lines of the higher class Brahmins and the other castes who surrounded the prince. The girls formed in two lines; a third line was composed of four musicians, who performed a low, growling kind of music on unearthly instruments. The dance had no value in it, either as an expression of harmony, grace, or motion. What it may have been as an act of devotion according to the Hindoo faith I could not judge. One of the girls would advance a step or two and then turn around. Another would go through the same. This went down the double line, the instruments keeping up their constant din. I have a theory that music, like art, has a meaning that is one of the expressions of the character and aspirations of a people, and I am quite sure that an ingenious and quick-witted race like the Hindoos would not invent a ceremony and perform it in their temples without some purpose. The Nautch dance is meaningless. It is not even

improper. It is attended by no excitement, no manifestations of religious feeling. A group of coarse, ill-formed women stood in the lines, walked and twisted about, breaking now and then into a chorus, which added to the din of the instruments. This was the famous Nautch dance, which we were to see in Jeypore with amazement, and to remember as one of the sights in India. Either as an amusement or a religious ceremony it had no value.

The Maharajah and his court looked on as gloomy as ravens, while the General wore that resigned expression—resignation tinted with despair—familiar to those of his Washington friends who had seen him listen to an address from the Women's Rights Association or receive a delegation of Sioux chiefs. But the scene was striking in many ways. Here was the courtyard of a palace, the walls traced in fanciful gossamer-like architecture. Here were walls and galleries crowded with court retainers, servants, dependants, soldiers. Here was the falconer in attendance on the prince, the falcon perched on his wrist—a fine, broad-chested, manly fellow, standing in attendance, just as I have seen in pictures representing feudal manners in early English days. Here was the prime minister, the head of the Jeypore government, a tall, lank nobleman in flowing, embroidered robes, with keen, narrow features that I fancied had Hebrew lines in them. Somehow one looks for the Hebrew lines in governing faces. I heard some romantic stories of the rise of the prime minister: how he had held humble functions and rose in time to sit behind the throne. They say he rules with vigor, is a terror to evil-doers, and has made a good deal of money. Prime ministers depend upon the will or the whim of the prince, and as the prince may die or may have some omen from the astrologers, or something may go wrong with the sacrifices—the kid's head not falling at the first stroke, or a like ominous incident—the tenure of power is like gambling. I suppose this noble lord with the aigrette of pearls in his cap, who looks with his thin, uneasy face on the coarse, shambling Nautch girls, has his trouble in wielding power. He must keep his eye on the priests, the astrologers, the eunuchs,

the spies, and, above all, upon the British resident, who lives in a shady garden on the outskirts of the town, and whose little finger is more powerful than all the princes of Rajpootana.



NAUTCH GIRLS' DANCE.

Next to the prime minister sits the chief of the Brahmins, a most holy man, who wears a yellowish robe, his brow stamped with his sacred caste, so holy that he would regard the bread of his master unclean, a middle-aged, full-bodied, healthy priest,

more European in feature than his associates. He eats opium, as many high and holy men do in India, and you see that his fingers twitch restlessly. He is the favorite Brahmin and conscience-keeper of the Maharajah, receives large revenues from the temples, lives in a palace, and is a member of the King's Council. The younger man, carrying a sword, with a square, full head, is a Bengalese scholar or pundit, the Prince's private secretary, who speaks English, and looks as if one day he might be prime minister. The Maharajah sits as it were soused back into his chair, his eyes covered with heavy silver-mounted spectacles, very tired and bored, looking at the Nautch girls as though they were a million of miles away. He has been praying all day and has had no dinner. The scene is wholly Oriental—the color, the movement, the odd faces you see around you, and the light, trifling, fantastic architecture which surrounds all. The shadows grew longer and longer, and Dr. Handley, evidently thinking that the dance had served every useful purpose, said a word to the Prince, who made a sign. The dance stopped, the girls vanished, and we all went into the main drawing-room, and from thence to the billiard-room. The Maharajah, as I have said, plays billiards when he is not at prayers. He was anxious to have a game with the General. I am not enough of a billiard player to do justice to this game. I never can remember whether the red ball counts or not when you pocket it. The General played in an indiscriminate, promiscuous manner, and made some wonderful shots in the way of missing balls he intended to strike. Mr. Borie, whose interest in the General's fortunes extends to billiards, began to deplore those eccentric experiments, when the General said he had not played billiards for thirty years. The Maharajah tried to lose the game, and said to one of his attendants that he was anxious to show the General that delicate mark of hospitality. But I cannot imagine a more difficult task than for one in full practice at billiards to lose a game to General Grant. The game ended, his Highness winning by more points than I am willing to print for the gratification of the General's enemies.

Then we strolled into the gardens and looked at the palace



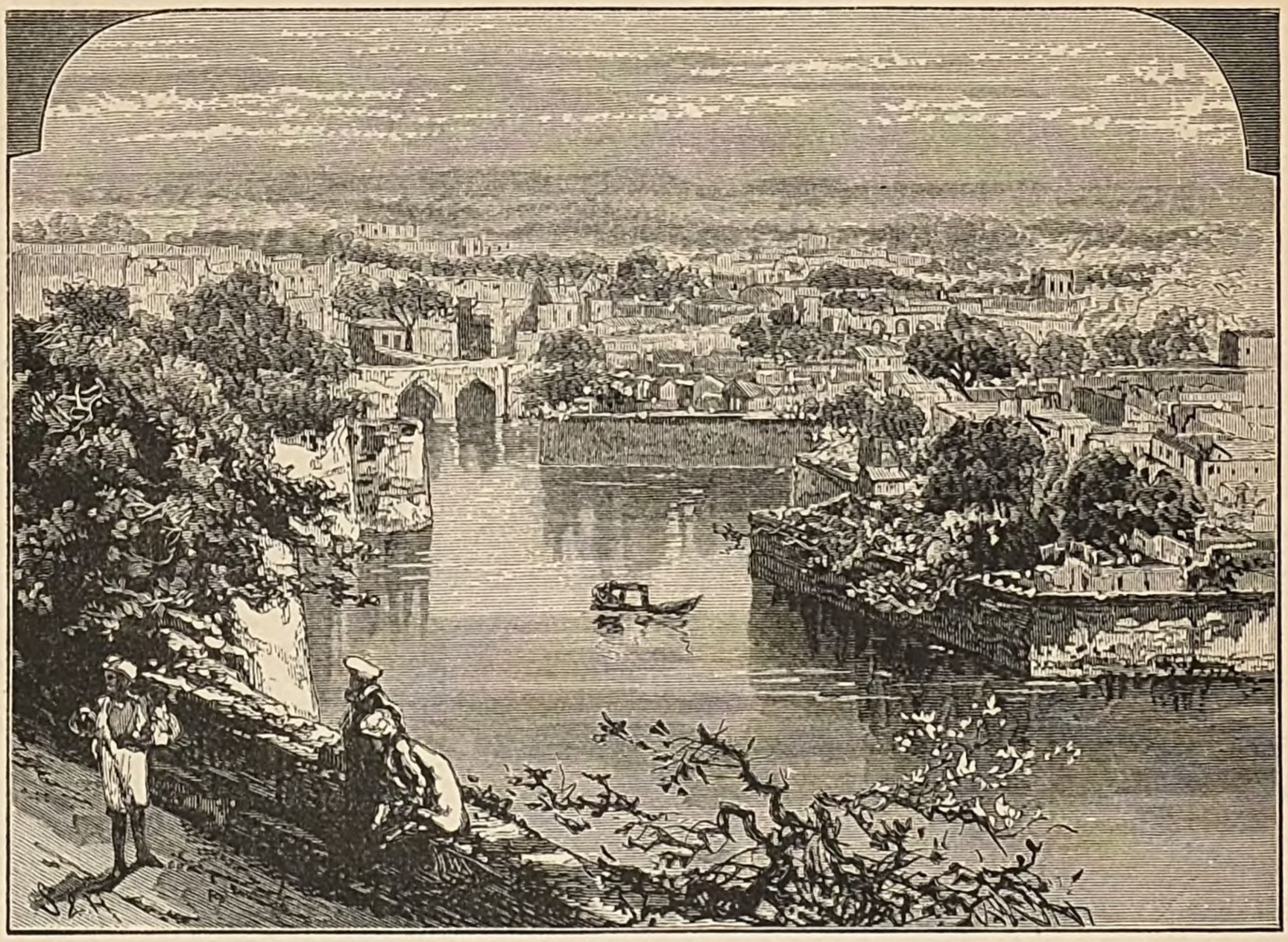
more. He is not a better man than his associates. He eats opium, as many high-caste Indians do in India, and you see that his fingers twitch restlessly. He is the favorite Brahmin and consequently keeper of the Maharajah's conscience, receives large revenues from the temples, lives in a palace, and is a member of the King's Council. Then there is a military man carrying a sword with a square, bald head, a fine-looking Indian or pundit, the Prince's private secretary, and some Parsees. And, lord, how looks as if one day he might be prime minister. The Maharajah sits as it were soused in a bath of light, covered with heavy silver-mounted jewelry, looking at the Nautch girls as if they were a million of miles away. He has been praying all day, or seems. The scene is wholly Oriental. The odd faces you see around the odd faces, the fantastic architecture which surrounds you, the longer and longer, and Dr. Bull, that the dance had served every one the Prince, who made a sign. The dancers vanished, and we all went into the billiard-room. Thence to the billiard-room. The Maharajah plays billiards when he is not at prayers, and he was so kind as to have a game with the General. I am not a billiard player to do justice to this game. I never can remember whether the red ball counts or not when the General played in an indiscriminate, promiscuous kind of way, and made some wonderful shots in the way of cannons (which he intended to strike). Mr. Borie, whose interest in the General's fortunes extends to billiards, began to deplore these eccentric experiments, when the General said he had not played billiards for thirty years. The Maharajah tried to lose the game, and said to one of his attendants that he was anxious to show the General that delicate mark of hospitality. But I cannot imagine a more difficult task than for one in full practice at billiards to lose a game to General Grant. The game ended, his Highness winning by more points than I am willing to print for the gratification of the General's enemies.

Then we strolled into the gardens and looked at the palace



ENTERING AGRA.

towers, which the Prince took pleasure in showing the General, and which looked airy and beautiful in the rosy shadows of the descending sun. There were beds of flowers and trees, and the coming night, which comes so swiftly in these latitudes, brought a cooling breeze. Then his Highness gave us each a photograph of his royal person, consecrated with his royal autograph, which he wrote on the top of a marble railing. Then we strolled toward the grand hall of ceremony to take our leave. Taking leave is a solemn act in India. We entered the spacious hall where the Prince received the Prince of Wales. Night had come so rapidly that servants came in all directions carrying candles and torches that lit up the gaudy and glittering hall. An attendant carried a tray bearing wreaths of the rose and jasmine. The Maharajah, taking two of these wreaths, put them on the neck of the General. He did the same to Mrs. Grant and all the members of the party. Then taking a string of gold and silken cord, he placed that on Mrs. Grant as a special honor. The General, who was instructed by the English resident, took four wreaths and put them on the neck of the Maharajah, who pressed his hands and bowed his thanks. Another servant came, bearing a small cup of gold and gems containing attar of roses. The Maharajah, putting some of the perfume on his fingers, transferred it to Mrs. Grant's handkerchief. With another portion he passed his hands along the General's breast and shoulders. This was done to each of the party. The General then taking the perfume passed his hands over the Maharajah's shoulders, and so concluded the ceremony, which in all royal interviews in the East is supposed to mean a lasting friendship. Then the Prince, taking General Grant's hand in his own, led him from the hall, across the garden, and to the gateway of his palace, holding his hand all the time. Our carriages were waiting, and the Prince took his leave, saying how much he was honored by the General's visit. The cavalry escort formed in line, the guard presented arms, and we drove at a full gallop to our home. And so ended one of the most interesting and eventful days in our visit to India.



BHURTPOOR.

CHAPTER XXV.

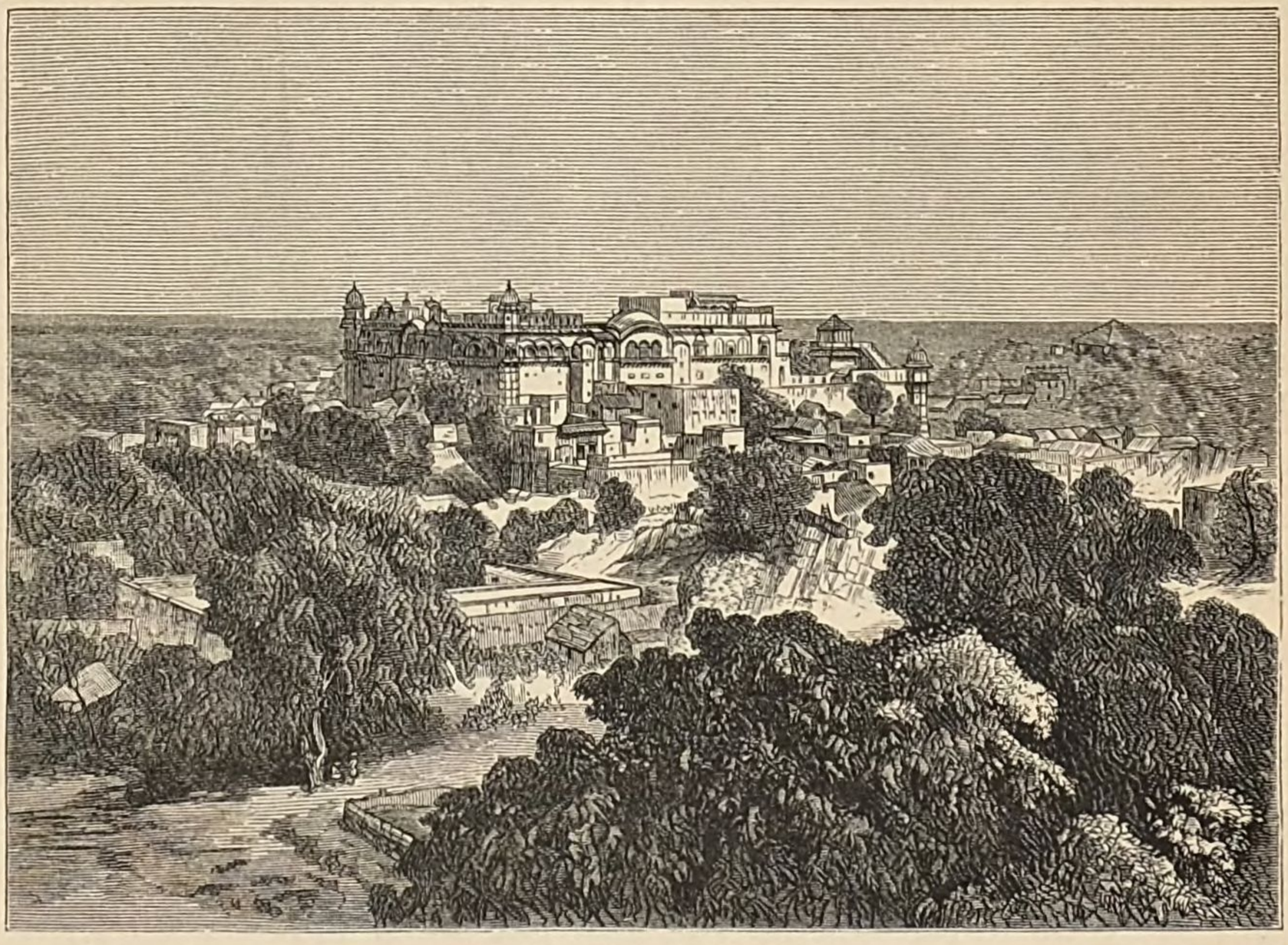
INDIA.

THE stars were shining out of a dark and glowing sky when my servant came into the room and said that the time had come for the train. In this country you must not expect trains at your convenience. The main object is to travel in the night. Although at home it would be almost a barbarism to keep the hours enforced upon you in India, here you take all the advantage you can of the night. The cars are built for the night, and are the nearest approach I have seen to our American models for comfort. We drove to the Jeypore station under a full starlight, as it was important we should be on our way to Agra before the sun was up. But on reaching the station we learned that some mishap had fallen the train, and we had to kill time at the station as best we could, and study the beauty of an Indian sun-

rise. That itself was something to see, especially with such a background to the picture as the Oriental city of Jeypore and the brown empurpled hills beyond. But the railway is a new thing in Rajpootana, and has not learned the value of promptitude. In time we were off and on our way to Futtehpoor Sikra.

It had been arranged that we should go to Agra by breaking the journey at Bhurtpoor, driving over to the ruins of Futtehpoor Sikra, and remaining there all night. The Maharajah of Bhurtpoor is a young prince about thirty years of age. His name is Maharajah Seswaut Singh. His state is small, its area 1,974 square miles, with a population of 743,710, and a revenue of between fourteen and fifteen millions of dollars a year. The Maharajah is descended from a freebooter named Brij, who owned a village, and in time made his village into a state. The fortunes of the state have not always been prosperous. It had the fortune that so often attends small states bordering on larger ones—the fortune of so disturbing the rest and dignity of the larger neighbors that robbery and annexation became necessary. Bhurtpoor was taken by the old Delhi rulers. Then Sindia came and seized it. In 1805, when Lord Lake was loose in India at the head of a small conquering army, he came upon Bhurtpoor. The town had given refuge to Holkar, a prince at war with the English, and Lord Lake attempted to carry it by storm. In this he failed, losing 3,000 men. The English compromised, and took $1,000,000 as the price of not continuing the war. The memory of that defeat long lingered in India, and was the theme of many a song and story in native bazaars. In 1826 there was a quarrel in the house of Bhurtpoor. The father of the present Maharajah was seized and imprisoned by his cousin. The English interfered, and the result was the invasion of the state by an army of 20,000 men and 100 guns. It is difficult to see what honest motive could have induced the Indian government to throw so large an army into another state, but the one point not wise to dwell upon in reading Indian history is motives. The town was invested, the gates blown up, and 6,000 men killed in the assault, the English losing 1,000. The usurping prince was

sent to Benares on a pension of $3,000 a year. Although the avowed motive of the invasion of Bhurtpoor was to restore a prince and secure his rights, as soon as the British came into the town they plundered it. The state jewels were taken. Over $2,000,000 from the treasury was divided among the soldiers; the commander, Lord Combermere, who died not long since, one of the oldest of the British generals, and universally praised as a fine type of the old-fashioned sturdy officer and nobleman, put $300,000 of the money in his pocket. The walls



THE OLD PALACE AT BHURTPOOR.

of the town were leveled, and the prince, father to the present ruler, was restored to a crown which had been robbed of its jewels, a treasury which had been robbed of its treasure, a town which had been robbed of its walls, a palace which had been robbed of its adornments. Considering that the founder of the house was a good deal of a robber himself, I suppose there was not a serious invasion of the moral law in taking from Bhurtpoor what his ancestors had taken from somebody else. One does not like to read these things of an English

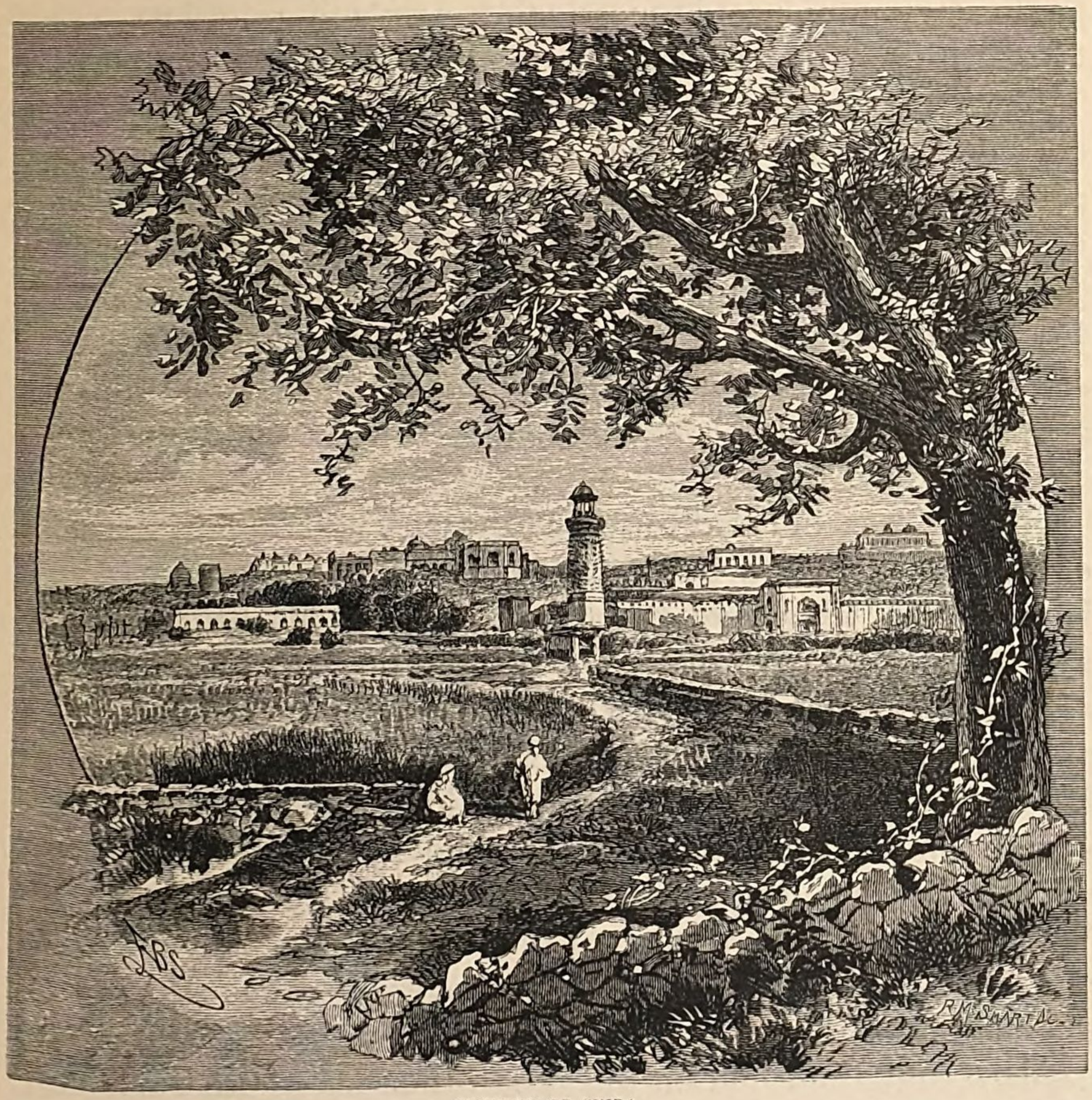
peer and an English army. But the painful fact is that you can hardly open a page in the history of India without stumbling upon some incident that recalls the taking of Bhurtpoor.

The day was hot and the ride had been through a low country, the scenery not attractive at the best, but now brown and arid under a scorching sun. We were in a frowsy condition, early rising, long waiting, and an Indian atmosphere not contributing to the comforts of travel. About noon the blare of trumpets and the rolling of the drums told us we were at Bhurtpoor. Putting ourselves together as best we could, and throwing off the sluggishness and apathy of travel, we descended. All Bhurtpoor was out at the station, and the Maharajah at the head. The Prince was accompanied by the British officers attached to his court, and, advancing, shook hands with the General and welcomed him to his capital. The Maharajah looks older than his years, but this is a trait of most Indian princes. He wore a blazing uniform, covered with jewels. He has a firm, stern face, with strong features, a good frame, and, unlike his brother of Jeypore—who gives his days to prayers and his evenings to billiards, and although he has the Star of India, has long since seen the vanity of human glory and hates power—is a soldier and a sportsman, and is called a firm and energetic ruler. He would make a good model for Byron's Lambro, and there was a stern, haughty grace in his unsmiling face. From the station we drove to the palace, into a town whose dismantled walls speak of English valor and English shame, past bazaars, where people seemed to sell nothing, only to broil in the sunshine, and under a high archway into a courtyard, and thence to the palace. There was nothing special about the palace except that it was very large and very uncomfortable. The decorations were odd. There were one or two bits of valuable china, prints of an American circus entering London, an oil painting of our Saviour, various prints of the French and English royal families taken forty years ago. There were the Queen, the Prince Consort, Louis Philippe, Montpensier, and all the series of loyal engravings in vogue at the time of the Spanish marriages; all young and fresh and

smiling faces, some of them now worn and gray, some vanished into silence. The palace seemed to be a kind of store-room, in which the keepers had stored everything that came along, and as you walked from wall to wall, passing from cheap circus showbills to steel engravings of Wellington and oil paintings of our Lord, the effect was ludicrous. The Prince does not live in this palace, but in one more suited to Oriental tastes. It was here where he received the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his visit in 1876. There was a breakfast prepared, which the Prince left us to enjoy in company with our English friends. You know in this country the hospitality of the highest princes never goes so far as to ask you to eat. The rules of caste are so marked that the partaking of food with one of another caste, and especially of another race, would be defilement. Our host, at the close of the breakfast, returned in state, and there was the ceremony of altar and pan and cordial interchanges of good feeling between the Maharajah and the General.

It was arranged that on our way to Agra we should visit the famous ruins of Futtehpoor Sikra. In the days of the great Mohammedan rulers there was none so great as Akbar. One of the trials to which this rich country—unfortunate India—has been subjected is that with every age there comes a new conqueror, a tide of new invaders. The law of conquest that the North should invade the South, that the sons of the snow should overmaster the children of the sun, that the men of the mountain should put their feet on the men of the valley, has had no better illustration than in the checkered destiny of Hindostan. It was a part of the marvelous career of Islam that its soldiers should come with fire and sword into these plains of Northern India. In 1565, about the time when the Spaniard was carrying the Cross into America, making his way into Mexico and the United States, and rooting out the glorious remnants of Arabian civilization in Andalusia, a Mohammedan prince fought the battle of Kistna. The Hindoos, under their rajah, gathered a mighty army, in which there were 20,000 elephants and 600 cannon. But all this power was unavailing, and

the fate of the battle was that 100,000 Hindoos should be destroyed, that the rajah should be beheaded, and his head kept for years as a trophy. Out of this arose other wars, which it were unprofitable to dwell upon, and with them the foundation of the power of Akbar, who is called by historians "the pride



FUTTEHPOOR SIKRA.

of the Mogul dynasty," the greatest of the Mohammedan rulers of India. He was a soldier and prince. Early in life he was among the most devout of Moslems, but as years grew, and with years reason, ambition, and military success, he craved religious renown, and throwing aside his veneration for the Prophet, announced that there was no God but God, and that Akbar was his caliph. The proclamation of dogmas like this

and the dogma of papal infallibility is a privilege of supreme power. I presume that Akbar's heterodoxy was really a stroke of high statesmanship. He was in Hindostan. He was a sovereign. Among his subjects were millions of Hindoos. These Hindoos were attached to their faith with a devotion which we might envy in our cold, questioning age, and would have died for it with a patience which no modern martyrs could surpass. To have carried out the Prophet's mandate and slain his infidel subjects would have been to destroy a docile and ingenious people, willing to work, carry burdens, and pay taxes. As a consequence Akbar threw aside the severe form of Islam, gave the Hindoos protection, asked them to share honors and power, and consolidated an empire. He married a Hindoo princess, and tried as far as was possible to make himself one with the people whom he had conquered, and over whom he hoped his children would reign.

Akbar was induced to found the city and build the palace of Futtehpoor Sikra by the advice of a holy hermit. Akbar had children, who were taken from him, to his own grief and the peril of his dynasty. On his return from a campaign he was told by the hermit that if he would take up his residence on the top of a certain rock, where the air was good and where the hermit could have his eye upon him while praying, a son would come. This came to pass and the son was born, who was to be the Emperor Jehân Geer, or Conqueror of the World, to have a hard time of it in many ways, and die a victim to his own follies and sin. So overjoyed was Akbar with the coming of the Conqueror of the World that he built a city, a palace, and a mosque on the site of the rock where the hermit lived. What remains of that undertaking is known as Futtehpoor Sikra.

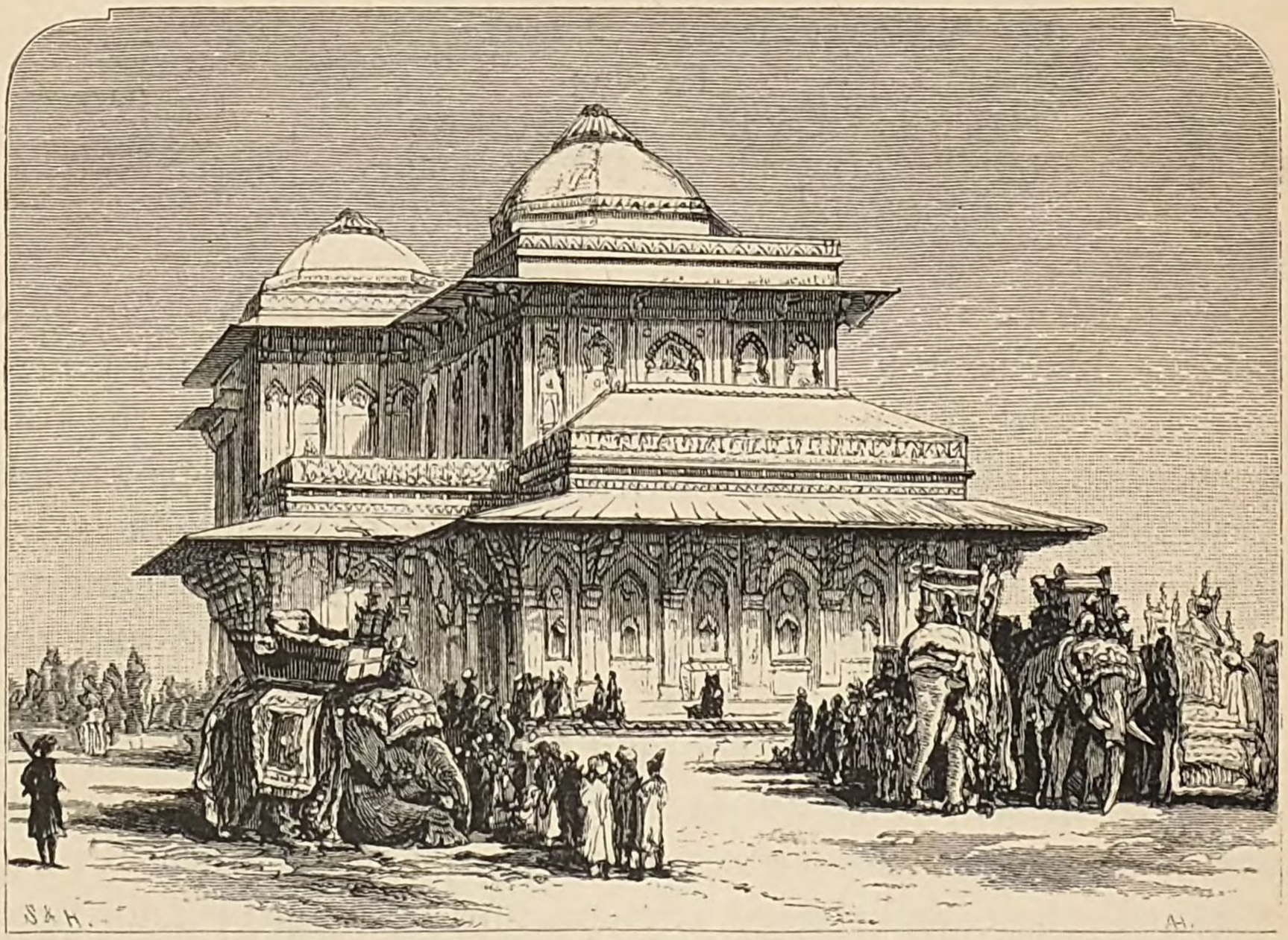
After leaving Bhurtpoor our road was through a series of villages and over a rolling plain. The sun beat fiercely upon our carriage, and we found what refuge we could under the leather curtains. Natives in various processes of squalor came hurrying after our carriages. In the mud huts we saw weavers at work, women grinding corn, tired laborers sleeping in the

shade. There is a bit of poetry in a drama called "The Toy Cart," written by the Rajah Sudraka, which I have been reading in one of the guide-books, so vivid that I am tempted to copy it as a native writer's picture of an Indian noon.

"The cattle dozing in the shade
Let fall the unchamped fodder from their mouths;
The lively ape with slow and languid pace
Creeps to the pool to slake his parching thirst
In its now tepid waters; not a creature
Is seen upon the public road, nor braves
A solitary passenger the sun;
Among the sedgy shade, and even here
The parrot from his wiry bower complains,
And calls for water to allay his thirst."

We drove on until we came to the first stage. The Maharajah had sent a guard with us—soldiers in heavy gilded uniforms, with fierce, eager, truculent eyes—to keep the robbers away. When we came to the first stage there were camels in waiting, and we had our first experience of camels in India. Two camels were hitched to each one of the carriages, and we drove off with a camel and pair. The road was hilly, and the camels are supposed to have more endurance than horses. Each camel carries a driver, and there is a third person who beats them with a goad or stick. The gait of the camel at first is a pleasant sensation, and the pace a good one. But in time it becomes wearisome, the constant bobbing up and down of the carriage under the uncouth, shambling gait of the beasts tiring you. The General got off in good style and made his way to the ruins without an adventure. The carriage in which Mr. Borie, the Colonel, Dr. Keating and I were riding was not so fortunate. Our animals seemed to have scruples of conscience about climbing the hill, and insisted upon stopping. No inducement could move them. The driver pronged them with his goad, called them names, adjured them by all the gods in the Hindoo mythology to make their way to Futtehpoor Sikra. There they stood. Perhaps under a severe pressure of the goad they would move a few paces and stop again.

The camel is an imperturbable beast. He makes no display, shows no violent critical temper, does not jump or prance or resent the goading or the bad language. He moves his head to one side or the other, gives you an affectionate, imploring look, as though appealing to your sympathies, but does not move. He has gone beyond reason. He throws himself upon your generosity, but will not move. Here we were in India, on a lonely highway, the sun going down. Here the sun falls like



OUR RESIDENCE AT FUTTEHPOOR.

a drop curtain at the play. There is no twilight. In an instant the sable clouds sweep over the earth and you are in darkness. To be belated on any road, hungry and dinner waiting, is disagreeable; but in India, with servants around you who do not know English, away from any town or village, on your way to a ruin, knowing that when night comes the lords of the jungle will come forth, was certainly not what we came to India to see. We tried all experiments to encourage the camels, even to the extent of putting our shoulders to the wheels and urging them on. This had little effect, and we

might have had a night bivouac on the highway if, after a long delay, the camels had not changed their minds, and, breaking into a speedy pace, carried us into the ruined city. The night had fallen, and the General, when we arrived, was strolling alone about the courtyard smoking his cigar.

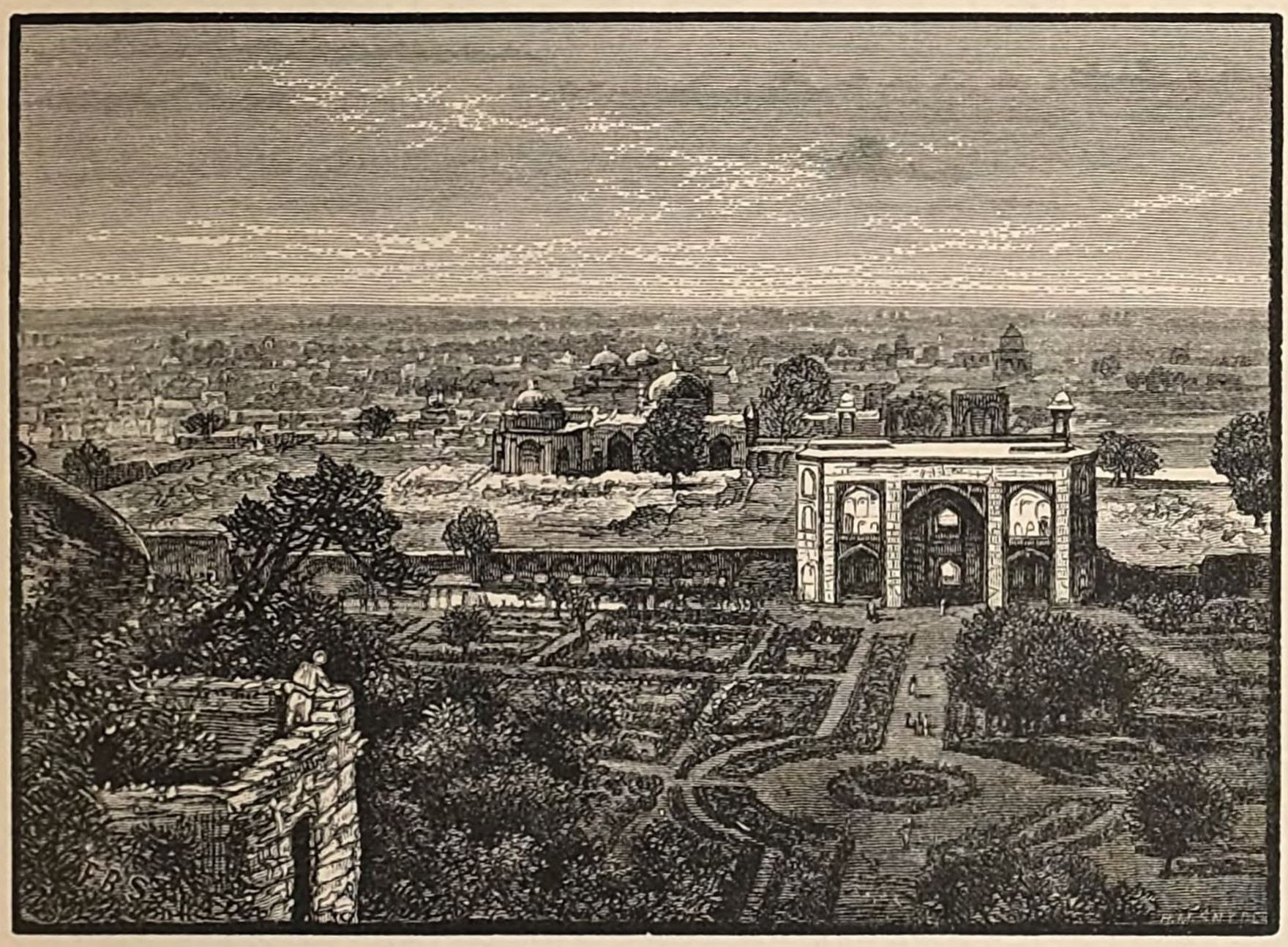
All that remains of Futtehpoor Sikra are the ruins. The various sections of the palace are given over to picnic parties and visitors. The British Collector at Agra has it under his charge, and those who come are instructed to bring their food and bedding. Mr. Lawrence, the Collector, was there to meet us, and our hotel keeper at Agra had sent all that was necessary. The General, Mrs. Grant, and Mr. Borie quartered in the ruin known as the Birbul House. The remainder went with Mr. Lawrence to another ruin about a hundred paces off, which has no name. The Birbul House is supposed to have been the home of Akbar's daughter, or, as some think, a house inclosed and made sacred for the women of his harem. It is a two-storied building, massive and large, and finished with a minuteness and delicacy that you never see even in patient India. As a house alone, the mere piling of blocks of sandstone one upon the other, the Birbul House would be a curious and meritorious work. But when you examine it you see that there is scarcely an inch that has not been carved and traced by some master workmen. It is all stone, no wood or iron or metal of any kind has been used to fashion it. The workmen depended upon the stone, and so sure was their trust that although centuries have passed since it was built, and generations have ripened since it was abandoned, the work is as fresh and clean as though the artisan had only laid down his tools. So well did men work in those days of patience and discipline, and so gentle is the touch of time in Hindostan.

Candles were found and tables were builded, and there, under the massive walls of Akbar's hearth, looking out upon a star-gemmed beaming Indian sky, we dined. And it seemed almost a sacrilege to bring our world—our material world from far America, our world of gossip and smoking tobacco and New York newspapers, of claret and champagne—into the very

holy of holies of a great emperor's palace, whence he came from wars and conflict to be soothed by gentle voices and caressed by loving hands. We were weary with our hard day's work, and after dinner found what rest we could. Mr. Borie was disposed to question the absence of windows, and had reasoned out the practicability of a midnight visit from a leopard or a panther or a wandering beast of prey. He contrasted in a few vivid and striking sentences the advantages which Torresdale and Philadelphia possessed over even the palace of an emperor, to the detriment of Futtehpoor Sikra, and when a reasonable sum was suggested as a possible purchasing price, declined with scorn any prospect of becoming a land-owner in Hindostan. Our accommodations, although we were the recipients of Mogul hospitality, were primitive, and as you lay in the watches of the night and listened to the voices of nature, the contrast with what she says in India and at home was marked. The noisy beast in India is the jackal. He is the scavenger, and in day hides in a ravine or a jungle fastness, to come out and prowl about settlements and live on offal. The jackal and hyena in literature are formidable, but in Indian life are feared no more than a prowling, howling, village cur. I do not think that any of us were sorry when the early morning rays began to brighten up our ruined chambers, and the velvet-footed servants, in flowing muslin gowns, came in bearing tea and toast, and telling us that our baths were ready, and that another leaf had been turned in the book of time.

The General does not regard early rising as a distinguishing trait, and some of the others were under the influence of his example; but Mr. Borie was up and cheerful, and rejoicing in a white pony, which some magician had brought to his feet, saddled and bridled, to view the ruins. The sun had scarcely risen, and wise travelers, like Mr. Borie, always take the cool hours for their sight-seeing. But Mr. Borie is a very wise traveler, who allows nothing to pass him, and so our party divided. Mr. Lawrence said he would wait for the General; and the early risers, under the escort of two young ladies who had been passengers on the "Venetia," with Mr. Borie leading

the van on his white pony, set out to view the ruins. To have seen all the ruins of this stupendous place would have included a ride around a circumference of seven miles. There were some ruins well worth the study. We went first to the quadrangle, a courtyard four hundred and thirty-three feet by three hundred and sixty-six feet. On one side of this is the mosque, which is a noble building, suffering, however, from the overshadowing grandeur of the principal gateway, the finest, it is



DELHI.

said, in India, looming up out of the ruins with stately and graceful splendor, but dwarfing the other monuments and ruins. This was meant as an arch of triumph to the glory of the emperor, "King of Kings," "Heaven of the Court," and "Shadow of God." There are many of these inscriptions in Arabic, a translation of which I find in Mr. Keene's hand-book. The most suggestive is this: "Know that the world is a glass, where the favor has come and gone. Take as thine own nothing more than what thou lookest upon." We were shown one chamber where the body of a saint reposes, and also a tomb

with a marble screen work of the most exquisite character. The prevailing aspect of the architecture was Moslem, with traces of Hindoo taste and decoration. The mosque, the tombs, and the gateway are all well preserved. At one of the mosques were a number of natives in prayer, who interrupted their devotions long enough to show us the delicate tracing on the walls and beg a rupee. It was mentioned as an inducement to engage one of the guides that he had done the same office for the Prince of Wales. But one of the pleasures of wandering among these stupendous ruins is to wander alone and take in the full meaning of the work and the genius of the men who did it. The guides have nothing to tell you. The ruins to them are partly dwelling-places, pretexts for begging rupees, and the guide who came on our track insisted upon showing us a well or a tank into which men jumped from a wall eighty feet high. Mr. Borie's resolution to see everything led us to accept the offer. On our way we met the General, who was also seeing the ruins. It was proposed that we should all go to the well and see the men jump. But we could not tempt the General. He did not want to see men jump, finding no pleasure in these dangerous experiments. As we came to the well, which was a square pond, with walls of masonry, the wall above was manned with eager natives, screaming and gesticulating. Mr. Borie singled out two, who threw off their few garments and made the jump. The motion is a peculiar one. Leaping into the air they move their legs and arms so as to keep their feet down and come into the water feet foremost. The leap was certainly a daring one, but it was done safely, and the divers came hurrying up the sides of the pond shivering and chattering their teeth to claim their rupees and offer to jump all day for the same compensation.

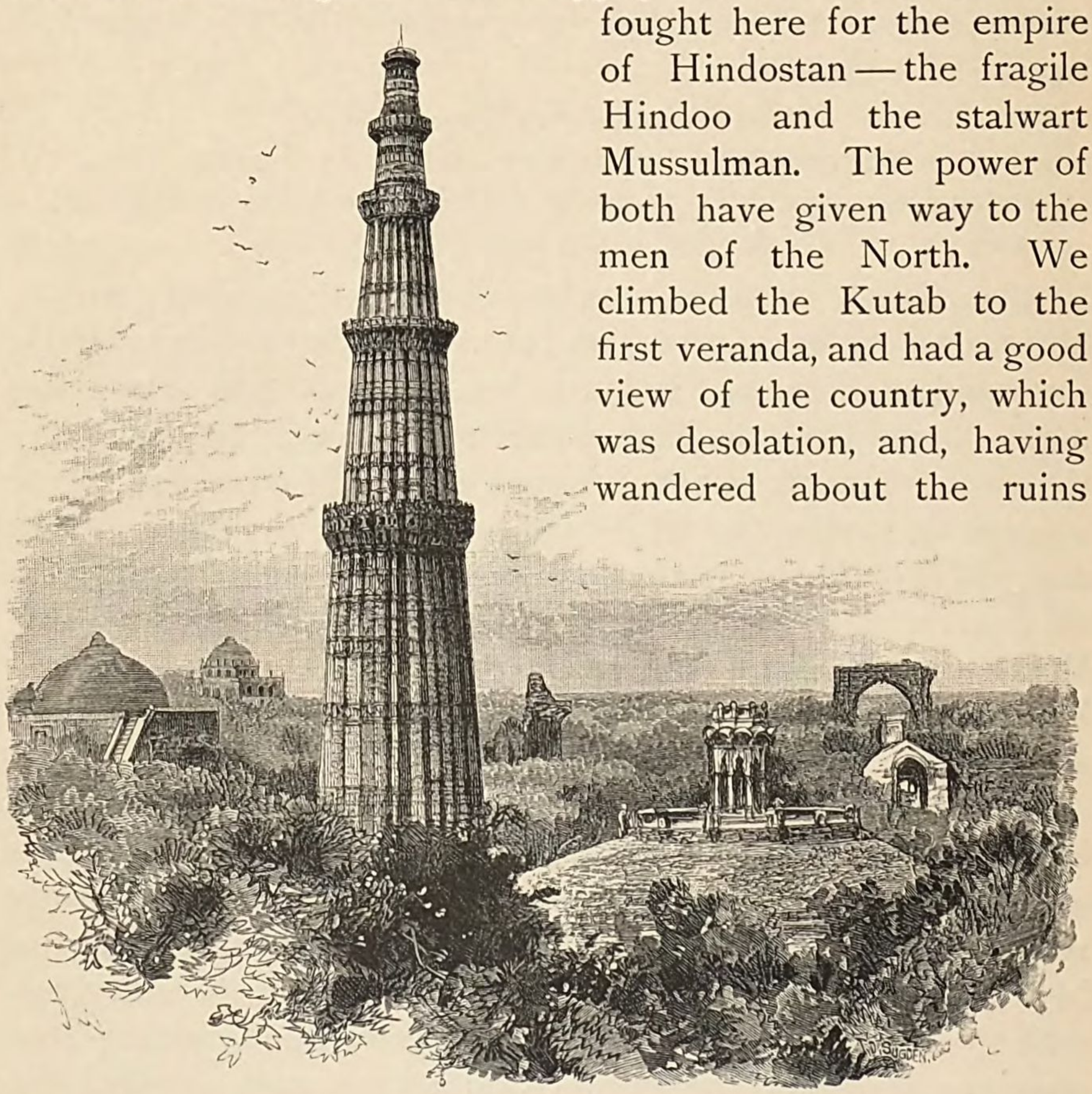
An interesting visit, worthy of remembrance, was our drive to the Kutab. We drove out in the early morning, and our course was for eleven miles through the ruins of the ancient city. The whole way was through ruins, but it is worth noting as a peculiarity of these ancient cities that they drifted from point to point as improvements were made, and each generation

drifted away from the line of its predecessor. The habit of beginning everything new and never concluding what your fathers began contributed to this habit of spreading over a large space, which might have been more compactly built. On our way to the Kutab we passed the monument of a daughter of Shah Tehan, whose memory is cherished as that of a good and wise princess. The epitaph, as translated by Mr. Russell, is worthy of preservation :—

"Let no rich canopy cover my grave.
The grass is the best covering for the poor in spirit.
The humble, transitory Tehanara, the disciple of the holy men of Cheest,
The daughter of the Emperor Shah Tehan."

The Kutab, or tower, was for a long time looming over the horizon before we came to its base. This tower ranks among the wonders of India. It is two hundred and thirty-eight feet high, sloping from the base, which is forty-seven feet in diameter, to the summit, which is nine feet. It is composed of five sections or stories, and with each story there is a change in the design. The lower section has twenty-four sides, in the form of convex flutings, alternately semicircular and rectangular. In the second section they are circular, the third angular, the fourth a plain cylinder, the fifth partly fluted and partly plain. At each basement is a balcony. On the lower sections are inscriptions in scroll-work, reciting in Arabic characters the glory of God, verses from the Koran, and the name and achievements of the conqueror who built the tower. It is believed that when really complete, with the cupola, it must have been twenty feet higher. The work goes back to the fourteenth century, and with the exception of the cupola, which, we think, some British government might restore, it is in a good state of preservation. Everything in the neighborhood is a ruin. But the town itself seems so well built as to defy time. Another interest which attaches to the Kutab is that it is the site of one of the most ancient periods in the history of India. It is believed that there was a city here at the beginning of the Christian era, and one of the monuments is the iron pillar which was set up fifteen hundred years ago. The pillar is a

round iron column, twenty-two feet high, with some inscription in Sanskrit character. There are several legends associated with the column, which have grown into the literature and religion of the Hindoo race. The contrast between the modest, simple iron pillar and the stupendous, overshadowing mass of stone at its side might be said to typify the two races which once fought here for the empire of Hindostan — the fragile Hindoo and the stalwart Mussulman. The power of both have given way to the men of the North. We climbed the Kutab to the first veranda, and had a good view of the country, which was desolation, and, having wandered about the ruins



THE KUTAB.

and looked at the old inscriptions, and admired many fine bits of the ancient splendor which have survived time and war, we drove back to the city.

It was early in the morning and the stars were out when we drove to the Agra station to take the train for Delhi. There is something very pleasant in an Indian morning, and

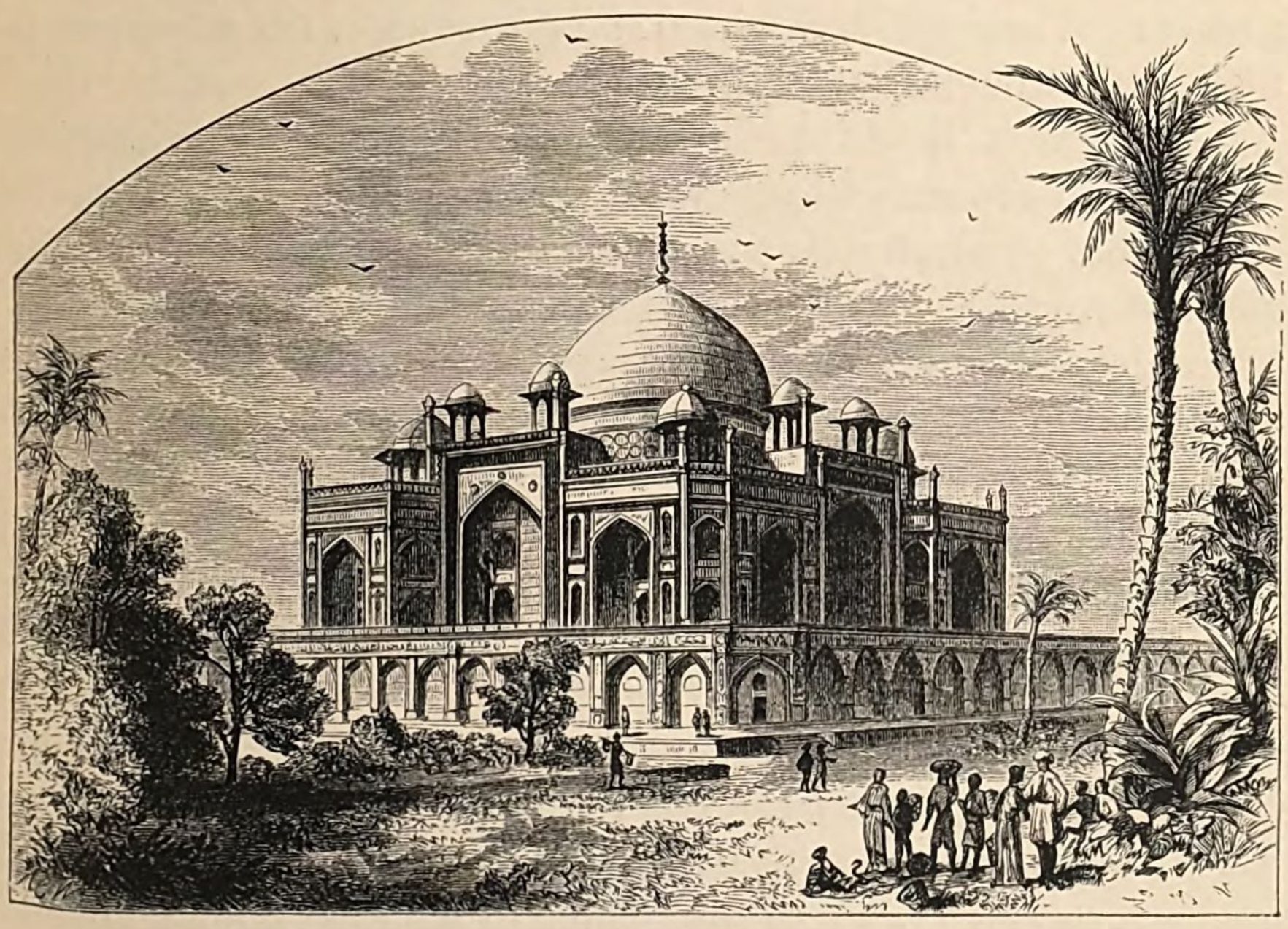
the cool hours between the going of the stars and the coming of the sun are always welcome to Englishmen as hours for bathing and recreation. There is no hardship in seeing the sun rise, as I am afraid would be the case in America. The cool morning breezes were welcome as we drove down to our station and heard the word of command and the music, and saw the troops in line, the dropping of the colors and the glistening of the steel as the arms came to a present. All our Agra friends were there to bid us good-speed, and as the train rolled out of the station the thunder of the cannon came from the fort. Our ride to Delhi was like all the rides we have had in India during the day—severe, enervating, almost distressing. You cannot sleep, nor rest, nor read, and there is nothing in the landscape to attract. It is not until after you pass Delhi and go up into the hill regions toward the Himalayas that you begin to note the magnificence of Indian scenery, of which I have read and heard so much but as yet have not seen. We came into Delhi early in the afternoon, in a worn-out, fagged condition. There was a reception by troops, and the General, with Mrs. Grant, drove to Ludlow Castle, the home of Gordon Young, the chief officer. The others found quarters in a comfortable hotel—comfortable for India—near the railway station.

The first impression Delhi makes upon you is that it is a beautiful town. But I am afraid that the word town, as we understand it at home, will give you no idea of a town in India. We think of houses built closely together, of avenues and streets, and people living as neighbors and friends. In India, a town is built for the air. The natives in some of the native sections, in the bazaars, live closely together, huddle into small cubby-holes of houses or rude caves, in huts of mud and straw; but natives of wealth and Englishmen build their houses where they may have space. A drive through Delhi is like a drive through the lower part of Westchester County or any of our country suburbs. The officials have their bungalows in the finest localities, near wood and water when possible, surrounded by gardens. What strikes you in India is the excellence of the

roads and the beauty of the gardens. This was especially true of Delhi. As you drove from the dusty station, with the strains of welcoming music and the clang of presenting arms in your ears, you passed through a section that might have been an English country town with gentlemen's seats all around. This accounts for what you read of the great size of the Indian cities—that they are so many miles long and so many broad. It is just as if we took Bay Ridge or Riverdale and drew lines around them, and, calling them towns, spoke of their magnitude. This is worthy of remembering also in recalling the sieges of the Indian towns during the mutiny. There is no town that I have seen that could stand a siege like one of our compactly built English or American towns. They are too large. Delhi, for instance, was never invested during the mutiny. The provisions came in every day, and the soldiers could have left any time, just as they left Lucknow when Colin Campbell came in. The defense of a city meant the defense of the fort or the palace.

There are few cities in the world which have had a more varied and more splendid career than Delhi. It is the Rome of India, and the history of India centers around Delhi. It has no such place as Benares in the religion of the people, but to the Indians it is what Rome in the ancient days was to the Roman empire. One of its authentic monuments goes back to the fourth century before Christ. Its splendor began with the rise of the Mogul empire, and as you ride around the suburbs you see the splendor of the Moguls in what they built and the severity of their creed in what they destroyed. After you pass from the English section a ride through Delhi is sad. You go through miles of ruins—the ruins of many wars and dynasties, from what was destroyed by the Turk in the twelfth century to what was destroyed by the Englishman in the nineteenth. The suburbs of Jerusalem are sad enough, but there you have only the memories, the words of prophecy, and the history of destruction. Time has covered or dispersed the ruins. But Time has not been able to do so with the ruins of Delhi. From the Cashmere gate to the Kutab, a ride of eleven

miles, your road is through monumental ruins. Tombs, temples, mausoleums, mosques in all directions. The horizon is studded with minarets and domes, all abandoned and many in ruins. In some of them Hindoo or Moslem families live, or, I may say, burrow. Over others the government keeps a kind of supervision; but to supervise or protect all would be beyond the revenues of any government. I was shown one ruin—an arched way, beautiful in design and of architectural value—



THE HUMAYUN TOMB.

which it was proposed to restore; but the cost was beyond the resources of the Delhi treasury. I have no doubt of the best disposition of the rulers of India toward the monuments and all that reminds the Hindoo of his earlier history. But these monuments were built when labor was cheap, when workmen were compelled to be content with a handful of corn, and when the will of the ruler was a warrant for anything that pleased him. So that even to a rich and generous government, conducted on English principles, the restoration of the monuments would be an enormous tax. The English, however, are not

apt to waste much money on sentiment. They did not come to India to leave money behind, but to take it away, and all the money spent here is first to secure the government of the country, and next to ameliorate the condition of the people and prevent famines. The money which England takes out of India every year is a serious drain upon the country, and is among the causes of its poverty. But if money is to be spent, it is better to do so upon works of irrigation that will prevent famines than upon monuments, which mean nothing to this generation, and which might all be destroyed with a few exceptions without any loss to history or art.

And yet it is sad to ride over these dusty roads and see around you the abounding evidences of an ancient and imperial civilization of which only the stones remain. Ruins—miles and miles of ruins—on which the vultures perch. I am thinking of a ride from the Kutab to Humayun's tomb, two of the noted spots in the Delhi suburbs, and which I think was as melancholy, so far as the desolation was concerned, as any I ever saw. In Egypt the ruin is finished and you see only the sand. In the Holy Land there are the promises of an era when the temples shall rise again in honor of the Lord, and the land will flow with milk and honey. In India you see the marks of the spoiler, the grandeur that was once paramount, and you see how hopeless and irreparable is the destruction. You contrast the fertility of nature with the poverty of man, never so marked in contrast as here, where the genius of man has done so much, and where the humblest flower that blooms in the fields has a life beyond it all. You rode through a city of ruins, which once was a capital of 2,000,000, and now has scarcely 250,000. You pass earthworks centuries old, which show the lines of the early struggles between Hindoo and Moslem. You see, as you study the ruins, that most of the work, even the most attractive, was in its day merely veneering, and somehow the suggestion comes that this Mogul reign, the evidences of whose splendor surround you, was in itself a veneering—that it had no place in India, was merely an outside coating which could not stand the wear and tear of time. Men pass you with hooded falcons on

their arms and ask you to buy them. A covered carriage passes and you know that the inclosure is sacred to the presence of a Hindoo lady of high caste, who is always in seclusion. The bullock cart trudges slowly along. The burden bearers pass, carrying grass or twigs, carrying burdens on their thin, lithe limbs that would shame our stalwart sons. You see men at a well pumping water in Egyptian fashion for irrigation, for domestic uses, and women carrying water on their heads in stone jars.

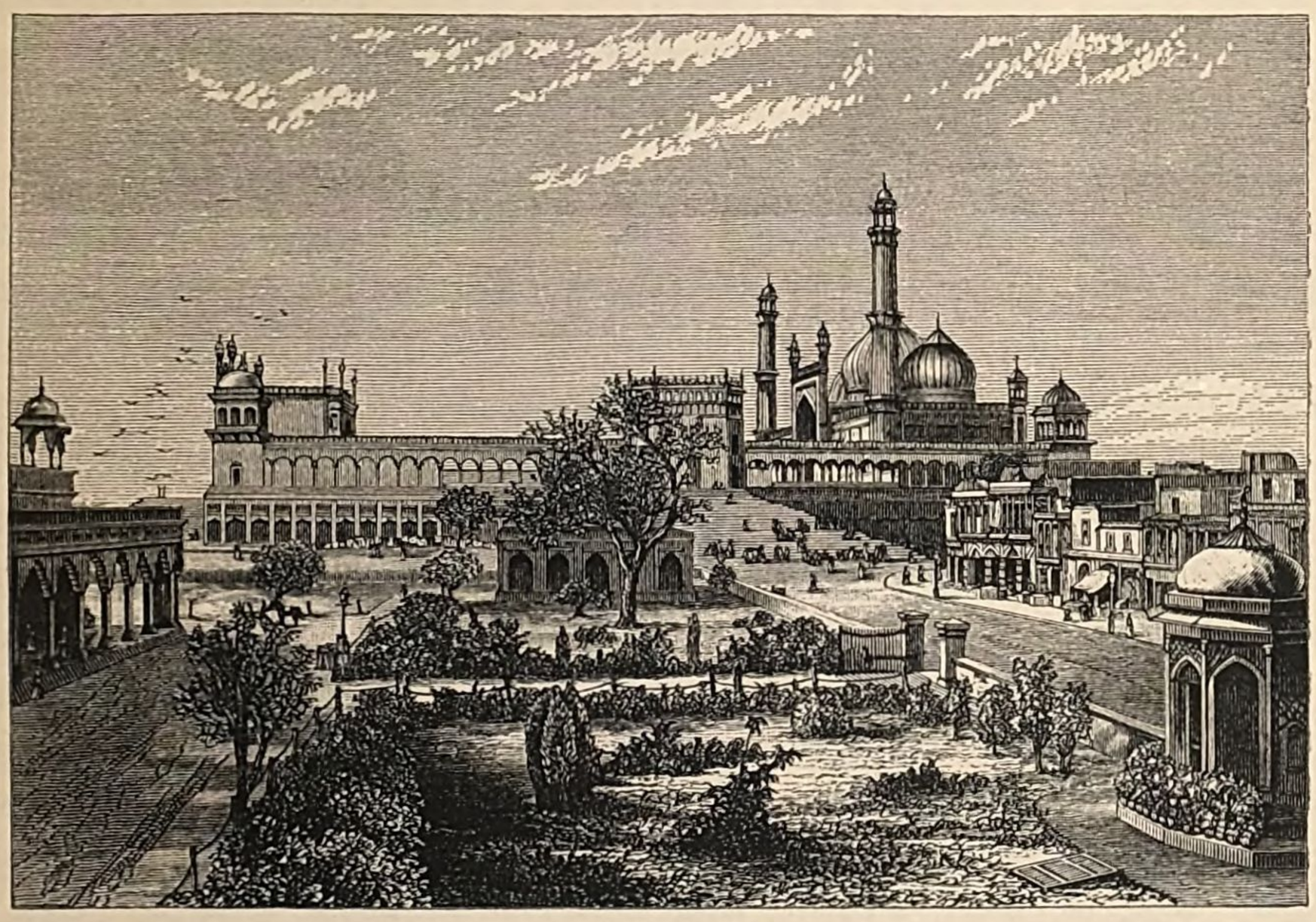
Beggars are everywhere, for in India begging is a perennial growth. Monkeys climb on the walls, and stare and chatter and go scampering through the trees. The skies are gray, which is rare in India, and a cold wind comes over the plain. We have so much of the sunshine that we can glory in the mist. This tomb of Humayun, for instance, is one of the ruins that even a thrifty government with pensions to pay and an army to support should protect. It is not a beautiful work like the Taj, nor a stupendous work like Futtehpoor Sikra, and the prince for whom it was built was scarcely worth remembering. It differs from the Taj, among other things, in this—that while one was a monument of the love of a husband, this is the monument of the love of a wife. It is believed that the Taj was inspired by Humayun's tomb, as the design is the same in many essentials, and the one preceded the other by a century. To have inspired the Taj is honor enough for any mausoleum, but the vastness of Humayun's tomb grows on you. You walk into a walled inclosure and over a wide courtyard, and ascend steps to a platform, from which you have a good view of Delhi in the distance and the suburbs. You enter the building, which is a series of high chambers, separated by marble walls, latticed and worked into screens. Here are eighteen tombs—modest blocks of marble, most of them without any name or design. It is known that Humayun rests here, and with him five of his royal descendants, and eleven others who were friends and councilors of kings and thought worthy of a royal tomb. But only one tomb has really been identified—the tomb of Dara, the unhappy son of Shah Ishan, brother of Aurungzebe, and

treated by his brother as James II. treated Monmouth. The romance of his life ended in tragedy, and all that remains of it is the slender tomb in the mausoleum of his ancestor.

Humayun's tomb, however, has a memory even more tragic in the history of the house of Tamerlane than that of Prince Dara. It was here that the dynasty came to an ignoble and a tragic end. When the English army stormed Delhi in 1857, plundering the town and putting the garrison and many of the inhabitants to the sword, the king with his wives and sons escaped, and took refuge in Humayun's tomb. The poor, old, foolish monarch, who had been hustled on the throne by the bayonets of the mutinous Sepoys, went by some instinct for refuge to the tombs of his ancestors. Here he was found by the English under Captain Hodson. You can understand the amount of valor that remained in the Delhi imperial family when you know that Hodson made the capture with a force of fifty native cavalry. The inclosure was filled with Moslem refugees, three thousand, at least, the princes among them. Not a blow was struck. The old king came out, and, with trembling hand, gave his sword to Hodson, who told him he would kill him like a dog if any attempt was made at his rescue. This achievement, a single white man with fifty native troops carrying off an emperor from the mausoleum of his fathers, defended by thousands of his followers, should be ranked among the greatest deeds of military daring. It shows also the weakness, the cowardice, the despair of the imperial retinue. Behind works they had fought with valor. Defeated, they collapsed. The king was carried to the city and imprisoned in his own palace. The next day Hodson, with a hundred natives, an informer named Rujjab Ali, who had sold his honor for his life, and a young officer named Lieutenant Macdurall, came to the tomb. Inside of the inclosure were 3,000 Mussulmans, all armed; outside, 3,000 more. Hodson demanded the unconditional surrender of the princes. The armed men asked to be led against the English officers and their hundred men. But the princes, hoping against hope, supposing that the father having been spared there would be an extension of mercy, would

not strike a blow. They came out in time in a small bullock cart, followed by two or three thousand Mussulmans. Hodson then entered the tomb, ascended the steps, and called on the mob to lay down their arms. The command was obeyed, and for two hours the two Englishmen and the hundred natives remained collecting the arms of men whose profession was war.

The crowd having been disarmed and the arms piled in carts, Hodson rode on and joined his command, who were taking the princes in the bullock cart into Delhi. They were



THE JUMNA MESJID.

then within a mile of the town, followed by the Mussulmans. Hodson imagined that there would be a rescue—really believed that men who, with arms in their hands, would see their king surrender without a blow, and who would lay down their arms at the command of two English officers, had spirit enough left to attempt the rescue. Accordingly he halted his men, put a guard of five horsemen across the road, ordered the princes to descend and strip and then mount the cart. He made a short address to his men, saying who these men were, and why they should die. Having done so he shot them with his own hand,

"the Sikhs shouting with delight." The princes who were killed were the nephew of the king, the son, and another of high rank. Their bodies were taken into Delhi and for three days exposed on the ground. "The Sikhs said that on this very spot had been exposed the remains of Tegh Bahadur," the chief of their race, murdered by the Moguls, "nearly two hundred years before, to the insults of the Mohammedan crowd, and wondered at the fulfillment of their ancient prophecy." One of the ways of governing India, you will observe, is to arouse the passions and hatred of barbarians in past generations and to make one race do the work of blood upon the other.

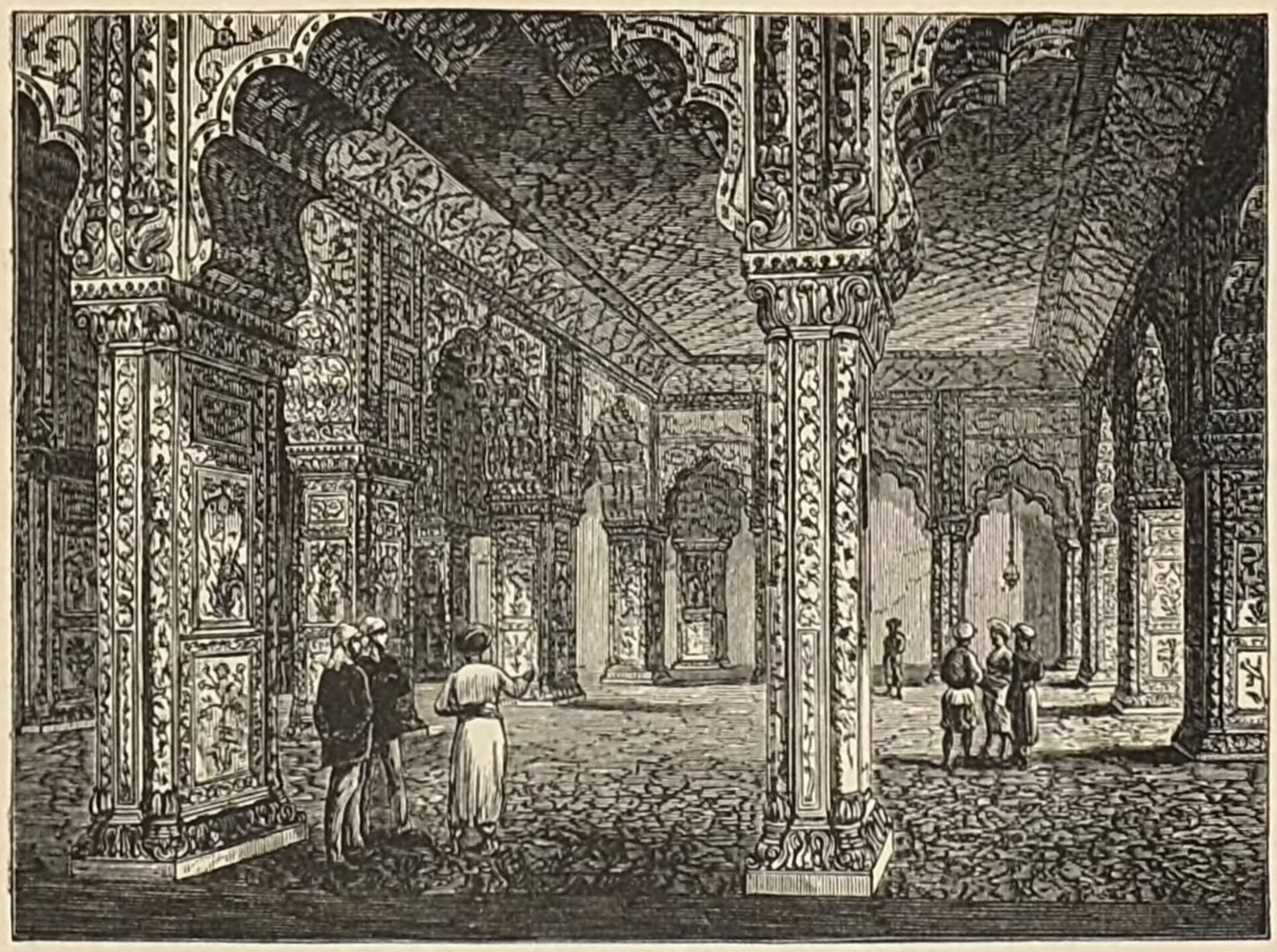
In wandering about Delhi your mind is attracted to these sad scenes. What it must have been when the Moguls reigned you may see in the old palace, the great mosque of Shah Ishan, and the Kutab. On the afternoon of our arrival we were taken to the palace, which is now used as a fort for the defense of the city. We have an idea of what the palace must have been in the days of Aurungzebe. "Over against the great gate of the court," says a French writer who visited India in the seventeenth century, "there is a great and stately hall, with many ranks of pillars high raised, very airy, open on three sides, looking to the court, and having its pillars ground and gilded. In the midst of the wall which separateth this hall from the seraglio, there is an opening, or a kind of great window, high and large, and so high that a man cannot reach to it from below with his hand. There it is where the king appears, seated upon his throne, having his sons on his side, and some eunuchs standing, some of which drive away the flies with peacocks' tails, others fan him with great fans, others stand there ready with great respect and humility for several services. Thence he seeth beneath him all the umrahs, rajahs, and ambassadors, who are also all of them standing upon a raised ground encompassed with silver rails, with their eyes downward and their hands crossing their stomachs." "In the court he seeth a great crowd of all sorts of people." Sometimes his majesty would be entertained by elephants and fighting animals and reviews

of cavalry. There were feats of arms of the young nobles of the court; but more especially was this seat a seat of justice, for if any one in the crowd had a petition he was ordered to approach, and very often justice was done then and there, for "those kings," says a French authority, "how barbarous soever esteemed by us, do yet constantly remember that they owe justice to their subjects."

We were shown this hall, and by the aid of a sergeant, who walked ahead and warned us against stumbling, climbed up a narrow stair and came out on the throne. All the decorations have vanished, and it is simply a marble platform, "so high that a man cannot reach to it from below with his hand." The view from the throne embraced a wide, open plain, which could easily accommodate a large crowd, as well as give space for maneuvers, reviews, and fighting elephants. The hall even now is beautiful and stately, although it has been given over to soldiers, and the only audience that saluted General Grant during his brief tenure of the throne of Aurungzebe were groups of English privates who lounged about taking their ease, making ready for dinner, and staring at the General and the groups of officers who accompanied him. The last of the Moguls who occupied this throne was the foolish old dotard whom the Sepoys made emperor in 1857, and who used to sit and tear his hair and dash his turban on the ground, and call down the curses of God upon his soldiers for having dragged him to the throne. All that has long since passed away. The emperor lies in Burmah in an unknown grave, the site carefully concealed from all knowledge, lest some Moslem retainer should build a shrine to his memory. His son is a pensioner and prisoner at $3,000 a year. The rest of his family were slain, and the present house of the Mohammedan conquerors has sunk too low even for compassion.

Notwithstanding the havoc of armies and the wear and tear of barrack life there are many noble buildings in the palace. This hall of audience, before the mutiny, was decorated with mosaic; but an officer of the British army captured the mosaic, had it made up into various articles, and sold them for $2,500.

From here we went to the hall of special audience, where the emperor saw his princes and noblemen, and which is known as the hall of the peacock throne. The site of this famous throne was pointed out to us, but there is no trace of it. Around the white marble platform on which the throne rested are the following words in gilt Persian characters: "If there be an elysium on earth, it is this, it is this, it is this." The peacock throne was simply a mass of jewels and gold valued at about $30,000,000. Mr. Beresford, in his book on Delhi, says it was called the peacock throne "from its having the figures of two peacocks standing behind it, their tails expanded, and the whole so inlaid with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones of appropriate colors as to represent life. The throne itself was six feet long by four feet broad. It stood on six massive feet, which, with the body, were of solid gold inlaid with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. It was supported by a canopy of gold, upheld by twelve pillars, all richly emblazoned with costly gems and a fringe of pearls ornamented the borders of the canopy." "On the other side of the throne stood umbrellas, one of the Oriental emblems of royalty. They were formed of crimson velvet richly embroidered and fringed with pearls. The handles were eight feet high, of solid gold, and studded with diamonds." The ceiling of this hall was of solid silver. In 1739, when Nadir Shah, the



INTERIOR OF PALACE.

Persian, took Delhi, he broke up the peacock throne and carried away the jewels, the Mahrattas came in 1760 and took the silver, the English the mosaics, the bath-tubs of marble, and articles of lesser value, so that the room of the peacock throne is now a stripped and shabby room, with no shadow of its former splendor.

We went into the bath-rooms of the kings and the more private apartments. Some of those rooms had been ingeniously decorated in frescoes, but when the Prince of Wales came to Delhi a ball was given him in the palace, and three frescoes were covered with whitewash. No reason was given for this wantonness, but that it was thought white would light up better under the ball-room lamps. I asked one of the officers who accompanied us, and who told us the story with indignation, whether the decorations could not be restored, like the restorations in the mosque of Cordova. But there is no such hope. One of the most interesting features in a palace which has been already too much stripped vanishes before the whitewash brush of a subaltern. The same spirit was shown in the stripping of the great mosque called the Jam-Mussid. After the capture of Delhi in 1857 the troops plundered it, going so far as to strip the gilding from the minarets. This mosque even now is one of the noblest buildings in India. It stands in the center of the city, built upon a rock. In the ancient time there were four streets that converged upon the mosque, leading into various parts of the town. But as the mosque was used during the mutiny as a fort, all the space in front of it has been cleared for military purposes, and the space between the mosque and the palace that was formerly densely peopled is now an open plain, where troops may maneuver and cannon may fire. Nothing is more important in the civilization of India by the English than that the cannon should have range. In the days of the Moguls the emperors came to the mosque to pray. It is now a religious edifice, having been restored to the Moslems recently, after twenty years' retention by the British, a sort of punishment to the Moslems for their course during the mutiny. The ascent is up a noble, sweeping range of steps.

These steps were crowded with people, who came out in the afternoon to enjoy the air, chatter, buy and sell, and fight chickens. On Friday afternoon, when there is service, and on fête days, the steps become quite a fair. As the General and party walked along, beggars and dealers in chickens and falcons swarmed around them, anxious for alms or to trade. One of the treasures in the mosque was a hair of Mohammed's beard. This holiest of Moslem relics is under a keeper, who has a pension for the service. He was a quiet, venerable soul, who brought us the relic in a glass case. The hair was long, and had a reddish auburn tinge which time has not touched. Another relic was a print of Mohammed's foot in marble. The footprint was deep and clear, and shows that when the Prophet put his foot down it was with a force which even the rocks could not resist. We strolled about the mosque, which is large and capacious, as should become the temple of an emperor. A few devout souls were at prayer, but somehow the building had a neglected look. The mosque itself is 201 feet long and 120 feet broad, and the minarets 130 feet high. It was here that the Mogul emperors worshiped, and here was read the litany of the house of Timur. The last of these performances was during the mutiny in 1857, when the old king came in state, as his ancestors did, and reproduced the sacred story of the sacrifice of Abraham in the sacrifice of a camel by his own royal hands.

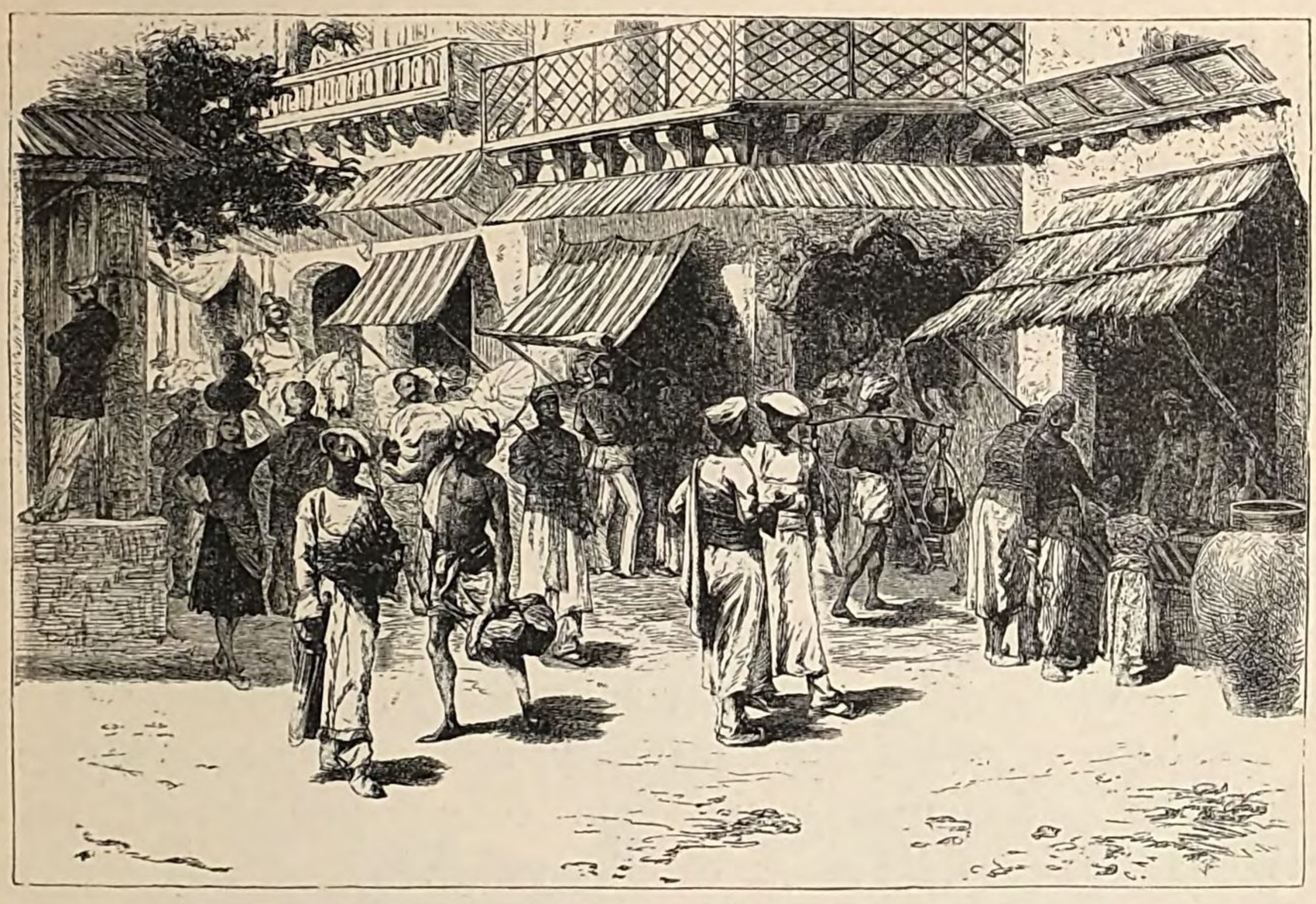


VILLAGE—INDIA.

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and sell, and fight
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As the General and
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or to trade. One of
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VILLAGE—INDIA.



STREET IN LUCKNOW.

CHAPTER XXVI.

OUR visit to Lucknow was made pleasant by meeting our friend W. C. Capper, Esq., who had been a fellow-passenger on the "Venetia," and whose guests we were during our stay in the ancient and memorable city. Mr. Capper is the chief judicial officer of this district, and lives in a large and pleasant house in the English quarter. Lucknow is the capital of the old kingdom of Oude, which was annexed in 1856 by the East India Company, under Lord Dalhousie. This peer is called by his admirers the great proconsul, and his administration was celebrated for its "firm" and "vigorous" policy. The principles upon which his lordship acted were recorded in a minute of the East India Council passed in 1841, under the administration of Lord Auckland, which is worth quoting as one of the frankest annals of statecraft since the days of Rob Roy: "Our policy should be to persevere in the one clear and direct course of abandoning no just

or honorable accession of territory or revenue, while all existing claims of right are scrupulously respected." Under this policy, during Lord Dalhousie's rule, the Sikhs were defeated and their army disabled, the Punjab was annexed, Pega was taken from Burmah, the principality of Ihousi was taken from the princes who ruled it, and who sought a terrible revenge in the mutiny, the kingdom of Oude was sequestrated, and its king pensioned at six hundred thousand dollars a year. Among the reasons for the annexation were the personal character of the kings, who passed their lifetimes within their palace walls caring for nothing but the gratification of some individual passion, "avarice, as in one; intemperance, as in another; or, as in the present, effeminate sensuality, indulged among singers, musicians, and eunuchs, the sole companions of his confidence and the sole agents of his power." You will observe that whenever the company wanted territory or revenue there were always moral reasons at hand. It seems to an outside observer that the reasons for annexing the Oude dominions would have justified Napoleon in taking the dominions of George IV.

There are few sights in India more interesting than the ruins of the residency in Lucknow, where, during the mutiny, a handful of English residents defended themselves against the overwhelming forces of the Sepoys until relieved by Havelock and Sir Colin Campbell. The story of that defense is one of the most brilliant in the annals of heroism, and will always redound to the honor of the British name. After the relief the garrison evacuated, and the Sepoys, unable to destroy the garrison, destroyed the residences. The ruins are as they were left by Nana Sahib. Living hands have planted flowers and built monuments to mark the events of the siege, and the grounds are as carefully kept as a garden park. Mr. Capper, who was one of the garrison during the siege, took General Grant to every point of interest—to the house of the commissioners; to the cellars, where women and children hid during those fearful summer months; to the ruins of Sir Joseph Fayrer's house and the spot where Sir Henry Lawrence died; to

the grave of Havelock and Lawrence. We saw the lines of Sir Colin Campbell's attack when he captured Lucknow, put the garrison to the sword, and ended the mutiny. We drove



CONJURER.

around the town and saw the various palaces that remind you of the magnificence of the Oude dynasty, but whose grandeur disturbs the government, as they are too expensive to keep and too grand to fall into ruins. The Chutter Munzil, which was

built by the king who reigned in 1827 as a seraglio, is now a club-house. Here the residents gave the General and party a ball, which was a brilliant and agreeable affair.

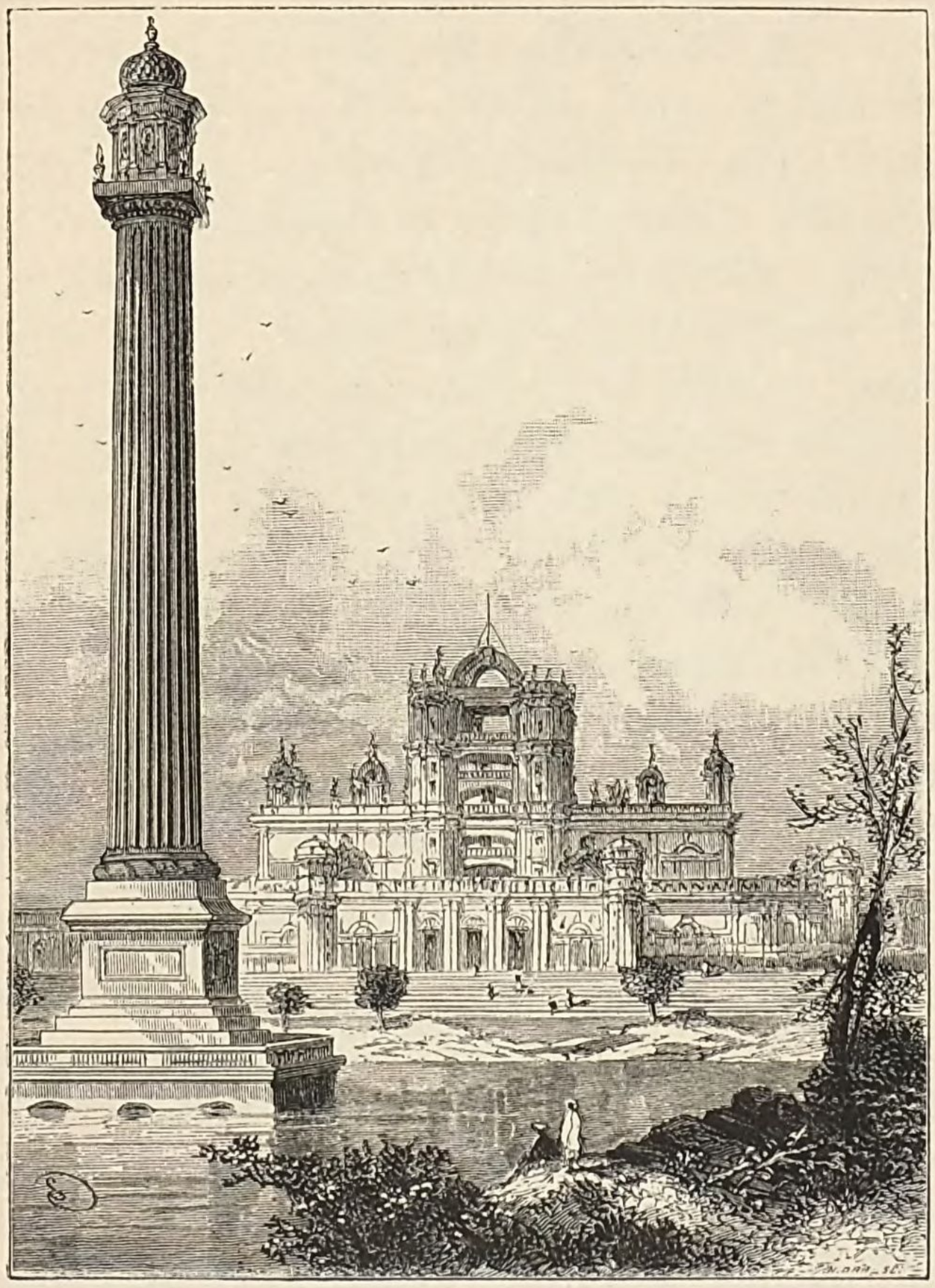
The main palace is called the Kaiser Bagh—a great square of buildings surrounding an immense courtyard. These buildings are pleasant, with a blending of Italian and Saracenic schools, giving them an effeminate appearance, glaring with yellow paint. This palace cost, at Indian prices of labor, $4,000,000. A monument shows you where the British captives were butchered in 1857, for which deed Sir Colin Campbell took so terrible a revenge. We visited the Secunder Bagh, a palace built by the last king and given to one of his wives, Secunder, whence it derives its name. This was carried by the British, who killed the two thousand Sepoys defending it. We visited other public buildings, all going back to the Oude dynasty, showing that the kings did not hesitate to beautify their capital. We saw the curious building called the Martinière, a most fantastic contrivance, built by a French adventurer who lived at the court of the Oude kings, and built this as a tomb for himself and as a college. We also visited the great Imambara, or Home of the Prophets, which in its time was the most noted building in Lucknow, and even now surprises you with the simplicity and grandeur of its style. It was used as a mausoleum for one of the nobles of Oude, and in other days the tomb was strewed with flowers "and covered with rich barley bread from Mecca, officiating priests being in attendance day and night chanting verses from the Koran." It is now an ordnance depot, and when General Grant visited it he was shown the guns and cannon-balls by a sergeant of the army.

We drove through the old town, the streets narrow and dirty, and as we passed we noted that the people were of a different temper from those we had seen in other parts of India. Generally speaking a ride through a native town means a constant returning of salutes, natives leaving their work to come and stare and make you the Eastern salam—constant evidences of courtesy and welcome, of respect at least for the livery of your coachman, which is the livery of the supreme au-

thority, and signifies to the native mind that there is one whom the authority of England delights to honor. There was nothing of this in Lucknow. The people are Mussulmans, of the fierce, conquering race, on whom the yoke of England does not rest lightly, who simply scowled and stared, but gave no welcome. Pleasant it was to visit a mission school, under the charge of American ministers. The clergymen directing the mission received the General and his party at the mission, a spacious old house in the suburbs. The scholars—all females—were seated under a tree, and as the General came to the gate they welcomed him by singing "John Brown." The pupils were bright, intelligent children, some of them young ladies. There were English, natives, and children of English and native parents. The missionaries spoke of their work hopefully, and seemed enthusiastic over what would seem to be the most difficult of tasks, the education of women in India. Woman has so strange a position in India that if she becomes a Christian her fate is a hard one. The Hindoo gives woman no career beyond the harem, and in the harem it seems that nothing would be so much a disadvantage as education. Caste comes in as an insurmountable obstacle. The gratifying fact about missionary work is that many of these children are outcasts, waifs, abandoned by their English fathers and native mothers, and saved. So that while nothing could apparently be more hopeless than, in a land where woman has no other resource than to live in seclusion and eat sugar-plums, to attempt to teach woman the higher aims of existence, I feel sure that the seed that is sown will not fall altogether on stony ground. I have seen no phase of the English experiment of governing India more interesting than the apparently forlorn missionary enterprises of our American clergymen. It is a work of self-denial. The result will scarcely be seen in this generation, but, among a people so much controlled by religious sentiment as the Hindoos, it must in the end have a beneficial effect.

We have been spending these past few days amid scenes which have a strange and never-dying interest to Englishmen —the scenes of the mutiny of 1857. Among the men we meet

every day are men who did their share in the defense of the English empire during that dreadful time. What an interest it adds to your knowledge of any famous place to be able to see it with men who were there, to have them recall what they and their comrades suffered in defense of their lives, in the rescue of the lives of others, to save to England this rich and precious heritage. "Here is where I saw poor Lawrence die." "Here is where they buried Havelock." "Here is the cellar where our women hid during that fearful summer, with shot and shell falling every moment." "That is the position captured by the English, where they killed one thousand seven hundred Sepoys." "Here is one of the trees where we hanged our prisoners. It used to be great fun to the old sergeant, who would say, as he dragged up the prisoners, 'What a fine lot of plump birds I have brought you this morning!'" "Here is where we used to stand and pot the rebels, and go to bed angry if we did not make a good bag." "Here is where we learned the terrible fascination blood has to our human nature, the delight of killing



THE MARTINIERE.

that so grew upon us that I shudder now to recall it." You gather up remarks like this that have been made to you by various gentlemen and officers in Lucknow, Delhi, and other places visited by us in passing through the sections of India where the mutiny was in force.

If the history of the mutiny were confined to the events of the years 1857 and 1858 it would give you a vague idea of its causes and consequences. The mutiny was the end of the rule of the East India Company and the beginning of the rule of England. I think history will record that it was the end of one of the worst governments that ever existed, and I hope the beginning of one of the best. The rise and success of the East India Company, like that of slavery in America, is an incident in the development of Anglo-Saxon civilization that no English-speaking man can view without regret. It seems like carrying out an inscrutable decree of Providence that this rule should end in blood; that those who sustained the company and condoned its crimes, like those who sustained and condoned the crimes of slavery, should suffer the terrible penalty of suppression. I am afraid I could write nothing more objectionable to many of the best friends I made in India than the opinion here expressed. But so I could write nothing more unpleasant to some of the best friends I have in Virginia and Louisiana than what I have said about slavery. There were features in the rule of the two powers that attracted those who saw it. There was an audacity of resource and a success in the achievements of men like Clive and Hastings, Wellesley and Dalhousie, which blinded the eyes of men to the morality of their deeds. But there was the same in the career of Napoleon, and men who will show you how necessary it was to suppress that magnificent freebooter, how immoral were his conquests and spoliations, will glory over the English genius and the English pluck of a freebooter like Clive, who descended to forgery for success, or of a freebooter like Hastings, who allowed no moral scruple to interfere with the triumphs of his administration and the revenues of the East India Company. This is not the spirit in which history should be written, and the mere fact that what

the servants of the company did happened in another generation should not allow us to pass it by without regret and condemnation.

The history of the company has many romantic phases. As a triumph of English skill and courage it is memorable. It began as a company of merchants in London who gained a foothold in Asia for purposes of commerce, and who kept on growing and increasing until the factory stores at Bombay and Calcutta have become an empire, and the government of the empire is the proudest task that can be given to an Englishman. I pass over those portions of the company's history that are familiar to all readers, made so by the genius of Macaulay, and come to a period less known, the generation that preceded the mutiny. I have seen an ingenious parable on the subject of the company's conduct, written by an Englishman high in its service, which I will summarize. This writer supposes a company of African merchants to receive permission to build a factory on the southern coast of England. A defaulter takes refuge in the factory and the Africans refuse to give him up, and the African government send a fleet and punish the English for daring to demand one of their escaped criminals, and take a small portion of territory as a penalty. The Africans take part in English politics, inducing the Pretender to claim the throne. They place the Pretender on the throne, depose him, restore the old king, and again restore the Pretender, receiving in each case large bribes from the contending aspirants. They demand the right to trade, and insist that their goods shall come in free of duty, and that English goods shall be heavily taxed. They force the people to sell them goods at their own price to such an extent that general distress supervenes, and the sovereign abolishes all duties. This act of the sovereign, in protection of his people, is treated as a crime, and he is deposed. The Africans persuade the new sovereign to disband his troops and rely on the Africans, who offer him support, he alone paying expenses. By and by they claim that their pay is in arrears, and gain the interest of the higher classes by promising them protection. The result is, the king gives them territory for their

claim, and they at once confiscate the estates of the noblemen living on the territory on one plea or another. They give pensions to these disinherited noblemen, which in time they reduce and disallow. A land tax is created which reduces the proprietors to beggary, and nearly all the estates are sold, the purchasers being in many cases clerks and menial servants who had been attending on the Africans. So they push on their increase of territory until in time they have all England, and they give the king a pension and lock him up in Windsor Castle.

This parable of a supposed occupation of England by an African trading company is the manner in which an officer in the East Indian service sketched the rise of the East India Company. All that the directors of the company required from their agents was remittances — dividends. So long as money came in there was no complaint and no inquiry. The only duty imposed upon the governors was the raising of money. To this end the Indians were excluded from all offices of emolument. Trifling offices were thrown to them now and then, but the company wished all the revenues to come to England, and not be wasted on Hindoos or Mussulmans. There was no sympathy between the governed and the govern-



THE EGG DANCE.

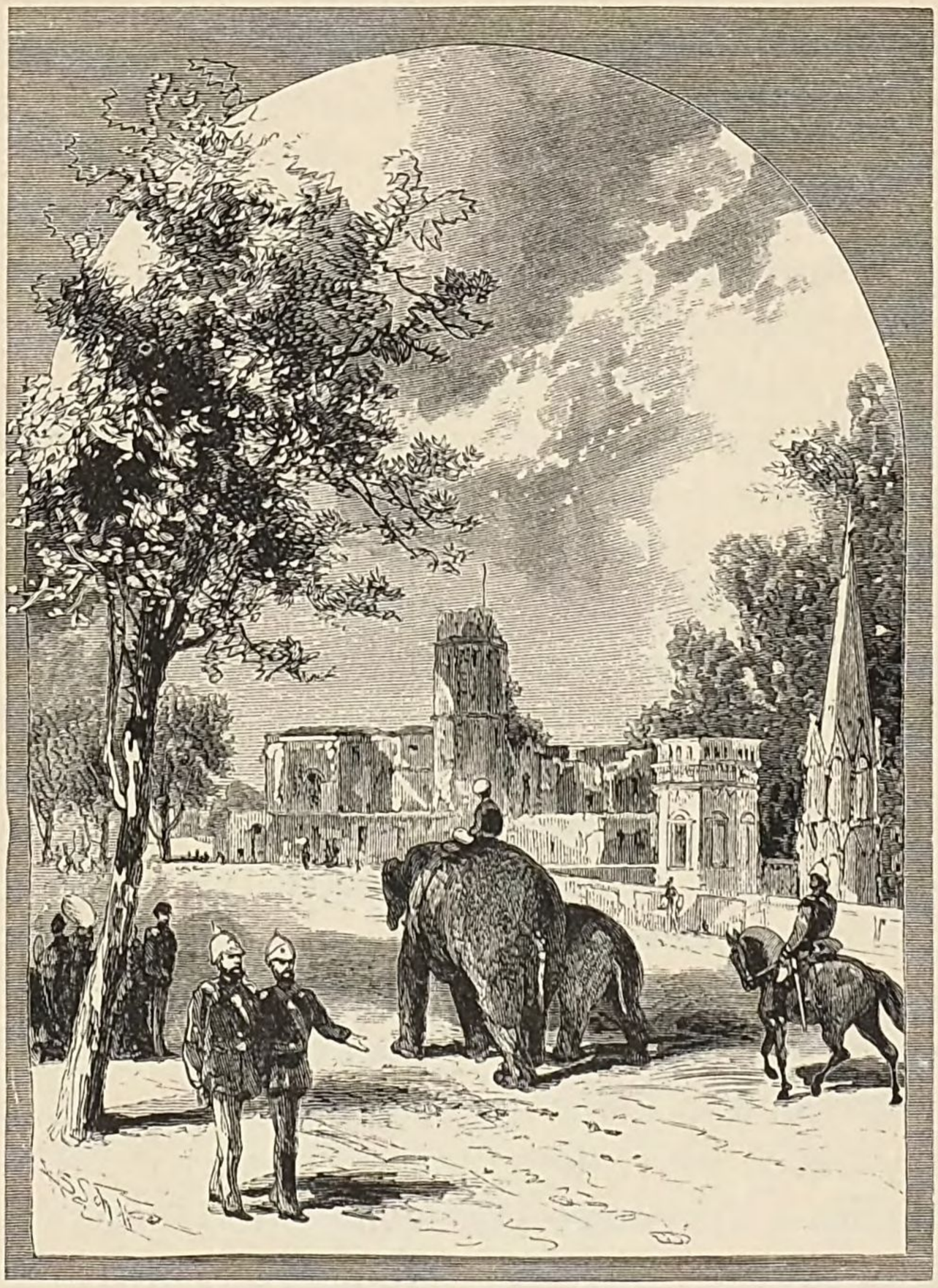
ing—the whole system became one of "misrule, oppression, and injustice," and the demeanor of the rulers toward the ruled was "arrogant, supercilious, and insulting." Of course, these merchants in London were not disposed to tyranny. On the contrary, they filled their minutes and instructions to subordinates with the best advice, urging toleration and wisdom and kindness. But the subordinates found a postscript to every humane and benignant instruction relative to surplus revenue and remittances home, and when any agent ventured upon a scheme of freebooting in the company's service so gigantic and audacious as to attract the attention of the government, the company always supported the accused, giving him allowances and pensions. Consequently there was no temptation to do anything that would in any way affect the revenues, and when any ruler or governor showed a desire to conciliate the natives, or to introduce a more humane policy, he was reminded that what England needed was English pluck and vigor, and not sentiment.

The revenues of the country were collected on an oppressive principle—the most oppressive ever known. The arbitrary whim of a native chief who would oppress his people in one form to-day and in another to-morrow was succeeded by a skilled and trained government bent on revenue, and so driven by the necessities of the company in London, by the agents' anxiety to grow rich and go home, and the expenses of the army and the navy forces, that every penny that the ingenuity of the able men who ruled India could detect was scraped up and carried to England. Nothing was clearer or more humane than the instructions of the company against extortion, but there was always the postscript about money. So the native had to spend money for revenues, money to found some of the greatest fortunes in England, money for the servants of the company, money for their own affairs, money for the troops that kept them under British rule. The course pursued toward the company's servants by the company was selfish and mercantile. The minor servants were treated as mercenaries, and they developed the vice of the mercenary. They knew when they

were worn out they had no resource in the generosity or the equity of the company. They served a master who regarded them, not as servants of an empire, but as agents for the collection of revenue. Until the wisdom that came with experience changed this policy corruption in India was the rule, and one of the strong points in the characters of Clive and Hastings was that they were bold and brave enough after they had acquired their own fortunes to strike corruption and bring it under control. But so long as the company ruled, the mercenary spirit was ever asserting itself and breaking beyond control. The fact that under the old plan new men were always coming into the country, and in positions of authority, prevented the adoption of any permanent code or custom. Every generation brought shoals of new men—hungry, eager, and able, who swarmed upon the country, gorged themselves, and hurried home to enjoy what they had gathered. It was not until in the generation preceding the mutiny that an attempt was made to remedy this by the establishment of a civil pension, and thus opening to men an opportunity for provision that depended upon their good conduct and not upon their rapacity.

Another evil of the company's service arose from its exclusive character. The men who ruled India were a company, and they selected their own friends to fill the good places. Everything came from interest, and I was not surprised in my Indian journey to find how much even now India was under the control of certain families. Of course the competition system is gradually putting an end to this and opening access to the worthiest. These early servants of the company could proclaim martial law. Over the native they held power of life and death. If any Englishman offended they could put him on board ship and send him to England. An editor was sent away for comparing the English civil servants to grasshoppers. When a Supreme Court was established it became an engine of oppression and patronage, and was used by the Governor-General to strengthen him against quarrelsome members of his council. Sometimes it hanged natives of high caste for political reasons. In the collection of revenue it was shown by the reports of the

officials themselves that no system of native collection was so severe as British regulations. Land was confiscated for the most trifling reason, litigation was encouraged, and the result of this was that the native passed from the caprice of the official into the hands of lawyers, who soon established a class that for rapacity exceeded the government. Of course the lawyer came out to make money and return home, and he used his power, the most delicate and subtle known in our civilization—the power over a client—to win large fees. Collectors of revenue were given judicial power in many cases, so that a man who came into a district to collect the revenues of the company and gather dividends had also the power of confiscation. Out of this came oppression and corruption. The more efficient the collector of revenue in the eyes of the company, the more oppressive he was to the people, and as an English writer said at the time, "Each revolving day echoes the execrations of thousands, ay, of millions, on the authors of these laws for the misery which they have inflicted on misgoverned and plundered India."

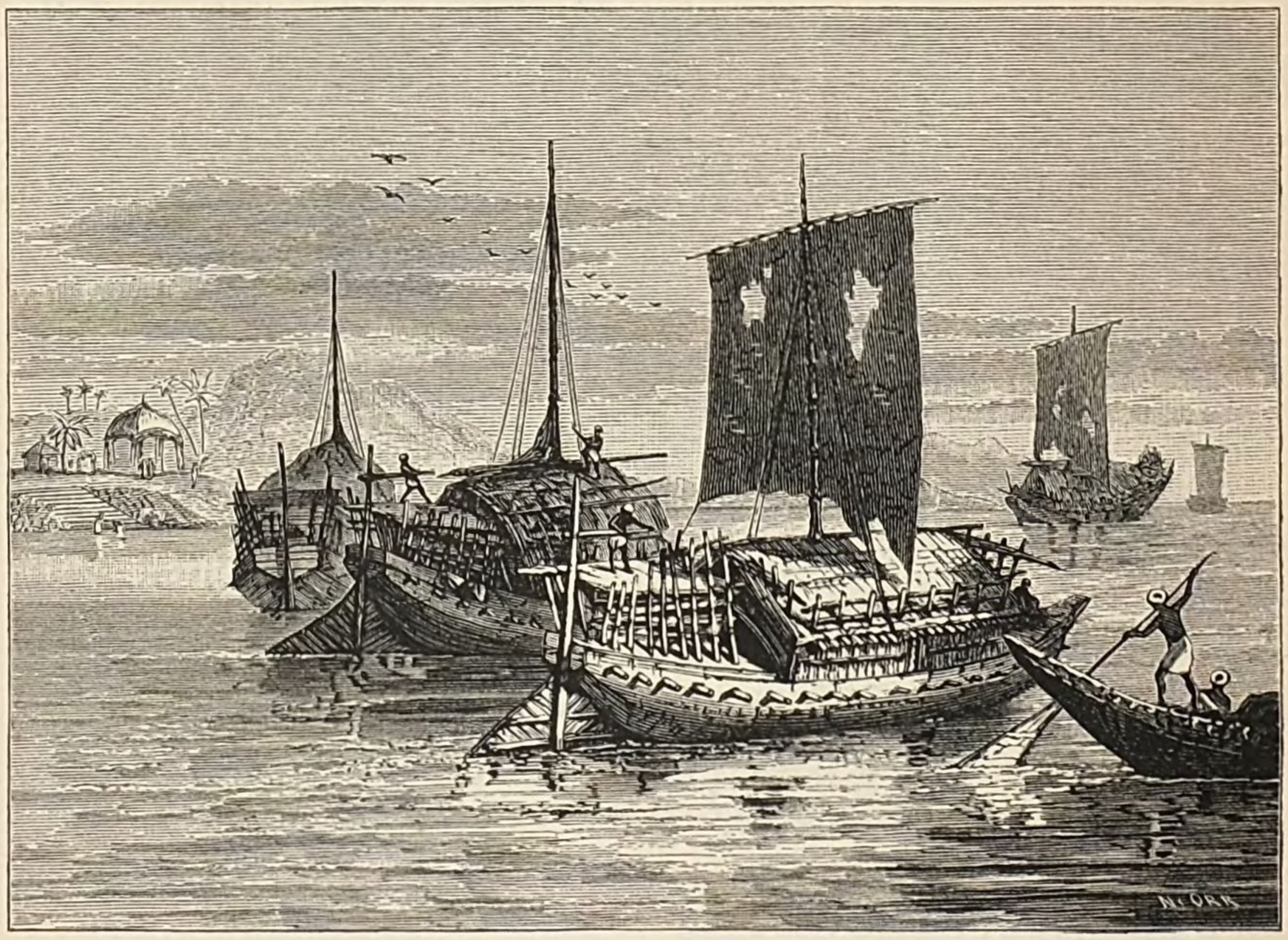


IN LUCKNOW.

As to the stories of personal indignity, contempt, and humiliation visited upon the natives by the Englishmen, this seems to be a lesser evil, and is so much a part of governing human nature that it is hardly worth reciting. I do not suppose that it arose from any disposition to be harsh or unjust. The men who governed India in the earlier days were like other men—no better, no worse. The evil was not with the men, but with the system, and where you make government an ingenious and disciplined tyranny, the men who carry out the orders of the government are certain to be tyrants. It would be unjust to the servants of the company to suppose that there were no exceptions to the rule. Some of the brightest names in India are those of self-denying Englishmen, who felt for the natives, entered into their condition, and gave their own lives to educating and developing the people. These Englishmen saw in the Indian something more than a beast of burden. They saw a race who, to use the words of Monier Williams, "compiled the laws of Menu, one of the most remarkable literary productions of the world; who composed systems of ethics worthy of Christianity; who imagined the 'Rámáyana' and 'Mahábárata,' poems in some respects outrivaling the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey;' who invented for themselves the science of grammar, arithmetic, astronomy, logic, and six most subtle systems of philosophy." The names of Heber and Duff will always be cherished by those who honor Christian virtue and the consecration of life to Christian duty.

But the great company was to fall, and to fall amid outrage, war, and blood. There are few tragedies in modern history so terrible. We have been living for the past few days among the scenes of that sad event, and our minds have been drawn to it and to the causes. There is scarcely an author you read or a gentleman with whom you speak who does not have his own theory of the mutiny. The Rev. Dr. Duff attributes it to the failure of the British government to recognize the headship of our Lord Jesus Christ, to God's punishment for declining to accept his promises, as an expiation for such crimes as the Robilla War. Lord Lawrence, who won his peerage in the

country, says, "The mutiny had its origin in the army itself; it is not attributable to any external or antecedent conspiracy whatever, although it was taken advantage of by disaffected persons to compass their own ends; the approximate cause was the cartridge affair and nothing else." It seems clear that the mutiny was the culmination of the century of misgovernment by the company of merchants who, resident in London, governed India for dividends. What is most striking about it



GRAIN BOATS ON GANGES.

all is the fact that the men who raised their arms against the company were its pampered servants, its Sepoys, of whom the company took the utmost care in order that they might be used to keep down the people. These Sepoys were governed by the Brahmins, or priestly class, who had also been favored by the company, and by rajahs and princes like the Nana Sahib, who had been recipients of its bounty. The classes who remained patient during the mutiny were those who raked in the fields, upon whose labor the company depended for revenue, who had never been treated except as a servile class. It shows

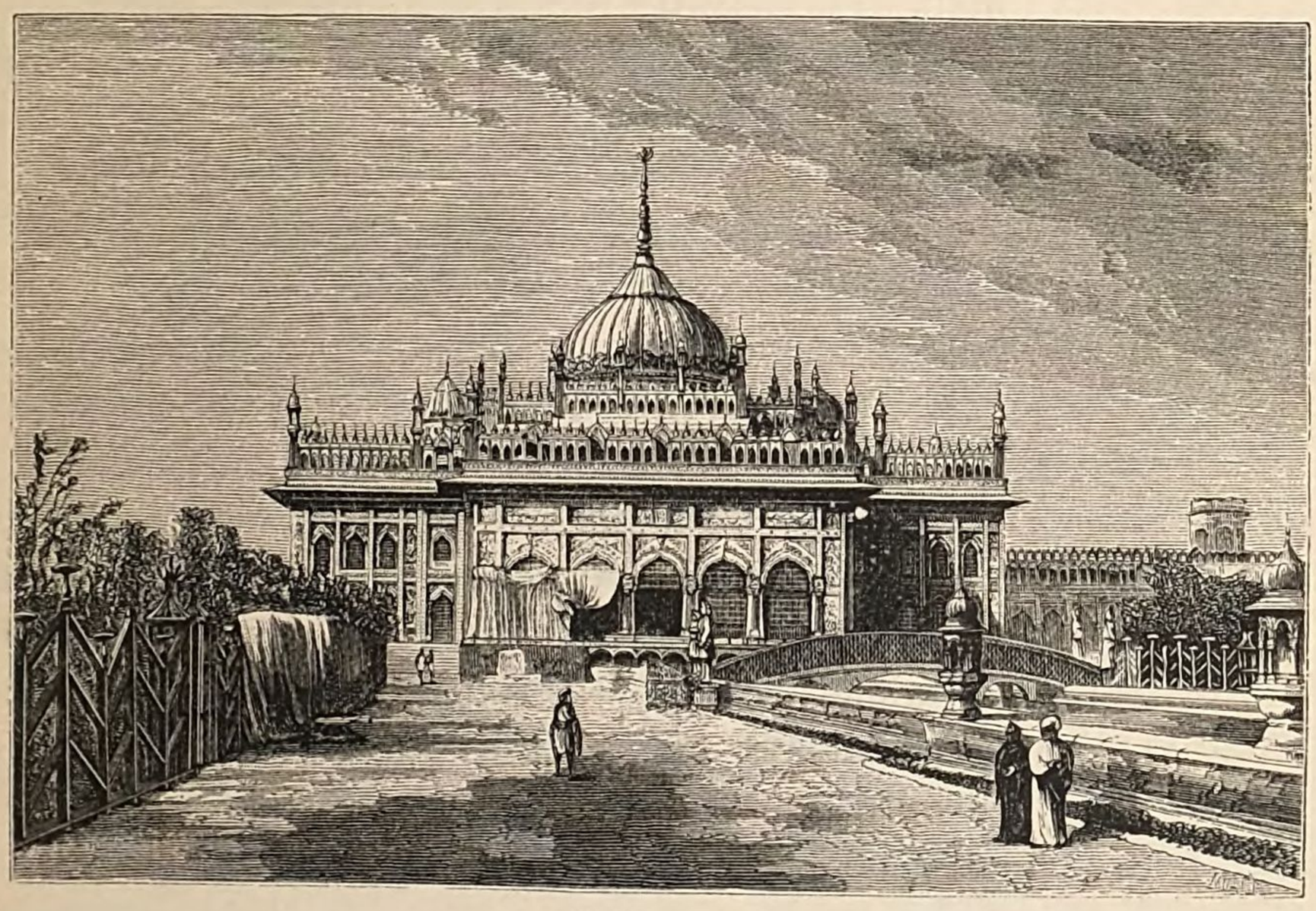
the patience of this peculiar people that after a century of oppression they did not raise an arm to free themselves. They felt the hopelessness of the task, for oppression had ended in despair.

Whatever may be the opinion as to the cause of this mutiny, the story of its suppression fitly closes the reign of the great company. How often is history written in the light of some one tragic overshadowing event, which may have been only a minor incident in the drama, but which is all that the world cares to dwell upon. The revolution against the Stuarts is remembered and darkened by the execution of Charles I., and the fame of the greatest of Englishmen has had to suffer in the minds of the English nation because he killed a king. The French Revolution has become a crime in the minds of the largest part of the civilized world, because of the execution of Marie Antoinette. All we know of the Commune in Paris is that the leaders shot the hostages, and all we know of the mutiny in India is the massacre of Cawnpore. The hearts of the civilized world are stirred to their depths by that awful and savage deed, and from the time you arrive in India you never pass a scene consecrated to the dead of 1857 or hear a story of the mutiny without being told of the women who were butchered by the Nana Sahib and thrown into the well of Cawnpore. Consequently what we know of the mutiny is this: that the wisest and best of rulers came to India to trade; that their hearts were so moved by the scenes they witnessed of misgovernment and disorder that they interfered and gave India the best of governments—gentle, humane; that suddenly, without cause and without warning, this ungrateful people arose and turned upon their rulers and massacred women and children, and were only suppressed after great sacrifices and exertions and the exercise of a severe justice, which, however, so humane were the rulers, was always tempered with mercy.

And if any one has ever questioned the acts of the smallest subaltern in the service of the company, or asked a question as to what one or another may have done to bring about the mutiny, the answer is, "Remember Cawnpore." Poetry, fiction,

art, and eloquence have summed up in this all that the world knows of the rebellion. But Cawnpore is only an incident in the history. The Sepoy rising was an event long foretold. I have read in a book published twenty-two years before the outbreak, and written by a gentleman of rank and character, holding the highest offices in India, a warning to the East India Company, telling them that unless the government was changed there would be a terrible sequel. Sir Charles Napier, who knew India well, warned the government not to trust the native soldiers. There were mutterings in various sections of India. Lord Dalhousie, whose career as Governor-General closed in 1856, had carried out a policy of annexation which if not checked would have destroyed the independence of every state in India. The King of Oude, as I have said, in whose capital I am writing, and whose house had always been the ally and friend of the company, was driven out of his kingdom, given a pension of fifty thousand dollars a month, and his revenues and estates taken by the company. Lord Dalhousie was warned that a mutiny of the native army would follow this annexation. In Delhi men began to assemble from all parts of India, and it was noted that there were many conferences between men who were emissaries from discontented sections. Nothing is more easy than for emissaries in India to disguise themselves as religious fanatics or mendicants and wander all over Hindostan. A native regiment was ordered to Burmah. The native has a religious aversion to the sea. It is against his caste to cross the black water. The regiment declined to go, and the authorities yielded. This was an unfortunate, mischievous concession, for it gave the native an idea that because he was a soldier the government was afraid of him. Most of the Bengal Sepoys were men of a high caste, from the Brahmins and the warrior class of Rajpootana. Caste is guarded by one who possesses it as tenderly as a gentleman guards his honor. The man who lost caste lost the esteem of his friends, brought shame upon his family, could not have the consolations of religion, nor the solemnities of an honorable funeral. His punishment lasted into eternity. This punishment, as terrible as that which devout

Christian men feel would be their lot if they committed the unpardonable sin, will come from slight causes, such as eating the flesh of the cow, or washing the hands with soap that may be made of cow's fat. While the army was discontented with the annexation of Oude and the other manifestations of the vigorous policy of Lord Dalhousie, and general mutterings of discontent were heard in disaffected sections, it was announced that a new rifle had been issued to the Bengal army, of the English pattern, and that this rifle would use the greased cartridge.



THE INAMBARA.

This cartridge was made of the fat of the cow or the pig. The soldiers had to bite it before loading, and thus destroy their caste. They discovered this, and a panic spread. It was no surprise to the government, as a military official who knew the Sepoys warned the Governor-General of the possible consequences of issuing the cartridge. Another rumor was circulated that the new Governor-General, Lord Canning, meant to convert the whole Hindoo race to Christianity, and that to do this it was necessary first to destroy the caste of the Brahmin and the Rajput. There was another rumor that to further carry out

caste destruction bone dust, made of the bones of the cow, had been ground and mixed with flour.

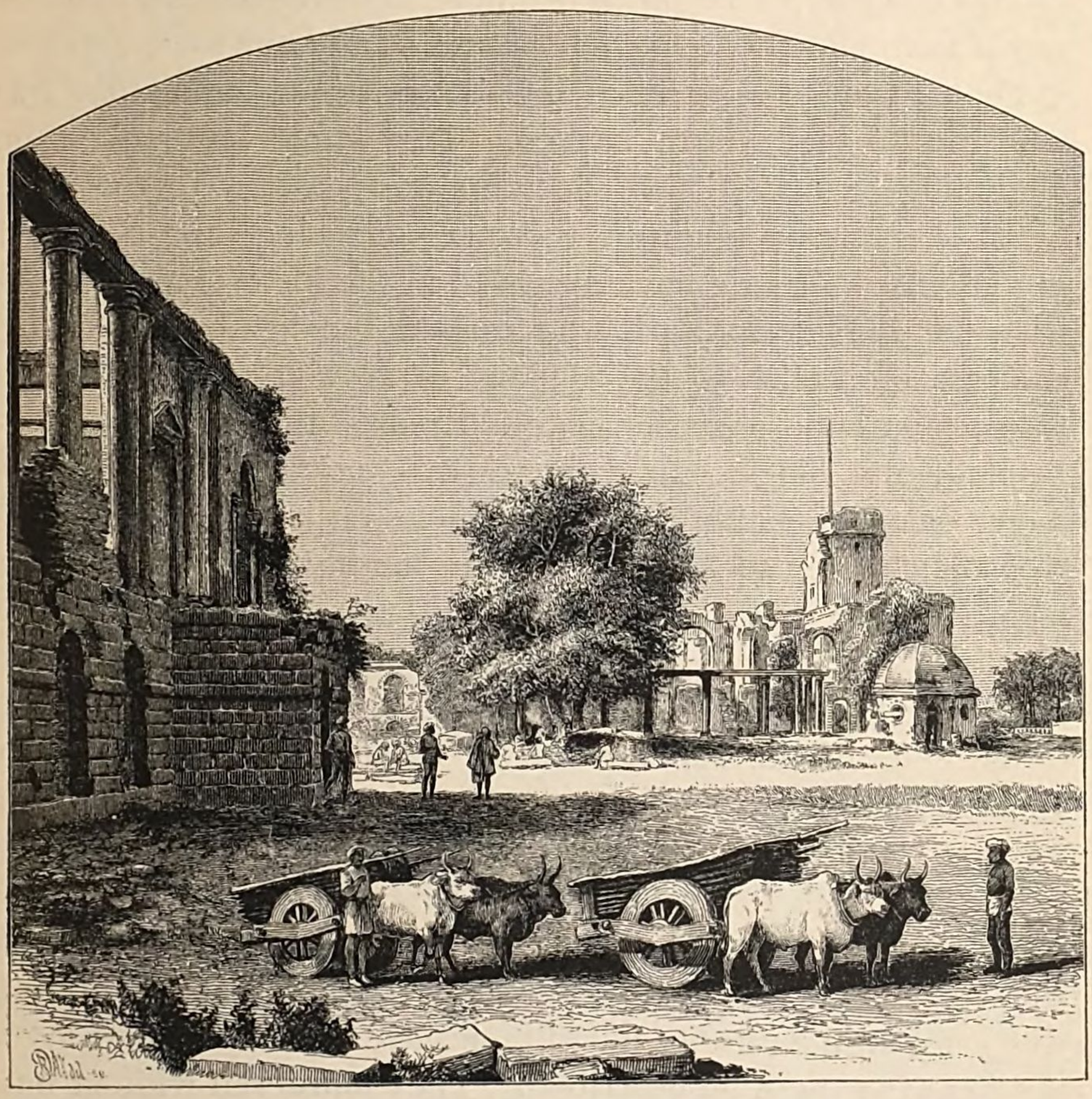
The Sepoy was a child in many things, and he leaned upon the government with the fidelity of a child. The word of the company was his bond. He depended upon it for his salt, his service, a pension when he was past service, a pension for his relatives should he fall. When suspicion took shape, and when it affected a matter as serious as the loss of caste, which meant dishonor in this world and misery in the world to come, it spread. Bad men, agents of the dethroned princes and disappointed rajahs; fanatical Brahmins, who were ever preaching and prophesying the fall of England, took advantage of this discontent and fanned it. While the government in Calcutta were pottering over the affair, and generals of true British mettle were declaring that they would never recede on the cartridge question—never yield to the beastly prejudices of the Sepoys—the spirit of mutiny was spreading like an epidemic. There were many centers of disaffection. There was the King of Oude, lately removed from his throne amid circumstances that called forth the severest reprobation in England, and whose agents were in England claiming the intervention of the British government. There was the Emperor of Delhi, descended from Tamerlane, the Grand Mogul, living in Delhi as titular king, knowing that when he died his title would die with him and not be continued to his sons. The Emperor represented one of the great names of history, and was regarded with fanatical devotion by millions of Moslems, whose occupation of India was a part of the glories of his house. In Lucknow was a young prince, descended from a Mahratta house, heir to that Peishwar of the Mahrattas who had been dethroned by the company in 1818 and allowed a pension of four hundred thousand dollars a year. When the old prince died the government stopped the four hundred thousand dollars a year, and told the heir that he might live on the money which had been saved by the Peishwar. The young man tried to win his pension, sent an agent to London to entreat for it, learned that the Englishman had one rule as to property for princes of the houses of

Howard and Cavendish and another for princes of older, and, in Moslem eyes, more illustrious houses, and that all things in India—rank, caste, privilege, property—were at the mercy of a company of merchants ravenous for dividends, and who held India by the same tender and considerate ties with which they would hold a railroad or a limited hog-killing company. This man was the Nana Sahib, and although deposed, the chief of the Mahratta race, a cunning and brave race who had struck many a blow in Indian history. Moreover, the prophets and priests had been at work, and in India no influence is more powerful. They had been reading the stars and the holy books, and the divine oracles had said that the reign or raj of the English would only last a hundred years; that the gods had punished the people by putting the company over them, but only for one hundred years. This period would soon come to an end, for on June 23d, 1857, would occur the hundredth anniversary of the battle of Plassey, the battle in which Clive founded the British empire in Hindostan. And as if to crown it all, news came from Europe that England had suffered so much in her Russian war that her power was feeble. It was believed that Russian intrigue, then as lively an element in the imagination of English public men as now, was at work. "It has long been suspected," writes the distinguished missionary, Doctor Duff, "that Russian spies under various guises have been successfully at work inflaming the bigotry of the Mussulmans and the prejudices of the high-caste Hindoo. Some disclosures are said to have been made which may some day throw light on this Russian treachery." Persia, whose ruler was chief of the faith professed by most of the Hindoo Moslems, was, under Russian influence, supposed to be sowing sedition.

It was known in January, 1857, in Calcutta at least, that the spirit of mutiny was abroad, that soldiers were holding night meetings, and that the pretext was the greased cartridge. Toward the end of February there was a slight mutiny at Barrackpoor, a beautiful country station on the river near Calcutta, where the Viceroy has a summer house. It was suppressed by the hanging of a soldier and a native subaltern. But it only

broke out again in a new form, and in May Dr. Duff, writing from Calcutta, speaks of "a crisis of jeopardy such as has not occurred since the awful catastrophe of the Black Hole of Calcutta." During the winter and spring months the spirit of mutiny was spreading, and there were various methods of repression—hanging a man now and then, disbanding regiments, and so on. On the 9th of May the blow was struck. Evidently the mutineers waited until the hot season, when the English would be in the hills, and they could fight them at a disadvantage. The commander-in-chief was in the hills shooting. He was a soldier of the old stamp, who, knowing that the Koran forbade the Moslem to shave his beard, issued an order compelling his Moslem soldiers to shave. In Meerut there was a parade of native cavalry. The officers told the soldiers that they were expected to show the other men an example of subordination, and to take the cartridges. They were told that it was not necessary to bite the greased end, but open it with the fingers. The soldiers protested, saying that to do this would offend their faith and make them the scorn of their fellow-caste men. The general insisted, and cartridges were offered to ninety soldiers. Eighty-five refused, were tried by court-martial, and sentenced to hard labor for ten years. On the morning of May 9th, 1857, the condemned men—troopers of the Brahmin and Rajput class, descended from the sacred and military castes, from the nobility of Hindostan—were brought out before the garrison on parade, stripped of their uniforms, the manacles hammered on their legs, and sent off to ten years' hard labor. There was no excitement. The general commanding observed none, and wrote a report bearing testimony to the order and respect which the native troops had shown while the manacles were being hammered on the limbs of the troopers. The next evening (Sunday) at five a rocket was fired in the Sepoy quarters. In a second the men seized their arms and fired. Four officers who tried to quell the mutiny were slain. The jail was broken open, the prisoners set free, and the manacles knocked off their limbs. In addition to the troopers 1,400 convicts escaped to desolate and lay waste. The European troops were held back

by a wretched fool of a general, while the Sepoys set to work to destroy every bungalow and murder the officers. Women and children were seized, tormented, slain. Thirty-one Europeans in all lost their lives in Meerut. The mutineers marched toward Delhi unmolested, unpursued. The general seems to



SCENE OF SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

have been a helpless old creature, and made a poor show. But when the soldiers saw the bodies of the Europeans who had been slain and mutilated they lost control of themselves, and finding no Sepoys to punish they "rushed through the bazaars killing all who came in their way."

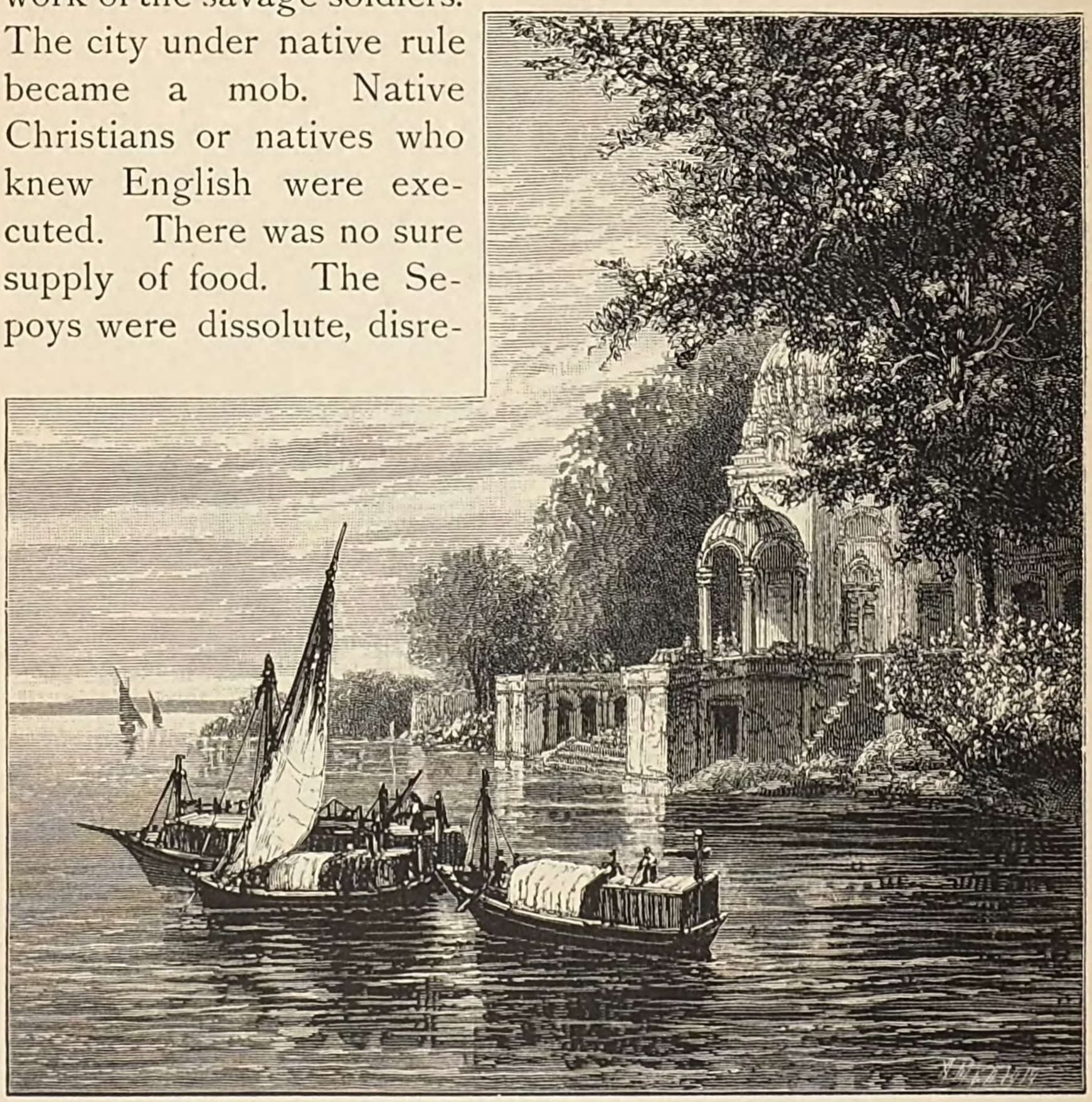
Then all India flamed into mutiny. The King of Delhi was proclaimed emperor, and opened his court in the beautiful

palace which is even now one of the wonders of the world—the palace of the Peacock Throne. The Europeans were massacred, women and children among them. The work of murdering women and children does not seem to have been the inspiration of the Nana Sahib, as our readers may suppose, but the wickedness of mutinied soldiers and convicts who had escaped from jail. The horrible scenes of Meerut were repeated in Delhi; women were killed defending their children; the banks and the treasury were robbed. The whole business at the beginning seems to have been a mutiny, a riot, a mob of the worst character, committing those acts of savage and unreasoning cruelty which we have observed in the history of all mobs, from the ruffians in Paris who carried the head of a French princess on a pike, to the ruffians in New York who hanged negroes on lamp-posts for no other reason than that they were helpless and black. In many cases—and how gracefully we linger on them—faithful servants sheltered their masters, carried off children to safety. In this mutiny you see little humanity on the part of the Indian, little mercy on the part of the Englishman. It was war upon the body and the soul. The punishments inflicted by the English were punishments which, in the eyes of the sufferer and of those who looked on, condemned him to eternal infamy. This is what I mean by making war on the soul. It is as if, when our authorities at home hanged a Catholic felon who had received absolution, they made him as he was about to die desecrate the Sacred Host. But remember the provocation and remember the position in which those in authority found themselves. The barbarities of the Sepoys cannot be described. They murdered without pity. The stories of our own Indian wars, of the savage slaughter and the unspeakable outrages committed upon women and children, were repeated in Hindostan, with the distinction that the men who did these things in Hindostan were soldiers who had been pampered by the English, or princes like the King of Delhi or the Nana Sahib, princes of ancient lineage, who adopted these measures of cruelty from policy and revenge. The flame of mutiny swept over the whole of the northwest

provinces. It broke out in the Punjab. Even in Bombay men were blown from the guns for sedition. Calcutta was in a panic. On May 18th, Dr. Duff gave it as his opinion that "nothing but some gracious and signal interposition of the God of Providence seems competent now to save our empire in India." In June a massacre was expected in Calcutta. Englishmen and all who resided in that city of European and American race offered their services as special police. Citizens took refuge in the fort and turned every bungalow into a defense. Messengers went from house to house to warn the residents. The panic passed over. The mutineers did not know their power, and very soon forces came from Burmah. But one incident is worth noting as showing the spirit of the noble-hearted men who had gone out to educate and reform the people. "I note the fact," writes Dr. Duff, "to the praise and glory of God, that, though the Mission House be absolutely unprotected, in the very heart of the native city, far away from the European quarter, I never dreamed of leaving it, never thought of getting musket or sword or any other weapon of defense, never spoke of apprehended danger before the servants, and never even asked them to be careful in locking the doors and outer gate. I say this to the praise and glory of God, as it was he that preserved my partner and myself from all fear. 'Unless the Lord the city keep, the watchmen watch in vain,' was everlastingly on our lips. We felt this as an absolute truth, and trusted in it."

Beautiful amid these scenes of horror, panic, massacre, and treason is the picture of this stout old Scotch clergyman, whose name lives among the heroes of India, relying alone on the promises of the sacred Word, calm amid danger and death. Englishmen will find many things in the history of the mutiny to make them proud of their race. If the government of India, under the rule of the company, had been marked by no other consideration than revenue gain, no matter by what means obtained, the defense of India, when the few defenders were suddenly confronted by a mutiny which soon became a rebellion, brought out the noblest traits of the English race. The

feeble generals in command at the beginning died or were put aside. New men came to the front. Delhi was invested. Here the Mogul king established his sovereignty. He seems to have been a foolish, wretched old man, and, although he was tried and convicted afterward of having given an order for the massacre of women and children, it appears to have been the work of the savage soldiers. The city under native rule became a mob. Native Christians or natives who knew English were executed. There was no sure supply of food. The Sepoys were dissolute, disre-



THE GHAT AT CAWNPORE.

garding discipline, breaking into citizens' houses, dishonoring their families. The doting monarch held his court daily in the marble halls of the Grand Moguls, which look out upon some of the fairest valleys in India, upon a country studded with mosques and temples, studded with the ruins of an ancient and glorious civilization. On Fridays he went in state to the

mosque to hear read the litany for the house of Timur. He commanded neither authority nor respect. Crouched on the throne of Aurungzebe, he mumbled and chatted about Allah and fate, and when the Sepoys came and bullied him, tore his hair and called down God's curses upon those who had led him into the valley of bitterness. A shell burst in his palace and made so great an impression upon him that he retired to the Xoorthul with his wives. Then he offered to give up Delhi and the palace if his life and the lives of his sons were spared. The green banner of the Moslem was unfurled. In all the Delhi mosques were fanatics preaching death to the English. Ambassadors were sent to Persia, to Cabul, and Cashmere to coax assistance, to lead native princes to break their allegiance. Let it be remembered that the father of Shere Ali, the man whose throne the English have upset, was loyal to England at a time when a wave of his hand would have sent his warlike Afghans swarming in a destructive horde upon the Punjab. There were prophets and magicians to keep up the imperial spirit by hopeful prophecies and omens. The soldiers would submit to no authority. The Hindoos and Mohammedans fought because the latter wished to kill the sacred cow. Sometimes the merchants were murdered for demanding the price of their goods. Starvation and crime were paramount.

On the 20th of September the siege of Delhi came to an end, and the town was stormed and taken. The gallantry of the assault can only find a parallel in the noblest annals of heroism. The Cashmere gate was blown open by men who offered their lives. But once in the town the glory of the capture was stained by cruelty. The soldiers, whose courage had been warmed before the assault by a double ration of grog, broke into liquor stores and reveled in rum and champagne. The mutineers fought with courage and fury. British soldiers, many of them, fell down drunk, and even some of the guards were surprised and slain. What interfered with the assault was the plunder of wine shops and bazaars. Brandy and wine were destroyed to keep the army from degenerating into a helpless drunken mob. The plunder of the city was promised to the

army, but the native soldiers of the British corps carried off costly stuffs and sometimes women. Citizens of the town, many of whom were known to have wished well to the English, were shot as they knelt and asked for mercy. Wounded Sepoys were dragged out of their hiding-places and put to death. The palace was taken, and all who were in hiding were put to the bayonet. The king and his sons escaped to the majestic pile in the suburbs of the city called the tomb of Humayun, to a fate which has been described.

Fallen Delhi became the city of sorrow and desolation. It was torn and plundered, abandoned to the jackals and crows. The minarets of the mosques were stripped of their gilding. The warehouses were pillaged. Houses were abandoned and their furniture thrown about the streets. Natives swarmed about robbing houses. English soldiers became peddlers, and English officers carried away jewels and shawls and the marble ornaments of the palace. Private soldiers kept their carriages out of the proceeds of the plunder, and shrewd native merchants came into the army and purchased for a song from tipsy and ignorant soldiers the richest trophies of the imperial city. The population fled to the tombs and jungle. Twenty-nine members of the royal house were taken and executed. The siege over, the city a British prize, the empire of the Moguls stamped out, the doting old king a prisoner and nearly all of his family slain, the bazaars, mosques, and palaces pillaged and all the wounded put to death, then British military justice assumed a colder and more formal tone. "Offenders," says one writer who took part in the siege, "who were seized were handed over to a military commission to be tried. The work went on with celerity. Death was almost the only punishment, and condemnation almost the only issue of a trial." "It was sufficient to prove that any man had helped the rebel cause with provisions or stores for him to be put to death. Between two and three hundred were hanged." Terrible as this sounds now, written long after the event, there was an outcry in India over the weakness of the conquerors. Although the Nawab of Thuggur had saved the lives of Europeans, it was

proved that he had shown sympathy with the King of Delhi and had sent him money. He was tried and executed, just as Nana Sahib would have been executed if he had been taken. It is, we are now told, only because women and children were slain that British justice was so terrible in India. But British justice was no less terrible in dealing with men who had protected women and children, but had taken up arms against the rule of a company of London merchants who governed the country for dividends.

To conquer the mutiny it was not deemed beneath the dignity of the company's rulers to appeal to the superstition and fanaticism of rival races, to summon up the hatreds of generations and turn one breed of savage men loose upon another. There is a tribe in India called the Sikhs, a fanatical sect, who follow the teachings of a fifteenth-century philosopher, and believe in a simpler faith than Islam or Brahminism. The Sikhs practiced universal toleration. They taught peace with all mankind. Such a teaching was in violation of the Moslem idea, and the Moslem King, Bahaden Shah, who reigned in the time of James I., made war upon them and put their chief to death. Their faith assumed another phase. From devotees they became fanatics. They took a vow to become soldiers, wear blue clothes, never shave, and always carry steel. As the result of various wars they were destroyed as a sect; their leader was carried to Delhi and torn to pieces with hot pincers. But the spirit of the sect did not die, and at the time of the mutiny it had again risen to be a formidable and warlike community, animated with one idea—hatred of the Mohammedan, and



A BIDREE WORKER, LUCKNOW.

a desire to avenge the death of their chief. This spirit was one of the most active agencies in the suppression of the mutiny, and British rulers did not hesitate to invoke it. In the Punjab the Sikhs were organized and sent to Delhi, and in the Punjab was seen an illustration of British rule which quite won the hearts of England at the time, and led to the highest honors being bestowed upon the company's agents who ruled there. The policy of Sir John Lawrence was to strike at once, and strike terribly; not to wait for overt acts, but to crush out every semblance of restlessness, or even curiosity, as leading to sedition. "When in doubt," he said, "win the trick. Clubs are trumps, not spades." Lawrence determined to use his power unsparingly. The story of the government of the Punjab during the crisis has been written by a gentleman high in authority at the time—Frederic Cooper, Deputy Commissioner at Umritsir—and from his account I gather my facts. The civil government was not interrupted by mutiny. The roads were open and safe to Europeans all through the province. But it was necessary to send terror into the hearts of those who might contemplate repeating at Lahore the crimes of Lucknow. "Treason and sedition," says Mr. Cooper, "were dogged into the very privacy of the harem, and up to the sacred sanctuaries of mosques and shrines. Learned moulvies were seized in the midst of a crowd of fanatic worshipers. Men of distinction and note were wanted at dead of night. There were spies in the market place, in the festival, in the places of worship, in the jails, in the hospitals, in the regimental bazaars, among the casual knot of gossipers on the bridge, among the bathers at the tanks, among the village circle around the well, under the big tree, among the pettifogging hangers-on of the courts, among the stonebreakers of the highways, among the dusty travelers at the serais." Of course a government like this, whose measures Mr. Cooper recites with so much enthusiasm, was not to be trifled with. Letters were found addressed to persons hinting at treason. The persons to whom they were addressed were hanged. Men were hanged on laconic indorsements. "I have ordered them all to be hanged.—R. M." "All right.—J. L."

The motto of General Nicholson for mutineers was "*à la lanterne.*" Two men, subordinates, were accused of "having failed in their duty to the state," and were hanged. When it was necessary to raise money the merchant class was called on for a loan. "Threats of hanging and of breaking up their doors were necessary to overcome their distrustful avarice. No one who knows what an excessively bad set of men these are will have any sympathy for them."

But the most famous achievements of Mr. Cooper he tells with a sense of humor that shows how amusing even the suppression of mutiny may become. A subordinate officer of a native regiment was hanged. On his person were found about four hundred and fifty dollars. He asked what was to be done with this money, "having, no doubt," says Mr. Cooper, in a playful mood, "in his mind some testamentary disposition to make, and revolving therein the question as to residuary legatees." "He was informed," says Mr. Cooper, in the same airy tone, "that after deducting eighty-four rupees (forty-one dollars), the price of the gallows on which he was to swing, the balance would be credited to the state." The Twenty-sixth native infantry had been disarmed in May and kept under guard. On July 30th some madman in the regiment killed the major. The author of this murder was a favorite named Prakash Pandy, who rushed out of his hut, called upon his comrades to rise, and seeing the major killed him. The sergeant-major was also slain. The Twenty-sixth had served with distinction in many campaigns, notably in the Afghan campaign of 1842. It was thought the fugitives would run south to Delhi to join the king. But they took a northern direction, away from the war, anxious to reach Cashmere, to be out of India. They had no guns. There was a drenching rain and the country was almost flooded. The troops came up with them, shooting one hundred and fifty and driving them into the river, drowned inevitably, "too weakened and famished as they must have been after their forty miles' flight to battle with the flood." The main body escaped, swimming and floating to an island, "where they might be descried crouching like a brood of wild

fowl." Mr. Cooper started out to capture them. He had with him an aged Sikh chief, and he explained to the Sikh that he proposed to capture the fugitives "after the model of the fox,



VILLAGE NEAR LUCKNOW.

the geese, and the peck of oats." When Mr. Cooper explained this fable to the Sikh and the other chiefs, it "caused intense mirth," and we can imagine the high spirits with which the party set about the enterprise. The doomed men with joined

palms, the Hindoo attitude of entreaty, crowded into the boats and were brought on shore. "In utter despair forty or fifty dashed into the stream and disappeared." No order was given to fire, and the fugitives, says Mr. Cooper in a spirit of playfulness, became possessed of a "sudden and insane idea that they were going to be tried by a court-martial after some luxurious refreshment." So they were brought on shore, one by one, tightly bound, their decorations and necklaces ignominiously cut off. "Some begged that their women and children might be spared, and were informed that the British government did not condescend to war with women and children." They were marched to the town, "the gracious moon," Mr. Cooper informing us, coming out through the clouds, and reflecting herself in myriad pools and streams to "light the prisoners to their fate."

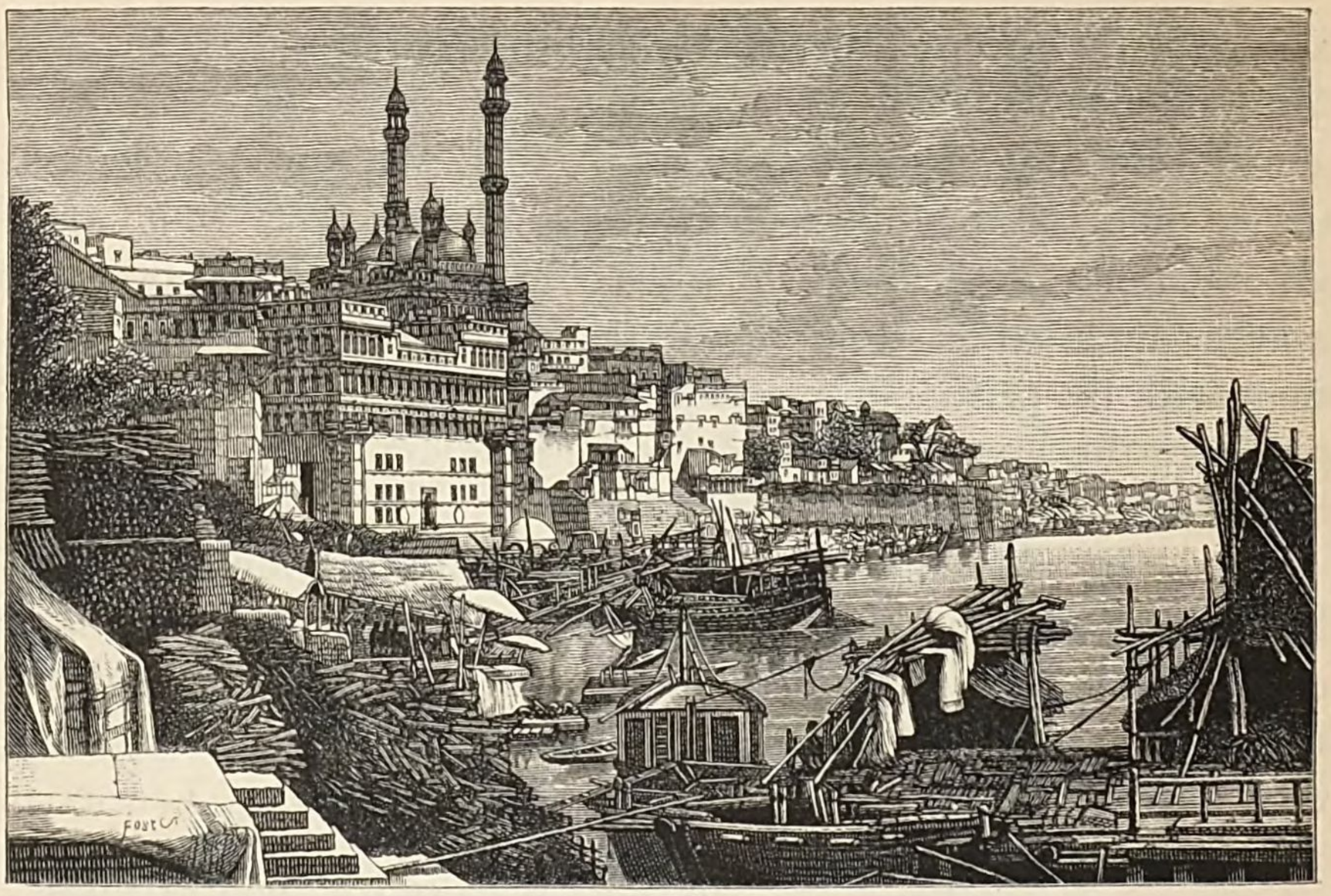
They arrived at midnight. Next morning at daybreak Mr. Cooper took his seat. He had two hundred and eighty-two prisoners, besides numbers of camp followers. He sent his Mohammedan troops, fearing they might hesitate to shoot Mohammedans, to a religious festival, and alone with his "faithful Sikhs" proceeded to do justice. "Ten by ten," says Mr. Cooper, "the Sepoys were called forth. Their names having been taken down in succession, they were pinioned, linked together, and marched to execution, a firing party being in readiness. Every phase of deportment," says Mr. Cooper, in a critical, observant spirit, "was manifested by the doomed men, after the sullen firing of volleys of distant musketry forced the conviction of inevitable death—astonishment, rage, frantic despair, the most stoic calmness." One detachment as they passed yelled to the solitary Anglo-Saxon magistrate (Mr. Cooper himself), as he sat under the shade of the police station performing his solemn duty with his native officials around him, that he, the Christian, would meet the same fate. Then as they passed the reserve of young Sikh soldiery who were to relieve the executioners after a certain period, they danced, though pinioned, insulted the Sikh religion, and called on Gungajee to aid them; but they only in one instance provoked a reply, which was in-

stantaneously checked. Others again petitioned to be allowed to make one last salam to the Sahib. About one hundred and fifty having been thus executed, one of the executioners swooned away (he was the oldest of the firing party) and a little rest was allowed. Then proceeding, the number had arrived at two hundred and thirty-seven, when the district officer was informed that the remainder refused to come out of the bastion, where they had been imprisoned temporarily a few hours before. Expecting a mob and resistance, preparations were made against escape, but little expectation was entertained of the real and awful fate which had fallen on the remainder of the mutineers. They had anticipated by a few short hours their doom. The doors were opened, and behold, they were nearly all dead. Unconsciously the tragedy of the Black Hole had been re-enacted. No cries had been heard during the night in consequence of the hubbub, tumult, and shouting of horsemen, police tehseel guards, and excited villagers. Forty-five bodies dead from fright, exhaustion, fatigue, heat, and partial suffocation were dragged into light and consigned, in common with all the other bodies, into one common pit by the hands of village sweepers. One Sepoy was too much wounded to be shot, and was sent to Lahore, along with forty-one subsequent captives, where they were all blown from cannon. The assembled natives, says Mr. Cooper, expected to see the women and children thrown into the pit, and because this was not done "marveled at the clemency and the justice of the British."

The men who acted as executioners were Sikhs, barbarians filled with a traditional hatred of the men they slew. The man who ordered the execution was the agent of a company of London merchants, who held India for revenue. Mr. Cooper's superiors approved his acts. Sir John Lawrence informed him that he had acted with energy and spirit, and deserved well of the state. The judicial commissioner was more enthusiastic. "My dear Cooper. . . . It will be a feather in your cap as long as you live." "You will have abundant money to reward all, and the (executioners) Sikhs should have a good round sum given to them." "You have had slaughter enough. We want

a few for the troops here (to be blown from cannon), and also for evidence." "The other three regiments here were very shaky yesterday, but I hardly think they will now go. I wish they would, as they are a nuisance, and not a man will escape if they do." The spirit in which the mutiny was suppressed may be understood from this letter of a judge who was impatient with his prisoners because they would not run away, and give him the luxury of a hunt in the jungle and a grand battue like that of Mr. Cooper in Umritsir.

The close of the mutiny was the fall of the company. Public opinion arose against a system which had brought so much dishonor upon the English name and which culminated in a tragedy so terrible. With the close of the mutiny the whole character of the English administration changed. The company was dissolved, and India passed under the direct control of the Crown.



BENARES.

CHAPTER XXVII.

INDIA.

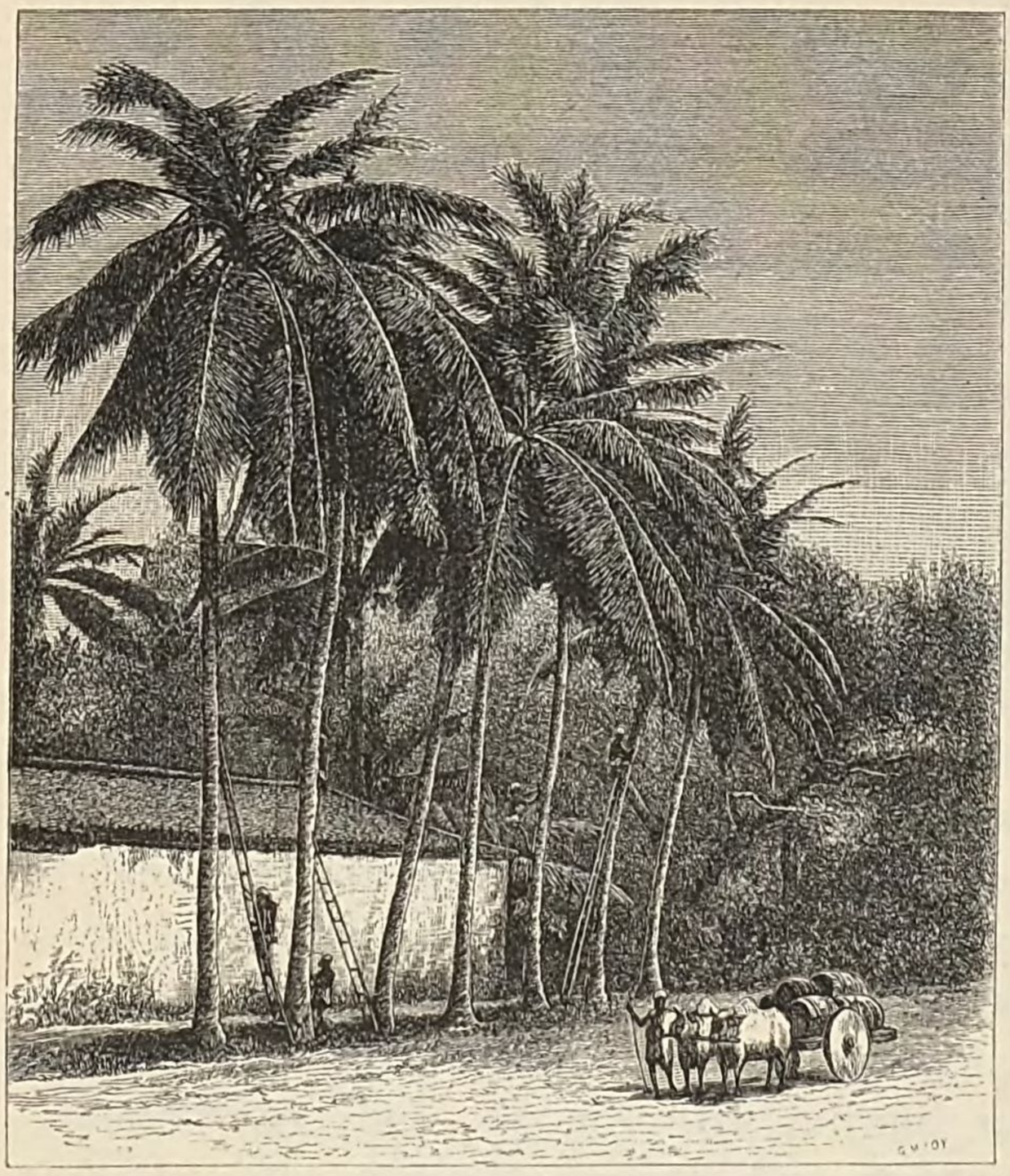
IT was late in the evening when we arrived in Benares. The day had been warm and enervating, and our journey was through a country lacking in interest. Long, low, rolling plains, monotonous and brown, were all that we could see from the car windows. At the various railway stations where we stopped guards of honor were in attendance, native troops in their white parade costumes and officers in scarlet, who came to pay their respects to the General. The Viceroy has telegraphed that he will delay his departure from Calcutta to the hills to enable himself to meet General Grant. In return for this courtesy the General has appointed to be in Calcutta earlier than he expected. He has cut off Cawnpore, Lahore, Simla, and other points in Northern India which had been in his programme. Then the weather is so warm that we must hurry our journey so as to be out of the

country before the hot season is really upon us and the monsoon storms bar our way to China. It is a source of regret to the General that he did not come earlier to India. Every hour in the country has been full of interest, and the hospitality of the officials and the people is so generous and profuse that our way has been especially pleasant. What really caused this delay was the General's desire to take the American man-of-war "Richmond," which has always been coming to meet him, but has never come. But for his desire to accept the courtesy of the President in the spirit in which it was offered, the General would have come to India earlier. If the General had waited for the "Richmond" he would never have seen India, and from the pace she is making in Atlantic waters, it would probably have taken him as long to go around the world as it did Captain Cook.

Travel in India during the day is very severe. The only members of our party about whom we have anxiety on the ground of fatigue are Mr. Borie and Mrs. Grant. The friends of Mr. Borie will be glad to know that he has stood the severest part of his journey around the world wonderfully well, considering the years that rest upon him and his recent illness. Mr. Borie is a comprehensive traveler, anxious to see everything, who enters into our journey with the zest and eagerness of a boy, and whose amiability and kindness, patience under fatigue, and consideration for all about him, have added a charm to our journey. Mrs. Grant has also stood the journey, especially the severer phases of it, marvelously, and justifies the reputation for endurance and energy which she won on the Nile. As for the General, he is, so far as himself is concerned, a severe and merciless traveler, who never tires; always ready for an excursion or an experience, and as indifferent to the comforts and necessities of the way as when in the Vicksburg campaign he would make his bivouac at the foot of a tree. There is this military quality in traveling on the General's part, that he will map out his route for days ahead from maps and time-tables, arrange just the hour of his arrival and departure, and never vary it. In the present case the wishes of the Viceroy, who has

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been most cordial in his welcome, and who is anxious to go to the hills, has shortened our trip and changed the General's plan. What we shall do after leaving Calcutta is uncertain. If the "Richmond" is in reach, or there is some other vessel of the navy within reach, the General will take her for the purpose of visiting some of the out-of-the-way points outside of the beaten track of travel. He will also go to Madras, and see the Duke of Buckingham, and to Ceylon. If she has not entered the Indian Ocean the General will keep on with such passenger lines as he can find.



COCOA-NUT TREES.

We were all tired and frowsy and not wide awake when the train shot into Benares station. The English representative of the Viceroy, Mr. Daniels, came on the train and welcomed the General to Benares. Then we descended, and the blare of trumpets, the word of command, with which we have become so familiar, told of the guard of honor. The General and Mrs. Grant, accompanied by the leading military and civic English representatives and native rajahs, walked down the line with uncovered heads. The night was clear, a full moon shining, and the heavens a dome of light, which softened the landscape and seemed to bring into picturesque prominence the outlines

of the sacred city. One could well imagine that Benares, the eternal city, favored of the gods, might always look as it did when we came into it. The blending of uniforms, the English officers in scarlet, the native princes in rich and flowing garments blazing with gems—on one side the line of armed men, on the other a curious crowd of Indians—all combined to make the scene Oriental and vivid. In honor of the General's coming the road from the station to the Government House had been illuminated. Poles had been stuck in the ground on either side of the road, and from these poles lanterns and small glass vessels filled with oil were swinging. So as we drove, before and behind was an avenue of light that reminded us of one of the Paris boulevards as seen from Montmartre. It was a long drive to the house of the Commissioner, but even this and the fatigue of one of the severest days we had known in our experience of Indian travel were recompensed by the grace of our welcome. A part of his house Mr. Daniels gave to General and Mrs. Grant and Mr. Borie. For the others there were tents in the garden. Although it was late, after supper we sat on the veranda for a long time, talking about India, England, and home, fascinated by the marvelous beauty of the night—a beauty that affected you like music.

You must do your sight-seeing in India early in the morning or late in the afternoon. And so it was arranged that the short time we could give to Benares should be fully occupied. In the morning we should go to the temples and sail down the Ganges, so as to have a view of the bathing places, the spots where the bodies are burned, the pilgrims bathing in the holy waters, the terraced sides of the city, its Moslem turrets and Hindoo domes. This arranged we repaired to our tents to find what rest the few hours that remained before dawn would give. Tent life in India is the most pleasant way of living. Your tent is capacious, with four sides, and is really a double tent—one over the other. This allows the air to circulate and gives you a passage way around, and room for all manner of comforts. I had heard so much of animal life in India that I walked about my tent with a feeling of inquiry as

to whether a cobra might not be coiled up in the straw, or whether some friend of the jungle might not include our camp in the list of his wanderings. But the cobra, although the deadliest of snakes, is not much about until the rains come, and as we are in India in the dormant season we are not apt to see cobras. Here the servant, who sleeps on the ground at the tent door, has been beating the straw with a stick, for he has as much interest in the cobra question as I have. The only animal from the jungle that ever visits your camp is the jackal, and he is a cowardly brute, who only comes for offal. Wild animals avoid fire, and I observed that the servants who attended our small camp put a burning oil taper just outside of the door. That flickering taper would be as sure a guard against the jackal, against any animal of the jungle, as a battery of artillery. No power would induce even a tiger to come near it. My servant gives me all this information with comforting assurance, and so, after strolling over to the other tents, apparently to say good-night to the Colonel and the Doctor, but really, I suppose, to have another look at the skies and breathe the odor of the flowers, I retired. Before the sun was up the servant came floating in—I suppose it is the white, flowing muslin gowns and their noiseless step that give you the idea of floating—with tea and toast, and told "Sahib" that the carriages were coming for our drive to the holy temples of Benares.

Benares, the sacred city of the Hindoos, sacred also to the Buddhists, is one of the oldest in the world. Macaulay's description, so familiar to all, is worth reprinting, from the vividness with which it represents it, as we saw it to-day. "Benares," says Macaulay, in his essay on Warren Hastings, "was a city which in wealth, population, dignity, and sanctity was among the foremost in Asia. It was commonly believed that half a million human beings were crowded into that labyrinth of lofty alleys, rich with shrines, and minarets, and balconies, and carved oriels, to which the sacred apes clung by hundreds. The traveler could scarcely make his way through the press of holy mendicants and not less holy bulls. The broad and stately flights of steps which descended from these swarming haunts

to the bathing places along the Ganges were worn every day by the footsteps of an innumerable multitude of worshipers. The schools and temples drew crowds of pious Hindoos from



VISIT TO THE TEMPLE.

every province where the Brahminical faith was known. Hundreds of devotees came thither every month to die, for it was believed that a peculiarly happy fate awaited the man who

should pass from the sacred city into the sacred river. Nor was superstition the only motive which allured strangers to that great metropolis. Commerce had as many pilgrims as religion. All along the shores of the venerable stream lay great fleets of vessels laden with rich merchandise. From the looms of Benares went forth the most delicate silks that adorned the halls of St. James and Versailles; and in the bazaars the muslins of Bengal and the cashmeres of Oude were mingled with the jewels of Golconda and the shawls of Cashmere." Benares to one-half the human race—to the millions in China who profess Buddhism and the millions in India who worship Brahma—is as sacred as Jerusalem to the Christian or Mecca to the Mohammedan. Its greatness was known in the days of Nineveh and Babylon, when, as another writer says, "Tyre was planting her colonies, when Athens was gaining in strength, before Rome had become known, or Greece had contended with Persia, or Cyrus had added to the Persian monarchy, or Nebuchadnezzar had captured Jerusalem." The name of Benares excites deep emotions in the breast of every pious Hindoo, and his constant prayer is, "Holy Kasi! Would that I could see the eternal city, favored of the gods! Would that I might die on its sacred soil!"

Benares is the city of priests. Its population, notwithstanding Macaulay's estimate, is less than two hundred thousand. Of this number from twenty to twenty-five thousand are Brahmins. They govern the city and hold its temples, wells, shrines, and streams. Pilgrims are always arriving and going, and as the day of General Grant's visit fell upon one of the holiest of Indian festivals we found it crowded with pilgrims. Sometimes as many as two hundred thousand come in the course of a year. They come to die, to find absolution by bathing in the sacred waters of the Ganges. The name comes from a prince named Banar, who once ruled here. The Hindoo name, Kasi, means "splendid." There is no record of the number of temples. Not long since one authority counted one thousand four hundred and fifty-four Hindoo temples and two hundred and seventy-two Mohammedan mosques. In ad-

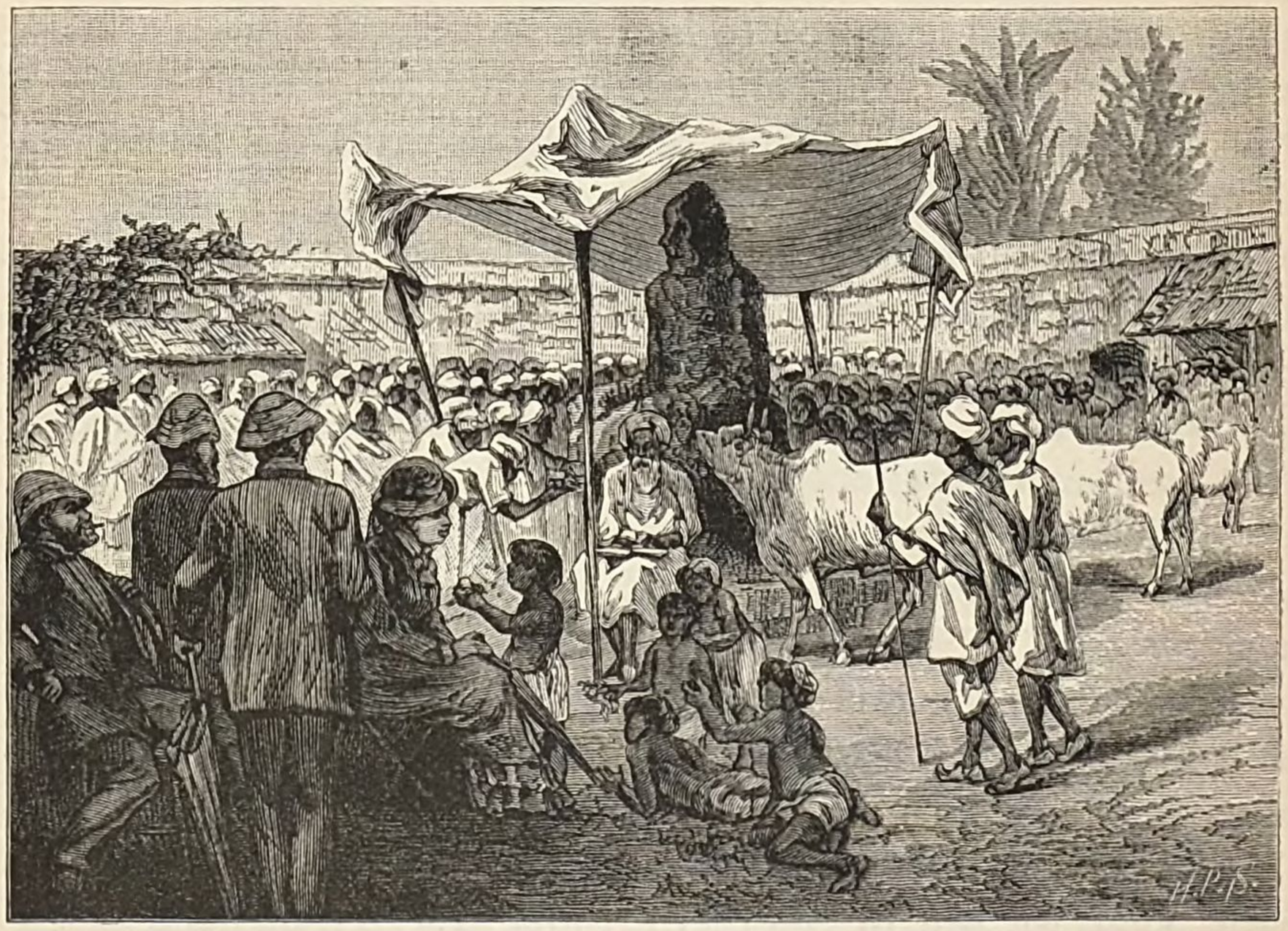


BENARES.

dition to the temples there are shrines, cavities built in walls containing the image of some god, as sacred as temples. Pious rajahs are always adding to the temples and shrines. One of the rulers of Jeypore offered to present one hundred thousand temples, provided they should be commenced and finished in one day. "The plan hit upon," says the Rev. Mr. Sherring, who tells the story, "was to cut out on blocks of stone a great many tiny carvings, each one representing a temple. The separate blocks, therefore, on the work being completed, exhibited from top to bottom and on all sides a mass of minute temples." It is believed that there are a half million of idols in the city. The effect of the British rule has been to increase the idols and temples, for the law of the British gives protection to all religions, and under this the Hindoo has been able to rebuild the monuments which the Mohammedan invaders pulled down. Aurungzebe, who flourished at the close of the seventeenth century, and to whom Benares owes a prominent and picturesque mosque, was the chief among the destroyers of images. To Aurungzebe the Hindoos attribute the overthrow of most of the shrines which made Benares famous in other days. Since the Hindoos have been guaranteed the possession of their temples the work of rebuilding has gone on with increasing zeal. It is noted, however, perhaps as an effect of what Islam did in its days of empire, that the monuments of the later Hindoo period are small and obscure when compared with what we see in Southern India, where the power of the idol-breakers never was supreme. The temples are small. The Hindoo, perhaps, has not such a confidence in the perpetuity of British rule as to justify his expressing it in stone. And when your imagination is filled with all you have read of the mighty monuments of India, you are disappointed to see so many of their temples toy buildings, which have nothing of the force and grandeur of the Moslem mosques.

It is not in the nature of the Hindoo to find an expression for his religion in stone. All nature, the seas, the streams, the hills, the trees, the stars, and even the rocks, are only so many forms of the Supreme Existence. Why then attempt to ex-

press it in stone? That belongs more particularly to Islam and Christianity, who know only one God, and exhaust the resources of art to magnify and glorify his name. There is more true worship in the dome of St. Peter and the nave of Canterbury than in all the temples of India. What you see in Benares is not a stately but a picturesque city, with every variety of Hindoo worship meeting you at every turn. It is indeed a teeming town. The streets are so narrow that only in



WORSHIP IN THE TEMPLE.

the widest can even an elephant make his way. They are alleys—narrow alleys, not streets—and as you thread your way through them you feel as if the town were one house, the chambers only separated by narrow passages. The absence of carriages makes it a silent town—as silent as Venice—and all you hear is the chattering of pilgrims moving from shrine to shrine. Many of the alleys were so narrow that two of us could not walk abreast. I am afraid Benares is not a savory city. The odors that come from the various temples and courtyards, where curs, priests, beggars, fakirs, calves, monkeys,

were all crammed, might have been odors of sanctity to the believers in Vishnu; but to us they were oppressive and prevented as intelligent and close a study of the religion as some of us might have bestowed. Yet our procession was Oriental. The Commissioner, Mr. Daniels, had provided sedan chairs for the party. These chairs were heavy, ornamented with gold and brass, mounted on poles, and carried on the shoulders of four bearers. They are used by persons of rank, and the rank is also expressed by carrying over the head an embroidered silk umbrella in gaudy colors. When we came to the outskirts of the town our chair-bearers were waiting for us, and the General was told that he might take his place. But the idea of swinging in a gaudy chair from a pole, with attendants before and behind calling upon the people to make way, and a dazzling umbrella over his head decorated with all the colors of the rainbow, was too much for the General. He preferred to walk. Mrs. Grant was put in one chair, and Mr. Borie, whose health is such as to make every little aid in the way of movement welcome, was in another. The General and the rest of the party made their way on foot. We were accompanied by several officers of the British residency, and, as we wound along the alleys from temple to temple, were quite a procession. In the eyes of the population it was a distinguished procession, for the uplifted chairs, richly decorated, the swaying of umbrellas covered with silver and gold, the attendants in the British government livery—all told that there was among us one whom even the Englishmen delighted to honor. But I am bound to say that the admiration, the respect, the wondering gaze, the low-bent salam, which everywhere met us, and which were intended for the General, were bestowed on Mr. Borie. The General, wearing his white helmet, walked ahead with Mr. Daniels unnoticed. Mr. Borie was in the chair of honor, and to the native mind the occupancy of that chair was the advertisement of his rank and fame. There was something, too, in our friend's white full beard, his thin gray locks, and the venerable features which was not unbecoming what the natives expected to see in the ex-President. Mr. Borie, who is as polite a man as ever

lived, returned all the salutes that were given him, and bore with good humor the raillery of some of the party, who accused him of imposing himself upon the people of holy Benares as General Grant. But one of the most frequent incidents of our Indian trip, as we stop at stations or stroll around the platform waiting for a train, is that the crowd should single out Mr. Borie's reverend face as that of the General, and bestow upon it their curiosity and admiration.

Benares, the holy city—holy even now in the eyes of more than half the human race—whose glories, religious and civic, have been forgotten in the noise and glitter of our recent civilization, leads me into a subject so profound and picturesque that the contemplation of it is bewildering. I mean the religion of India. In all religious questions we who come from a Catholic and Presbyterian world are so accustomed to see nothing beyond our horizon that we are staggered when we come face to face with laws and commandments and institutions that ruled the civilized world long before Jesus sailed on the Sea of Galilee. Something of this we saw in Egypt, and there was a shiver to old traditions, to all we knew of Pharaoh and Moses and the lessons of the nursery, in what we saw on the Nile. Observation was a conflict between reason and education, and I am not sure where we should have fallen but for the consoling fact, from a religious point of view, that Egypt was in ruins, and whenever we found our faith coming to a precipice there was ruin around us, and we could turn to the prophets and read the lamentations and maledictions and see a fulfillment of everything, of the moanings of Jeremiah and the invectives of Isaiah, in the awful desolation which had fallen upon that sunny and glorious land. So, taken as a whole, our faith was strengthened and soothed by what we saw on the Nile. But no such comfort remains to us in India. There are no texts to explain Brahma or the mysteries of Buddha, and we are disconsolate over the idea that our holy seers confined themselves to so small a tract of the globe in their revelations and prophecies, and left behind them, almost unnoticed, this vast and teeming world. When we felt oppressed by the ruins

of Karnak or the crumbling splendors of Dendorah, when we found ourselves overmastered by the chronology of the pyramids or the tablet of Abydos, it was sweet to turn to Isaiah: "I will set the Egyptians against the Egyptians; and they shall fight every one against his brother, and every one against his neighbor; city against city and kingdom against kingdom." So, on the whole, we came out of Egypt firmer in our faith, and not disposed to discredit the earlier teachings of life. But in India we are lost. There are no ruins to assuage our fears. We are in presence of a living and a continuous civilization, in whose presence even Paul was as of yesterday, and whose influence has been felt for centuries in our Christian world. Dynasties have fallen, empires have passed away, cities have been sacked. The Englishman quarters his troops in the palace of the Peacock Throne, and the descendant of Timur lives in Burmah on a pension of three thousand dollars a year; but the literature, the religion, the customs of Hindostan are as firmly planted as they were twenty centuries ago; and, although England has the power to dethrone every prince in India, and pillage every treasury and shrine as effectively as she pillaged the treasuries of Delhi and the shrines of Bhurtpoor, she has not been able to make a Hindoo gentleman break bread with an Englishman—not even with the Prince of Wales. There is a force here which is above the sword, and that force is embodied in the laws and religion of Hindostan.

And here we are in presence of it, in holy Benares. I feel it incumbent upon me to tell you from this sacred city, the fountain-head, something of the religion of Hindostan. You can know nothing of India without knowing a little of the forms of faith and the priestly government in a country the most devout and the most priest-ridden in the world. India is the paradise of priests. In other countries the sacerdotal function has to manage for itself. Even in Spain, perhaps the most advanced in a religious point of view of civilized nations, times are not as tolerant as in other days. But in India the priest is supreme. The parasite has covered the oak and smothered it, and all the best phases of Indian life are only seen in a priest-

hood the most selfish, the most intolerant, and the most subtile the world has ever known. We can trace the origin of this power in the early laws of the Hindoos. Their written law goes back to the ninth century before Christ, and these records are based upon religious works written centuries before. It is safe to say that in considering the phases of Indian religion and Indian civilization we are considering a faith that has been in active power for three thousand years. We learn, then, that when these laws were propounded the priest had made himself a holy class. There were four classes, or castes, although the number has multiplied indefinitely. There was first, above all, and infinitely superior to all, the priestly class or the Brahmins. Then came the military or warrior class, from which were chosen sovereigns and generals. Then came the industrious or artisan class. Beneath these, and so far beneath that they are no more considered than the dogs in the gutter, is what is known as the servile class.



SERPENT CHARMER.

Here there are human beings arranged according to ancient ultramontane notions. The priest comes first. The world is made for him, and other men depend upon him. If he is angry and curses, his curses can overturn thrones, scatter troops, even destroy this world and summon other worlds into existence. He is above the king in dignity. His life is sacred, and no matter the enormity of his crime, he cannot be condemned to death. In return for this he accepts severe and self-denying

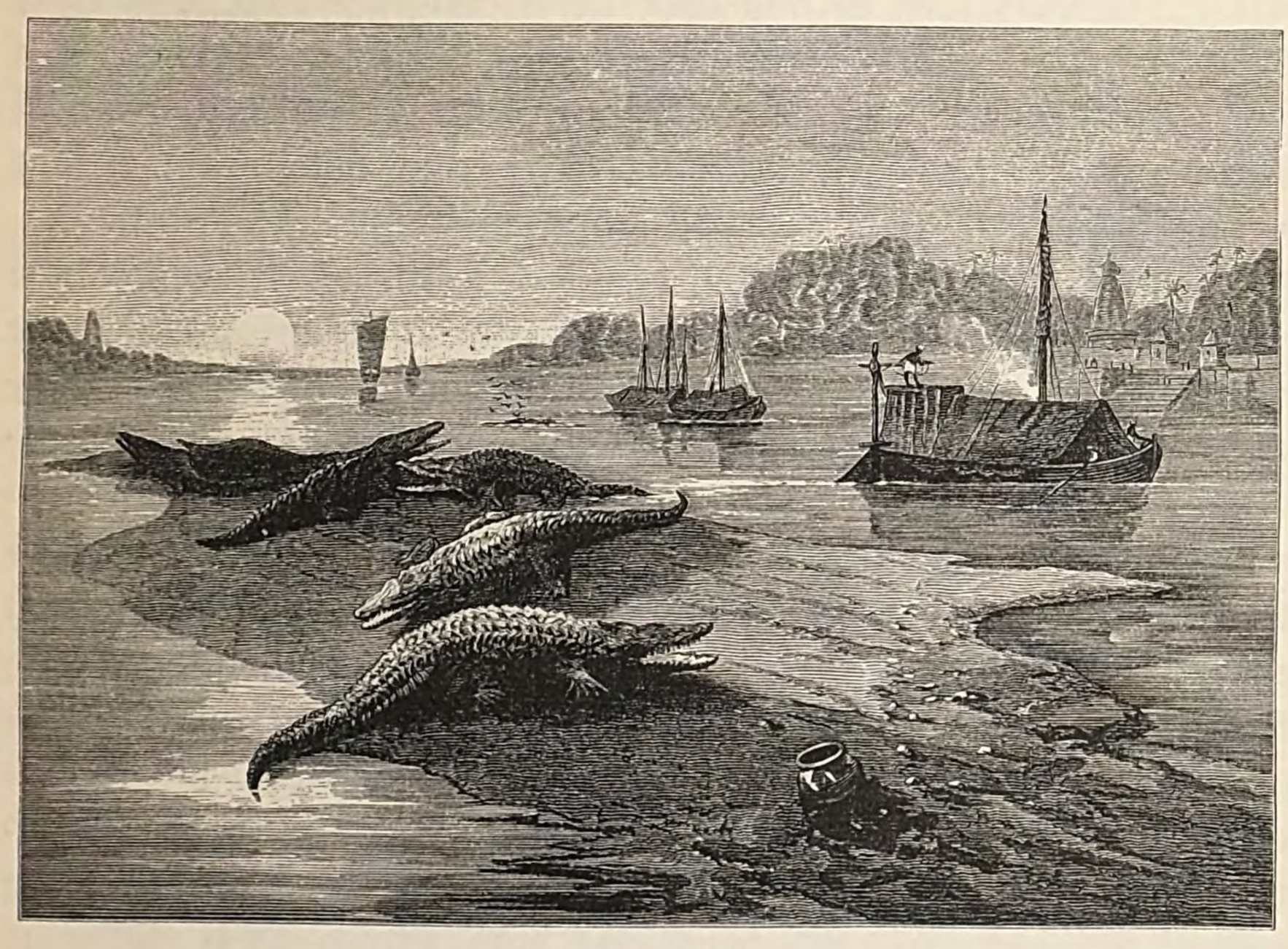
discipline. When he becomes a Brahmin he takes three vows—that he should read the Vedas or Hindoo scriptures, perform the regular sacrifices, and beget a son. The idea of giving a son to the world is among the most sacred of his obligations. In the early period of his priēsthood he humbles himself by servile offices, and begs for alms from door to door. In the second period he lives with his wife, discharges family duties, reads the scriptures, teaches, begs, gives in charity. Under certain circumstances (and here a door is opened which has been taken advantage of largely by the priests) they may engage in trade, but they must neither sing nor dance nor engage in games nor do any light or trivial thing. The period of activity over, he goes into the woods and lives as an anchorite, "living without food, without a house, in silence, eating only roots and fruits." In the last period he returns to the ordinary walks of society, "cultivates equanimity," and meditates on the Deity, and so lives in composure until the end comes, and he leaves this world "as the bird leaves the branch of a tree at its pleasure." In all kingdoms the post of prime minister was held by a Brahmin. The Brahmins taught the princes and sat in judgment. They were the judges, and they alone could expound the scriptures. Other classes might read them, but it was given to the Brahmin to tell their meaning. It was the duty of the king and of all subjects to be liberal to Brahmins. If persons did not give handsomely, they risked prosperity, future happiness, and the enjoyment of all organs of sense. If any one stole a Brahmin's money the offense was capital. These were the rules of the priestly class thirty centuries ago. Many changes have been made, but few compared with changes in other features of civilization. They have held themselves an exclusive and supreme class in spite of every influence. They have preserved their lineage with a fidelity and purity which no aristocracy in the world can equal. Many practices have been abandoned, but the rule against marrying with an inferior class has never been altered. They have gradually entered into all branches of commerce and trade. While doing this they have not surrendered their religious power ; and the Brahmin's thread, which marks his

sacred caste, even in the shoulder of a mendicant, is an object of respect to other classes, no matter how wealthy or powerful.

The Brahmins are the strongest social and religious force in Hindostan. Benares is their city. The policy which founded the Order of Jesuits has often been cited as a masterpiece of government, of combining the strongest intellectual force toward missionary enterprise. But the Order of Jesuits is a society under rules and discipline only binding its members. The Brahmins not only govern themselves as rigidly as the Jesuits, and hold themselves ready to go as far in the service of their faith, but they have imposed their will upon every other class. Men of the world, men in other callings, use the name of Jesuit as a term of reproach, and even Catholic kings have been known to banish them and put them outside of civil law. There is not a prince in Hindostan who would dare to put a straw in the path of a Brahmin. As an aggressive influence Brahminism showed its power in its war upon Buddhism. The worship of Buddha was really a protest against the laxity of the Brahmin faith, just as the Reformation sprang from the war made by Martin Luther upon the easy discipline of the Holy See. So successful was Buddhism that at one time it swept over Hindostan, submerging every form of the Hindoo faith, except the Brahmins. The other classes, glad to escape from the caste yoke imposed upon them by the priests, were, no doubt, only too glad to welcome a faith in which there were no castes, no barriers to genius and virtue. In spite of all this the Brahmins, succeeded in doing what the Jesuits have been striving in vain to do for centuries; they revived their own faith, revived all their privileges and distinctions, drove Buddhism into China and Burmah, and are to-day, as they were three thousand years ago, the most powerful class in India. Brahminism is one of the oldest institutions in the world, one of the most extraordinary developments of human intellect and discipline, and there is no reason to suppose that its power over India will pass away.

The religion whose exponents the Brahmins have been for

so many centuries, and which regards Benares as its holy city, is one of the strangest combinations of wisdom and folly. It is a subject which interested me long before I ever dreamed of coming to India, and since I have been here I have taken occasion to converse with Brahmins and Englishmen who know India upon the philosophy and forms of the Hindoo faith. But the more you study it the more and more grotesque it becomes. It reminds me somewhat of the Indian carpets you see



ON THE GANGES.

in Agra and Delhi—masses of color thrown on other masses in eccentric confusion, without idea or sequence, and taking their charm from this incoherence. Indian religion is a blaze of color. It draws upon nature in every form—upon the birds and beasts and creeping things; upon antediluvian and paleozoic periods; upon the imaginations of poets; upon the winds, the clouds, the tempests, and the sun. All have their place in this strange faith, and controlled as it has been by priests, who knew the value of mystery in the priestly office, it has been the aim of the expounders of the faith to shroud it with doubt,

to make its meaning darker and darker, so that I question if any Oriental scholars, no matter how profound, have penetrated the secrets of Brahminical learning. There are two things one observes in these old religions, the fact that the prophets had their eye on the police and the health of the people. Many customs in the sacred books that appear arbitrary and incongruous were based upon a profound statesmanship. This is the value of the Koran and of the Institutes of Menu, and it is hardly fair to consider these religions except in their twofold capacity of codes of morals and codes of laws. Of course where a lawgiver could surround a sanitary duty or a police regulation with threats of eternal damnation, it was more effectual than fines and imprisonment. The difficulty, therefore, of untwisting the Hindoo faith, of showing how much was theology and how much jurisprudence, can only be overcome by the most intimate knowledge of the character and customs of the people and the various phases of their history.

And yet underneath the Hindoo faith there is this one thought which somehow finds an expression in all religions, pagan or Christian. It is the fundamental principle of the Hindoo religion: "There is in truth but one God, the Supreme Spirit, the Lord of the universe, whose work is the universe." This is orthodox enough to be written in the Westminster Catechism. It is the recognition of the Almighty, the web of religion upon which nations have woven their different fancies, obscuring and clouding, but never destroying it. The Hindoo Vedas thus personify the Supreme Being: "Perfect truth, perfect happiness, without equal, immortal, absolute unity, whom neither speech can describe nor mind comprehend; all-pervading, all-transcending, delighted with his own boundless intelligence; not limited by space or time; without feet, moving swiftly; without hands, grasping all worlds; without eyes, all-surveying; without ears, all-hearing; without an intelligent guide, understanding all; without cause, the first of all causes; all-ruling, all-powerful; the creator, preserver, transformer of all things; such is the Great One." This might with

a few changes be a text from Â Kempis. But the difficulty with the Hindoo faith is: How much of it is religion, and how much jurisprudence? The imaginative character of the Indian, his excitability, his fine nervous organization, his contact with nature in stupendous forms and wild moods, are all seen in the decorations in which these simple, homely truths are embroidered. The unity of God and his spiritual nature which Christians cherish are soon lost in a maze of fables. In the beginning God created the waters. In these waters he placed a seed, which germinated and produced Brahma, who was the Supreme Being in human form. God made man. At the end of a certain period the earth will be destroyed. Worlds will again reappear and Brahma will come to create them. Under Brahma there are gods who represent air, fire, water, earth, the sun and stars. There are abstract gods representing justice, medicine, and so on. There are evil gods and good ones, "benevolent genii, fierce giants, bloodthirsty savages, heavenly choristers, nymphs and demons, huge serpents and birds of mighty wing, and separate companies of Pitris or progenitors of mankind." Hindooism discerns in man two natures, "a vital soul which gives motion to the body, and the rational, which is the seat of passions and good and bad qualities. There is a future life and punishments of expiation. There is no eternal damnation. The period of torment in the after-life depends upon the nature of sins in this life. After the torment the soul passes into the shape of animals, or even plants, and in time enters a beatific state. This recognition of the transmigration of souls is a striking phase of the Hindoo faith, nor does it lack in a weird and consoling beauty. The mere man is brought into a reverent communion with nature. To him nature speaks with a voice which we of a colder faith cannot know. All things about him—the lizard which glides along the wall, the tiger which stalks in the jungle, the blushing rose and the bending lily, the over-arching banyan tree and the entwining vine—all are sacred. It may be the soul of some disembodied ancestor whose leaves shelter him from the noonday sun, or the soul of a brother or a son which glares at him from the tiger's

ferocious eyes. From this arises that protection to animal life which is a curious feature in India.

Indian worship is prayer and meditation. The Hindoo makes worship the main business of life. If a Brahmin will repeat the holy verse of the Vedas as often as possible and practice universal benevolence he will enter into eternal happiness. This is the holy verse: "Let us meditate on the adorable light of the Divine Ruler; may it guide our intellects!" A Hindoo must bathe daily, which shows that even before the New Testament cleanliness meant godliness. He prays at sunrise and sunset, if possible in some sheltered spot near pure water. Daily he should perform the five sacraments—studying the scriptures, making oblations to the waves and to fire in honor of the gods, giving rice to living creatures, and receiving guests with honor. The most solemn of these sacraments is the reading of the scriptures. This must be done aloud, with reverence, in an attitude of respect and supplication. There are various penances for sin, and monthly offerings to ancestors. The practice of adoring idols, now so common in India,



STREET IN BENARES.

does not rest upon any tenet of the early scriptures, but is a corruption. Although respect for animal life goes so far as to commend abstinence from animal food, it is not a sin for a Hindoo to eat the flesh of animals who have died a natural death or who have been slain by others. Even the cow, which is a sacred animal, may become toothsome as beef. Purity and impurity from contact with impure things, with persons of a degraded caste, occupy a large part of the Hindoo religion. Most of these regulations seem to have been a part of the Brahminical policy which made their class sacred and enabled them to perpetuate their sway. As a general thing purity came from charity, honesty, devotion, forgiveness of your enemies, and philanthropy. Justice, truth, and virtue are always recognized and encouraged, and, to use the words of one of the clearest writers on the subject, "the tendency of Brahmin morality is rather toward innocence than active virtue, and its main objects are to enjoy tranquillity and to prevent pain or evil to any sentient being."

But if I continue this theme I shall be launched into a sea of theological narrative and speculation. It is difficult to understand Benares without recalling some of the features of the strange and subtle faith which came from within its holy walls. As we threaded our way through its alleys and passed from shrine to shrine it seemed to be a city at prayers. Some of these temples were so narrow that even the chair-bearers could not enter, and we made our pilgrimage on foot. You enter a small archway and come into a courtyard. I should say the courtyard was a hundred feet square. In the center is a shrine —a canopied shrine. Under this is a god, whichever god happens to be worshiped. It is generally a hideous stone, without grace or expression. Pilgrims are around it, in supplication, and as they pray they put offerings on the altar before the idol. These offerings are according to the means of the devotee, but most of those I saw were flowers. Hindoo urchins come up to you and put garlands of flowers about your neck. This is an act of grace and welcome, but you are expected to give money. In front of the idol, sitting on his feet, is the Brahmin reading

the Vedas. You know the Brahmin by the sacred thread which he wears on his shoulder, and by the marks of his caste on his forehead. These marks are painted every morning after the bath. But even without the painted brow and the drooping loop of thread you can come to know the Brahmin from his bearing, his clean-cut, intellectual face, his mien of conscious intellect and superiority. He is much the highest type in India, and the manner in which he has kept his caste—pure, governing, and gifted—would make a valuable study to those who take interest in the mysterious philosophy of the descent of man. The Brahmin sits at his book and scarcely notices you. Perhaps your coming is not a good omen. He reads the scriptures under the influence of omens. Unusual winds, rain, thunder, meteors, the howling of the jackals, are all so unfortunate as to destroy the value of the holy reading. Perhaps this coming of a company of infidels, smoking, talking, and staring, may be evil. But the Brahmin apparently does not see evil in the alien, for he reads on. Mrs. Grant, with proper notions about church and what is becoming in holy places, fears that the cigars may offend the pilgrims, and to her mind religion, no matter how grotesque and superstitious, is so holy a thing in itself and in the feelings it represents, that anything in the least disposed to offend even the meanest of the worshipers would be distressing. It appears, however, that the cigars arose from a suggestion of the Commissioner, who told us as we came into the narrow ways that smoking was no offense to the Hindoo, and that if by any possibility we could smoke there were sanitary reasons and reasons of comfort why we should do so. Mrs. Grant satisfied on the propriety of our smoking, we study the temple. It is overcrowded, close, malodorous. Beggars are around you. Pilgrims pray and chant. On the walls—for our temple is open—monkeys are perching, chattering, and skipping. Around the walls of the inclosure are stalls, with cows and calves. These are sacred—held in reverence by the pilgrims, who feed and caress and adore them. One or two are monstrous births, and they are specially adored. The animals move about among the worshipers, quite tame,

somewhat arrogant. Mrs. Grant was wearing a garland of flowers, which a child who supplied flowers to the worshipers had thrown over her neck. One of the animals, seeing the flowers, and knowing them to be savory, made a rush for the garland, and before any one could interfere was munching and tearing it in a deliberate manner. Evidently that cow had had her own way in her relations with the human race, and if she chose to make as much of a meal as possible out of the decora-



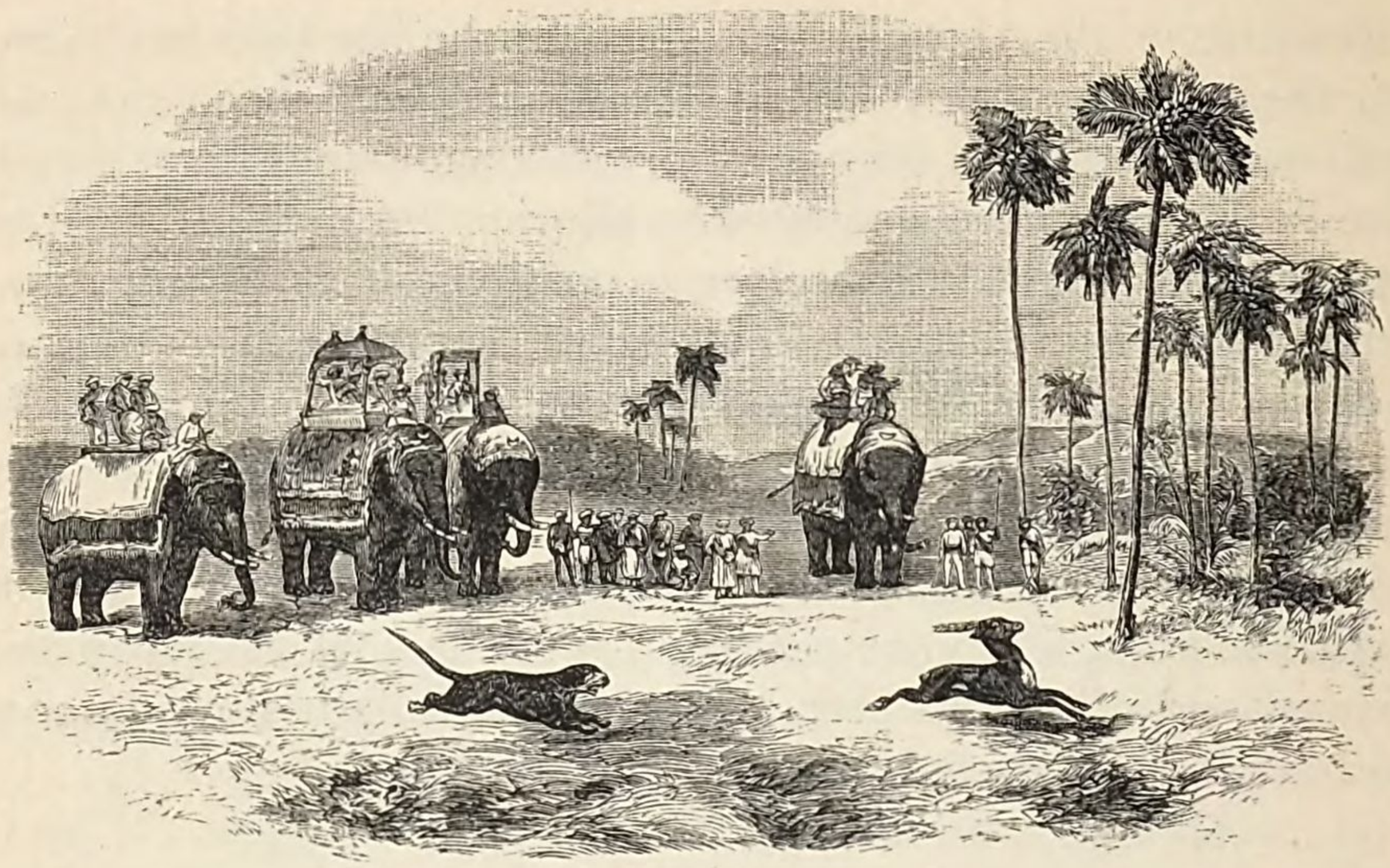
BATHING PLACE, BENARES.

tions and possessions of Mrs. Grant, it was only the force of education. One of the police came to the rescue of our lady, but it was only after a struggle that the cow could be persuaded to abandon her meal. I have no doubt many holy Brahmins were grieved to see the authority of England in the shape of a policeman cudgel a sacred animal into its stall.

If I were to tell you of all the wells and temples in Benares, the holy places and the legends which make them sacred, it would carry me beyond bounds. Benares and its temples contain material enough for a literature instead of a mere chapter.

After we had visited several of the temples we went to the observatory of Rajah Jan Singh, built at the close of the seventeenth century, and looking down from its battlements we see the sacred river shining in the morning sun; the teeming, busy hive of temples and shrines, from which the hum of worship seems to arise; masses of pilgrims sluggishly moving toward the river to plunge into its holy waters and be cleansed of sin. We are pointed out the site of the holy well of Manikarnaki, dug by the god Vishnu, consecrated by the god Mahadeva, whose waters will wash away any sin and make the body pure. From here we went down to the water, and, on board of a steam launch, slowly we steamed under the banks, and the view of the city as seen from our boat was one of the most striking the world can afford. Although the day was not far advanced the sun was out in all his power. Here was the burning Ghat, the spot where the bodies of the Hindoos are burned. No office is so sacred to the dead as to burn his body on the banks of the Ganges. As we slowly steamed along, a funeral procession was seen bearing a body to the funeral pyre. We observed several slabs set around the burning Ghat. These were in memory of widows who had burned themselves on that spot in honor of their husbands, according to the old rite of suttee. We passed the temple of the Lord Tavaka, the special god who breathes such a charm into the ear of the dying that the departing soul goes into eternal bliss. We passed the temple built in honor of the two feet of Vishnu, and which are worshiped with divine honors. We saw the Ghats, or steps erected by Sindia, an Indian prince, built in heavy masonry, but broken as by an earthquake and slowly going to ruin. We pass the lofty mosque of Aurungzebe, notable only for its two minarets, which, rising to one hundred and fifty feet, are the highest objects in Benares, and are a landmark for miles and miles. We pass shrines and temples without number, the mere recital of whose names and attributes would fill several chapters. All this is lost in the general effect of the city as seen from the river. Benares sits on the sacred river, an emblem of the strange religion which has made it a holy city, and there is

solemnity in the thought that for ages she has kept her place on the Ganges, that for ages her shrines have been holy to millions of men, that for ages the wisest and purest and best of the Indian race have wandered as pilgrims through her narrow streets, and plunged themselves as penitents into the waters to wash away their sins. It is all a dark superstition, but let us honor Benares for the comfort she has given to so many millions of sinful, sorrowing souls. And as we pass along the river toward our house, and leave the white towers and steps of Benares glistening in the sunshine, we look back upon it with something of the respect and affection that belong to antiquity, and which are certainly not unworthily bestowed upon so renowned, so sacred, and so venerable a city.



ANTELOPE HUNTING.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

INDIA.

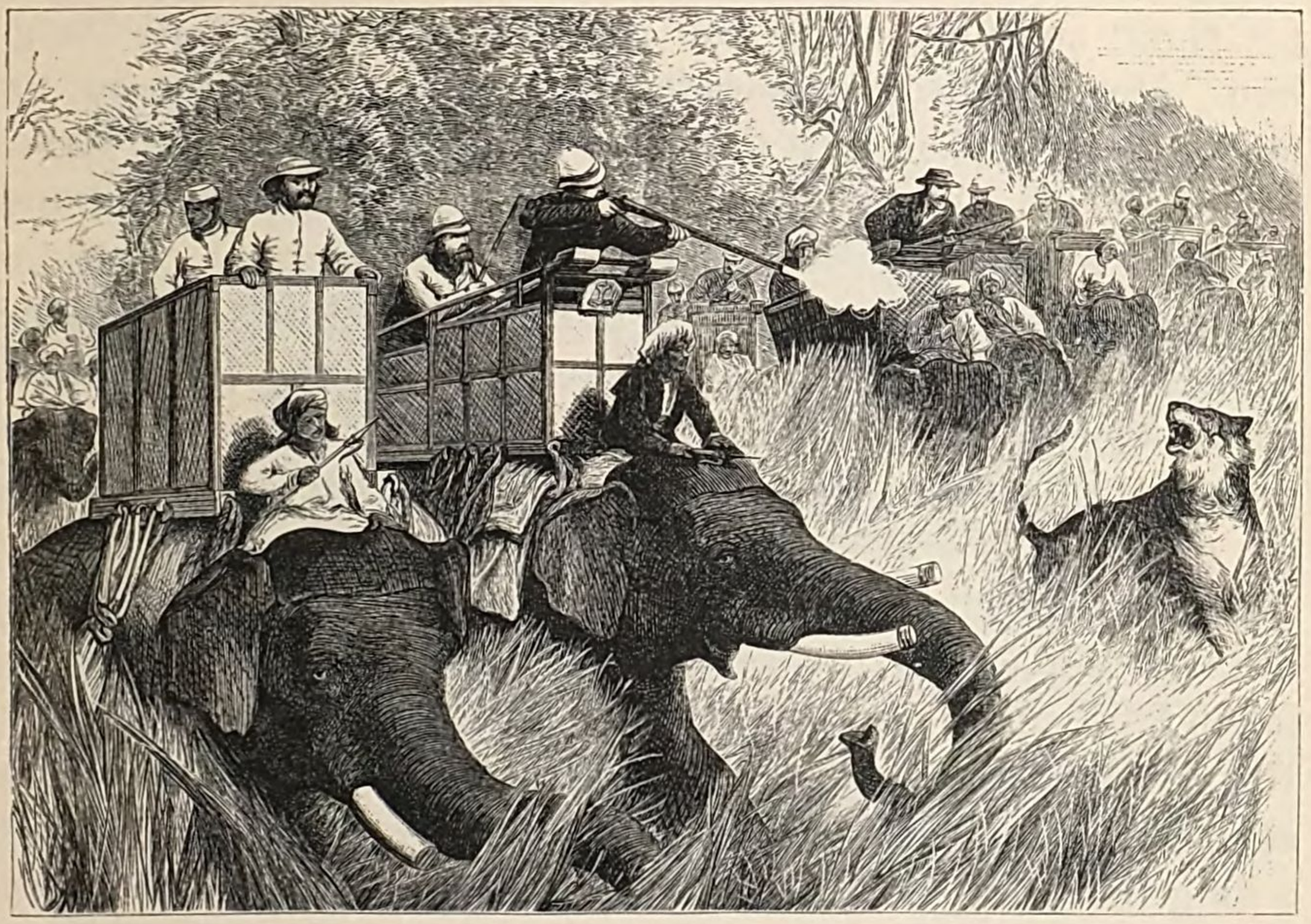
A VISIT to India without an experience in the jungle would be a barren and imperfect proceeding, and since our coming to this country nothing has been more discussed as among the possible experiences of Indian travel, than what we should do among the elephants and among the tigers, the panthers and the beasts of prey. After Mr. Borie returned from his visit to the man-eating tigers, which the Maharajah of Jeypore kept in a special cage for the edification of his people, he made the official announcement that his curiosity and ambition were satisfied, and that under no circumstances would he go into the jungle to fight a tiger. There was some disappointment over this determination, because we had depended largely upon Mr. Borie to redeem the character of the members of our expedition in the hunting-field. We felt, also, that it was a neglected opportunity for Mr. Borie himself, because he is esteemed in Philadelphia, and, as his friends, we were all anxious that he should carry home to that

proud, domestic city evidences of his prowess in a new sphere. Then I can fancy nothing more conducive to table-talk, to secure absolute silence while you are talking, than to be able to begin a conversation by saying, "When I killed my first tiger in India," and so on. Such a declaration at a dinner party of prudent and peaceful Philadelphians would silence conversation, fill the listeners with awe, and rank the speaker among those heroes whose exploits hush the cries of children. These were among the arguments pressed upon Mr. Borie to induce him to lead our party into the jungle; but they were not strong enough to shake his resolution. So we turned to Colonel Grant to save us from the stigma of having crossed the seas and penetrated India and lived in the land of the hunter without entering the jungle. The opportunity was given us by our friend the Maharajah of Jeypore, who sent word to General Grant that if he wished to shoot the tiger, and gave his Highness twenty-four hours' notice, the tiger would be ready. This was the same courtesy extended to the Prince of Wales, who killed his first tiger in Jeypore. It seemed rather odd that even an Indian prince should have authority over the jungle, and be able to summon the wild beast from his lair for the entertainment of wandering sportsmen; but it was explained to us that his Highness kept a small collection of tigers for game.

General Grant would have trespassed upon the kindness of the Maharajah, and would not have objected to a day in the jungle. Colonel Grant was impatient for the experience. What interfered was the want of time. Tiger hunting, even when you know the tiger is in readiness, requires time, and during our visit to Jeypore, when the opportunities of a jungle adventure were the burden of our conversation, I acquired a great deal of information on the subject of tiger shooting. For successful sport two or three days are necessary. We should have had to ride elephants, to go attended with many other elephants, with wagons and beaters and huntsmen—with a small army in fact. Tiger hunting is, in some respects, a science, and those who are fond of the sport have various ways of enjoying it. The native hunter will sit in a tree during the night waiting

his chances at the tiger as he passes from the jungle to the streams for water. The Hindoo has so keen a vision that he can fire in the night with a certain aim. European hunters—probably because their vision is imperfect—despise this mode. Perhaps they dislike the idea of lying in the ambush of night. Then the hunters select a district where the tiger is known to range, and tie a buffalo or a kid to a tree. The tiger discovers the animal, kills it by opening the jugular vein and sucking the blood. This is his first meal. The blood appeases his hunger for several hours, and he retires to his lair for repose. In the meantime the hunters, seeing the dead animal, know the tiger will come again to finish his meal. They make an ambush of branches and boughs, and await his return. Another plan is to surround the jungle where the tiger is known to live, and with stealthy footsteps seek him in his lair. This should be done at noon, when the sun is at the meridian, a time when the tiger seeks the refuge of a shady place—a rock, a cave, or a cliff—and sleeps. If he can be found asleep he may be killed, but this form of tiger hunting is the most dangerous, and only accepted by those who prefer the excitement and peril of the jungle. Another plan—and this was adopted by the Maharajah when the Prince of Wales was in the jungle—is to go with a retinue of elephants trained to hunting the tiger. A cordon of natives is picketed around the outskirts of the jungle, with gongs and drums and trumpets. They advance slowly through the bush, moving always toward the center, making horrible noises. The tiger, who is really a cowardly animal, retreats before the noise, and in time is forced under the muzzles of the rifles. At this instant—this crisis of the chase—the hunter requires perfect nerve. For the tiger is not, in the presence of a hunting party, dangerous until wounded. He may attack a man alone, but rarely two men if they face him. If you turn and run he is sure to follow. But when the tiger is wounded even the most carefully trained elephants are not safe. There is the danger that the elephant may break and run from fright; and a run into the jungle would be a serious business for those who are riding, for you may be dragged from your seat by the

trees. If the elephant is firm, and you have a successful shot, the tiger is sure to turn and charge. Mad with pain, strong and swift, he throws himself upon the nearest enemy, springing upon the elephant, climbing its trunk, or, reaching for the poor shivering Hindoo driver, drags him from his seat. Even after the tiger has received his fatal wound, so strong is his vitality that he will have strength enough for a plunge. Then success depends upon courage and coolness, upon rapid firing from every available rifle in the hunting party. So far as I could



TIGER HUNTING.

learn, in the many histories of tiger shooting, accidents are rare occurrences. But the danger of the contest with so supple and bloodthirsty a beast, and the nerve required, combine to give, for those who are fond of field sports, a peculiar zest to tiger shooting. When the young Englishman comes to India he yearns for his first tiger as a young officer for his first brevet.

I have heard, however, of serious, and sometimes fatal, accidents. One of the kindest and best friends I made in India—brave, gentle, and gifted—is maimed in his arm and leg

from tiger wounds. He was an officer of the Indian Engineers, on engineer duty. The tiger came near the camp and took up a position in a clump of bushes between the camp and water. The Indian attendants became alarmed. They would not go near the stream. It became necessary to have water for the encampment, and the only way was to kill the tiger. So the officers took arms and went out Some of them were new to the business; instead of marching shoulder to shoulder, and presenting a front, which the tiger always avoids, they went singly. The first thing my friend saw was that one shot had hit the tiger, and the animal had turned and was about to charge him. He called to his comrades and tried to fire again, but too late. In an instant, as a flash, the beast was upon him, struck him on the shoulder with his paw, and felled him to the ground. He lost consciousness—a sensation that generally comes to man when assailed by a beast of prey. It came to Livingstone, if I remember, when he was attacked by the lion. It is a shock acting almost like an anæsthetic. I suppose this is a merciful provision of nature. My friend would have been killed but for the gallantry of one of his comrades, who rushed at the tiger, and beat in his head with the butt of a rifle as he was gnawing the arm and leg of the prostrate man. One of the shots had taken fatal effect, and the attack was the desperation of death. Before his death, however, the animal had gnawed the arm, side, and limb of my friend, so that his restoration to health took a long time, and he will carry to his grave the wounds he received twenty years ago. I heard a story of another officer, now holding an important position in the Indian service, who was also charged by a tiger to whom he had given a death-wound. The animal threw him and seized his arm. He had the presence of mind to force his arm into the tiger's mouth and hold it there, allowing the beast to crunch it. He thus confined the wound to the single member, and saved his life at the expense of his arm. Even now, with his armless sleeve, he is one of the most daring sportsmen in India.

It was want of time—at least it is supposed it was want of time, and not the rueful tiger stories—that prevented us from

accepting the invitation of his Highness and having one day in the jungle of Jeypore. Hunters are not less careful of their lives than other men, and the care taken to prevent accidents—the use of arms of precision, skill in their use, and the fact that all wild animals, the tiger especially, are cowards, afraid of noise, fire, light, or any unusual sight—make the accidents of the chase less on the average than the casualties in fox hunting in the English shires. The only dangerous tiger is what is called the man-eater. The man-eater is generally an old beast, with bad teeth and gums, lacking in enterprise and en-



COL. GRANT'S PIG-STICKING EXCURSION.

durance. He has outlived his usefulness in the jungle. Animals that ordinarily would be his prey avoid him without difficulty. Driven to despair because he cannot roam the bushes and seize what he fancies, he falls upon some poor belated Hindoo wood-cutter, or child at play, or woman carrying her pitcher to the well, and then he learns that, of all the animals given to him by a considerate Providence for food, man is the most toothsome, the most helpless, and the most cowardly. The buffalo, the wild pig, even the antelope, will not surrender without resistance. A wild pig has been known to kill a tiger

in a fight. A buffalo will charge a tiger and battle with him, and sometimes successfully, before he surrenders. An antelope will inflict a serious wound if he can give a good thrust with his horns. Consequently, when a tiger gets old, when his muscles are worn and his teeth are bad, he would have to suffer in these controversies; but having learned how easy a prey is man, he devotes himself to the pursuit of man for food. It saves him a great deal of trouble. It is so comfortable to lie in wait near a village, in a ravine or under a cliff, and in the early morning, or as the sun goes down, to spring upon a poor lonely peasant wandering home, or a child at play, and carry him to his lair. Once he learns this lesson he abandons the jungle and quarters himself near a village. He is a shrewd beast, much more than tigers generally, and hard to kill. When a man-eater takes up his quarters near a village the natives abandon their homes in a panic, or go to the nearest British military station and report his presence. To capture or kill him requires the utmost patience and skill. Sometimes before he is slain he will take many lives. One brute—a lazy, decrepit old beast who scarcely opened his eyes when we came to his cage—had the reputation of having destroyed twenty-five human beings. Sometimes the panther, as he advances in years, becomes a man-eater; but as a general thing all wild animals, unless they are disturbed, or assailed, or accompanied by their young, will pass man by. I should therefore think that in America the hunting of the buffalo or the grizzly bear afforded more disasters than tiger killing in the jungle. What seems to me to detract from tiger hunting is the fact that you are compelled to fight him from an ambush. There is no facing and fighting him, as on the open prairie with our buffalo. When you think of the courage expended on the tiger, the amount of pains taken to find him, and the time it occupies, the amusement seems to be unprofitable. Notwithstanding all this, it was not without regret that we could not accept the Maharajah's offer and shoot the tiger, adding to our experiences in India that of a day in the jungles such as had been given to the Prince of Wales. But there were engagements with the Viceroy of India,

who was waiting for General Grant, before he left for the hills; and so the jungle was put aside.

Colonel Grant, however, was not disposed to allow our expedition to leave India without some experience in the field, and when the tiger proposition was dismissed the Maharajah proposed to have some pig sticking. The sticking of a pig does not seem to be a serious business to people at home, whose ideas of the animal are confined to its usefulness as breakfast bacon. The old hunters say that no sport in India is more exciting or more dangerous. The wild boar is a different animal from the homely, useful, lolling hog, whose highest function at home is lard. He lives in the jungle. His food is the sugar-cane, and a boar will ravage a large crop of growing cane in a single night. He is bold and brave. His tusks are sometimes eight inches in length, and as sharp as a razor. With these tusks he will charge any animal. A boar has been known to rip open a tiger and disembowel him. The wild pig has great endurance. He can in the first rush outrun an Arab steed. He seems to be an honest, peaceable beast, who will do no harm, and spend his days on roots or sugar-cane, unless you assail him. He will throw dogs in the air, and, if a hunter falls under his tusks, cut him up as with a knife. Some of the most serious accidents in the history of sport have come from the wild pig. There are laws about hog hunting which no gentleman violates. You do not shoot him. You only attack the boar, never the sow. To kill a sow in the Jeypore country would be as serious a crime as to shoot a fox in Melton Mowbray. You do not kill the young. In warring on the tiger your enemy is the common enemy of mankind, who lives on prey; whose passion is blood; who lives on domestic cattle and useful animals, and in his old days takes to preying upon man. There is one quality about pig hunting that reminds you of the buffalo chase. You ride upon your pony in the jungle; you seek your animal out and fight him with sword or spear like a knight; you have a foeman who can only be slain by coolness and courage, who lives in the dominion of the leopard and the tiger, and holds his own with them, and whose death

is useful in two ways—it protects the natives' crops and gives them food.

An officer of the Maharajah's household who was in charge of the hunting establishment, and who was famous, we were told, among Indian sportsmen, waited upon us, and we agreed that at six o'clock in the morning we should start for the jungle. Dr. Keating was disposed to volunteer, and if General Grant had not been under engagements for the day which he could not put aside, I think he would have ventured out, if



"BRINGING HOME THE GAME."

for no other reason than to have a good stiff ride over the country. Mr. Borie preferred to remain with General Grant, and the Colonel alone of our party went to the hunt. At six, the hunting party left the residency and drove out in the cool of the morning some six or seven miles. When they came to the jungle, horses were in readiness, with bullock carts, and a swarm of attendants. The Colonel had had his own share of hunting on the frontiers, and as a cavalryman had a good eye and a good seat. There were firearms along, to meet any

other animal that might venture upon them. Not unfrequently when looking for a pig you may stumble upon a tiger, or a panther, or a bear, when the conditions of the hunt change. There is a story of an officer encountering a panther when out pig sticking, and spearing him. This story is now the wonder and envy of Indian society, and I do not know of any human proceeding more to be commended or avoided, according as you are trained to view such matters, than spearing a panther. But the officer did so. Our party was prepared for such an emergency, but it did not come. When they came to the ground they mounted. The Colonel rode with the chief sportsman and an interpreter. There were sixteen horsemen, two camels, two bullock carts, and beaters on foot. The chief was a fine, comely, lithe young man, who rode a horse like an Indian, with a keen piercing eye, who looked upon the jungle as upon home and knew every feature of it. He wore a padded gown or riding coat, which looks like one of our comfortable morning wrappers, made of calico, and over this a flowing silk or brocaded tunic as a mark of his rank. When you go on the hunting ground the party divide, at distances far enough apart to cover a mile of the jungle. There are beaters on foot, who go into the grass and beat the game toward you, making loud noises. If you pass a sow or her young you keep on, allowing them to root at peace or scamper away. If a boar is seen, the signal is given, either by a whistle or a call; sometimes by firing a pistol. Some of the beaters have pistols, so that if the boar should make a break and try to escape they can fire a blank shot and turn him. The boar will turn at the noise and the flash; but if the boar is at a distance you gather your reins, brace yourself in your saddle, take your spear, and run at full speed. The boar always seeks flight. If at all in condition he wiil go at a pace which no horse can keep. But this does not last long. The first burst over and you gain on him. In time you ride him down, and, as you pass, you drive the spear into his flanks, or, if you can, into his back so as to sever his spine. But this is not often done. The law of the chase is that the first stroke of the spear gives the right to

the trophy. You wound the boar perhaps. Your spear is wrenched from your hand, is broken by the boar, who will snap the iron blade as easily as a stalk of cane. Even when wounded the boar will keep his flight. You pursue him and again spear him; sometimes again and again. The animal, faint from the running, from the loss of blood from the wounds, comes to bay, stops and turns. Then comes the real interest of the chase. He turns to bay and makes a rush. Well for the horseman who can not only keep his seat, but so guide his horse that the boar will not plunge his tusk into his animal's flanks and rip him open. The Colonel, when he ran down his first boar, drove the spear. It was hastily, perhaps awkwardly, done, and the boar snapped off the blade. When the boar turned it charged the Colonel's horse. He avoided the charge, the animal simply touching the Colonel's foot as he passed. Another horseman was not so fortunate, as the animal drove his tusk into the horse's flank and made an ugly gash. Another spear was given the Colonel, who again speared the boar, and this time more effectively, for the animal turned over and died.



THE TIGER.

One pig is not a bad day's sport. But the morning was not far gone and Colonel Grant felt that his spearing had been clumsily and badly done. It was his first trial, however, in the Indian jungle, and we should have pardoned him if he had been content with his single trophy. So the hunt went on. In a short time another boar was found and the Colonel charged

it. This time the battle was in the Colonel's own hands. He had seen how the director of the hunt managed his business, and the result was a triumph. Riding the boar out of his swift pace he drove the spear. When the animal turned he faced and fought. Another horse in this charge, ridden by an attendant, was wounded, the boar taking him in the shoulder and inflicting an ugly wound. An attendant was thrown and bruised. But the end came, and the Colonel drove his spear home, thus securing his second pig, and glory enough for the day.

It was then proposed to shoot antelope. The antelope is no less wary in the jungle than in our own prairie. He is wary and fleet. It is difficult to stalk him, for going on foot through a jungle, where the wildest of wild animals may come on you, is not a sensible proceeding. In Jeypore there are two ways of hunting the antelope. One is with the cheetah, an animal of the leopard species, of remarkable speed for a short run. The cheetah is taken and trained. I do not think he ever becomes thoroughly tamed, although I saw some in Jeypore led around by attendants. I did not test their docility, having the emotion of early menagerie days, and thinking it odd to see a long, creeping, spotted leopard pacing up and down the streets. The Maharajah has several in his hunting establishment, and, if our party had cared, would have given us a cheetah hunt. The animal is tamed—at least made tame enough to obey his keeper. He is taken in an ox cart to the jungle and hooded. The ox cart drives into the jungle, and so approaches the antelopes. The ox cart is so familiar, as the common wagon of the farmer, that its passing does not disturb them. A horseman or a traveler or a hunter, wearing a different tint of garment from the ordinary peasant, would set a whole herd in motion. The ox cart approaches within three or four hundred yards. The cheetah is unhooded and flies at his game. If successful, he brings it down on the first run. Seizing the animal by the throat, there is no escaping. If, however, the distance is badly considered, and the antelope shows too much speed, or the cheetah is bewildered and does not spring at the moment, the antelope gets off, for the speed of the cheetah

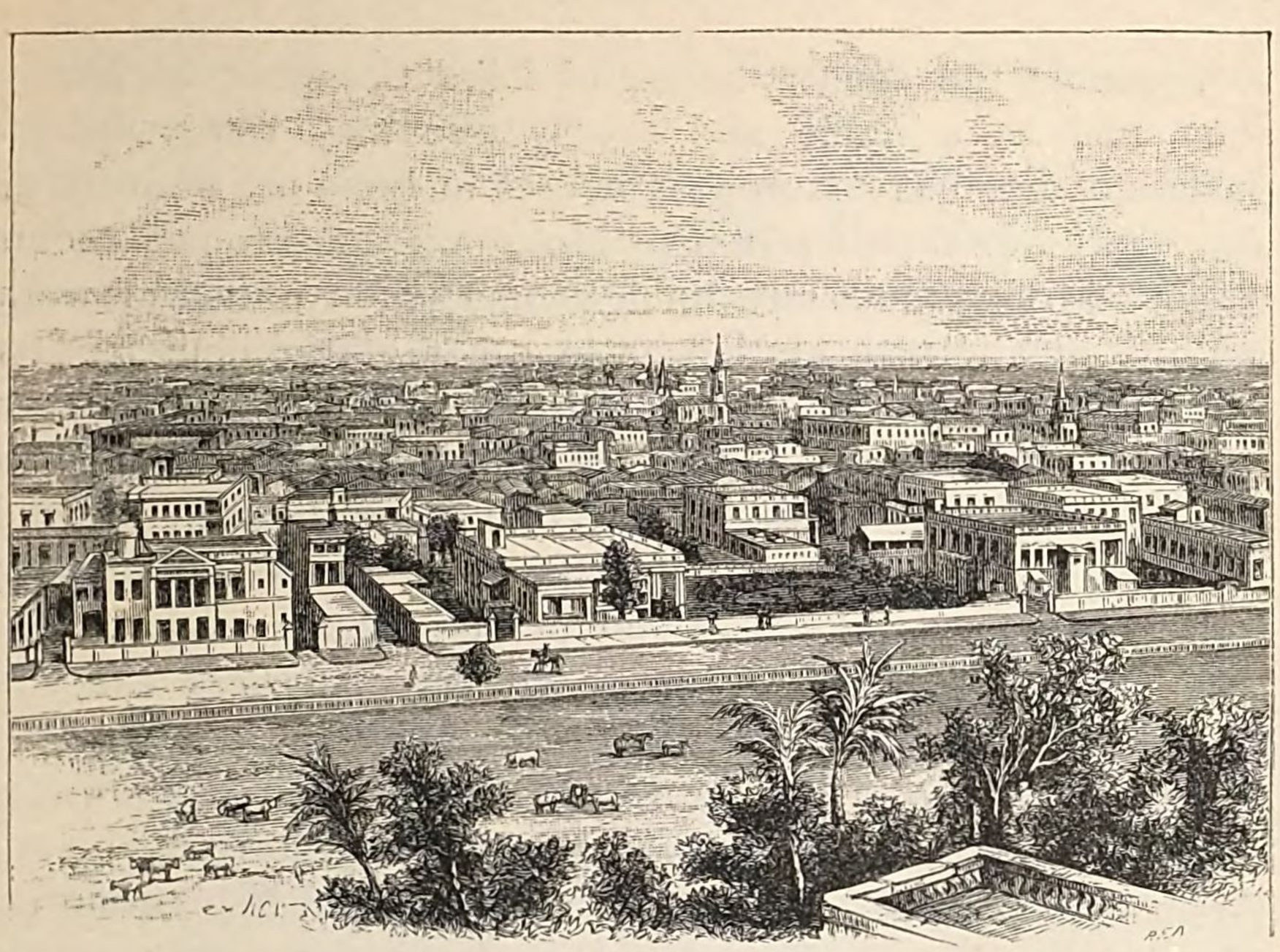
does not last beyond the first few hundred yards. He has no enterprise, no sense, and when his experiment fails, stops, and would perhaps go leaping into the jungle if his keeper did not come, and, covering him with a hood, lead him to his cart. If he succeeds and brings the antelope down he is allowed to drink the blood as a reward. This reward is the condition of tameness. Cheetah hunting is more an amusement of the natives than the English. It is a curious sport, and was shown to the Prince of Wales when in Jeypore. Good hunters—English hunters—think it a questionable proceeding to steal upon an antelope in disguise and attack him with a wild beast. The Colonel and his party had the ox carts at their disposal, and, satisfied with their exploits over the boar, went after the antelope. The carts drove within good shooting range, when the Colonel brought down a fine buck. This closed the day's work, for noon was coming, and it was thought best not to tempt too strongly the noon-day sun of India. The Colonel came back to Jeypore with the tusks of the two boars and the horns of the antelope as his trophies. As a young American's first day in the jungle the result was a triumph for our expedition, and we felt so much interest in the tusks and the horns and the narrative of the day's adventures that we began to feel ourselves sharers in the glory, and that we, too, had been in the grass, charging the wild boar and pursuing the flying deer. The Colonel thanked the Maharajah for having given him so fine a day's sport. His Highness said that if the General and party would only remain two or three days he would give them a memorable experience with tiger and bear and leopard and all that his jungles could afford.



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OUR CAMEL CARRIAGES AT BHURTPOOR.



CALCUTTA.

CHAPTER XXIX.

INDIA.

GENERAL GRANT'S party arrived in Calcutta at five o'clock on the morning of the 10th of March, after a severe and distressing ride from Benares. The American Consul-General, General Litchfield, the aide-de-camp of the Viceroy, and a guard of honor of the Bengal troops were in waiting. We drove off in the state carriages with an escort of cavalry to the Government House. The streets had been watered, and there was just a suspicion of a cool breeze from the Hoogly, which, after the discomforts of the long night ride, made our morning ride pleasant. A line of policemen was ranged from the railway station to the door of the Government House, a distance of about two miles. The Government House is a large, ornate building, standing in an open park, the corner-stone of which was laid about the time that Washington laid the foundation of our capitol. It is built

to resemble the country-house of Lord Scarsdale, in Derbyshire, and as a noble and stately pile may rank with the palaces of Europe. European houses in India are built for air and room. In the Government House there are council-rooms, reception-rooms, and state dining-rooms; the two ideas governing the architecture of this, as in other official houses of the empire, being comfort and splendor—comfort, that the European may endure the pitiless sun; splendor, that the eyes of the subject may be dazzled. It is odd at first to see your cold, indifferent, matter-of-fact Englishman, at home caring only for comfort, as solicitous about pomp as the Lord Chamberlain; but this is because pomp and ceremony are the first essentials of government in India.

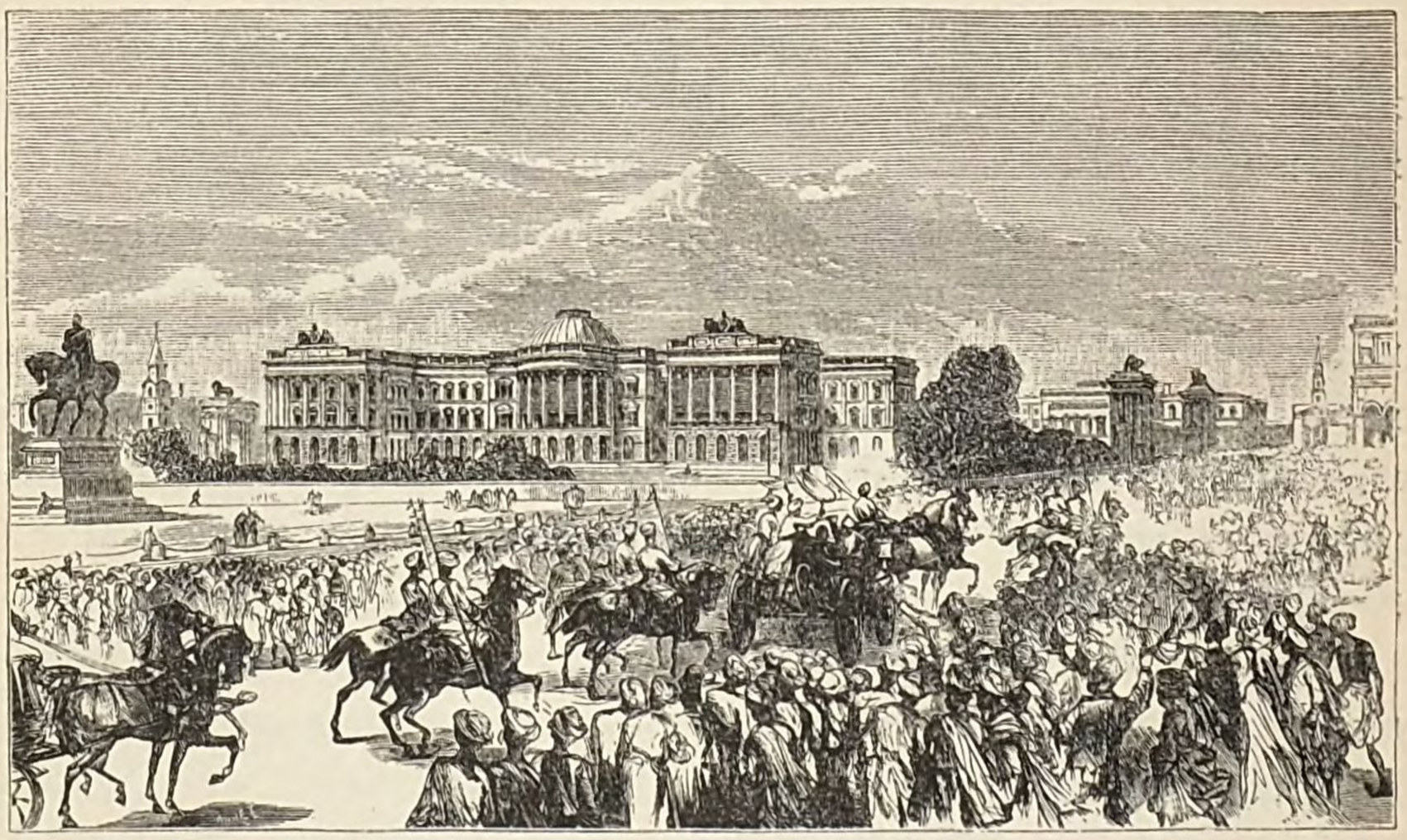
The Viceroy of India, Lord Lytton—better known to Americans as the poet "Owen Meredith"—received General Grant with great kindness. His Lordship said in greeting the General that he was honored in having as his guest a gentleman whose career he had followed with interest and respect, and that it was especially agreeable to meet one who had been the chief magistrate of the country in which he spent some of the happiest years of his life. Lord Lytton had reference to his residence in Washington, as a member of the British legation, during the time that his uncle—then Sir Henry Bulwer—was British Minister to the United States. His Lordship was also cordial in his greeting to Mr. Borie, and referred to our companion's services in General Grant's cabinet. He conversed with Colonel Grant about General Sheridan, and regretted that the duties of his office, on account of the Burmese and Afghan complications, and his approaching departure for Simla, prevented his seeing as much of our party as he wished. Our quarters in the Government House were very pleasant, looking out on the public square. In the afternoon we drove around and stood listening to the band in the Eden Gardens. The only hours given to recreation in India are in the early morning and at the going down of the sun. Then all the English world spend the cool of the day under the trees. The General and his Lordship took a long stroll together. In the

evening there was a state banquet, attended by the high authorities of the British empire.

Next day there was an excursion to the Viceroy's country-seat at Barrackpoor, Sir Ashley Eden, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, doing the honors in the name of the Viceroy. Barrackpoor is a country-seat, about twelve miles up the Hoogly river. Our party was small, comprising the leading members of the government and their families. We drove to the dock under a beating noon-day sun. The scenery of the Hoogly reminds you of the low, tropical banks of the St. John's river, in Florida, but it is a narrower stream, and the aspect of nature is gloomy compared with what you see in Florida, where the orange groves light up the landscape. The Hoogly teems with life, with boatmen in all kinds of floating contrivances. The navigation of an Indian stream must be a good deal trusting to fate. Our currents were wayward, and the vessel was more a floating hotel than a water-going craft. When we came bumping against the side of a clumsy lump of a vessel with such force as would tear away the iron-work and make the steamer buzz and tremble, everybody seemed to take it as a matter of course.

The view of Barrackpoor from the river is beautiful, because you see what is so rare in India—green rolling meadow land. Were it not for the tropical foliage and noble banyan trees it would not be difficult to fancy that Barrackpoor was a bit of Richmond on the Thames. Barrackpoor has a melancholy prominence in the history of India. Here the first of the mutiny occurred, in the history of the greased cartridges. Before the government authorities took to the hills for the summer, Barrackpoor was a country-seat, holding the same relation to the Government House in Calcutta that the Soldiers' Home did in Mr. Lincoln's days to the White House at Washington. Barrackpoor, except as a military station, and as the occasional resort for a picnic party, has been practically abandoned. We landed from our steamer in a small yacht, and had quite a walk in the relentless sun until we came to a marquee tent, pitched under a banyan tree, where a band was playing and servants

were arranging a table for us. We had a merry, pleasant feast under this banyan tree, and we studied our tree with interest, as one of the extraordinary forms of nature. The tree itself was a small grove, and you could walk in, and around, and through its trunks and branches as easily as among the columns of a mosque. Unless the tree is checked, it will spread and spread, every branch, as it touches the earth, developing into a root and throwing out new branches, until, as we read in nursery days, an army may encamp under its branches. After our picnic it was pleasant to stroll around Barrackpoor and take that



OUR ENTRANCE INTO CALCUTTA.

delight which is among the pleasures of an Indian journey—a delight in the constant surprises of nature. Your eyes are accustomed to your own flowers and forms of forest and garden growth—the oak, the ash, the sycamore, the modest daisy, and the wholesome virtuous clover that blossoms in the meadows. You look in vain for the old forms familiar to you from childhood, and that were always your friends, even when the world grew dark and early sorrows swept over your young and trembling life. These trees are what you have read of in poems and ghost stories and Indian tales. There is the mango-tree, giving pleasant fruit, said to be among the atonements for the cruelty

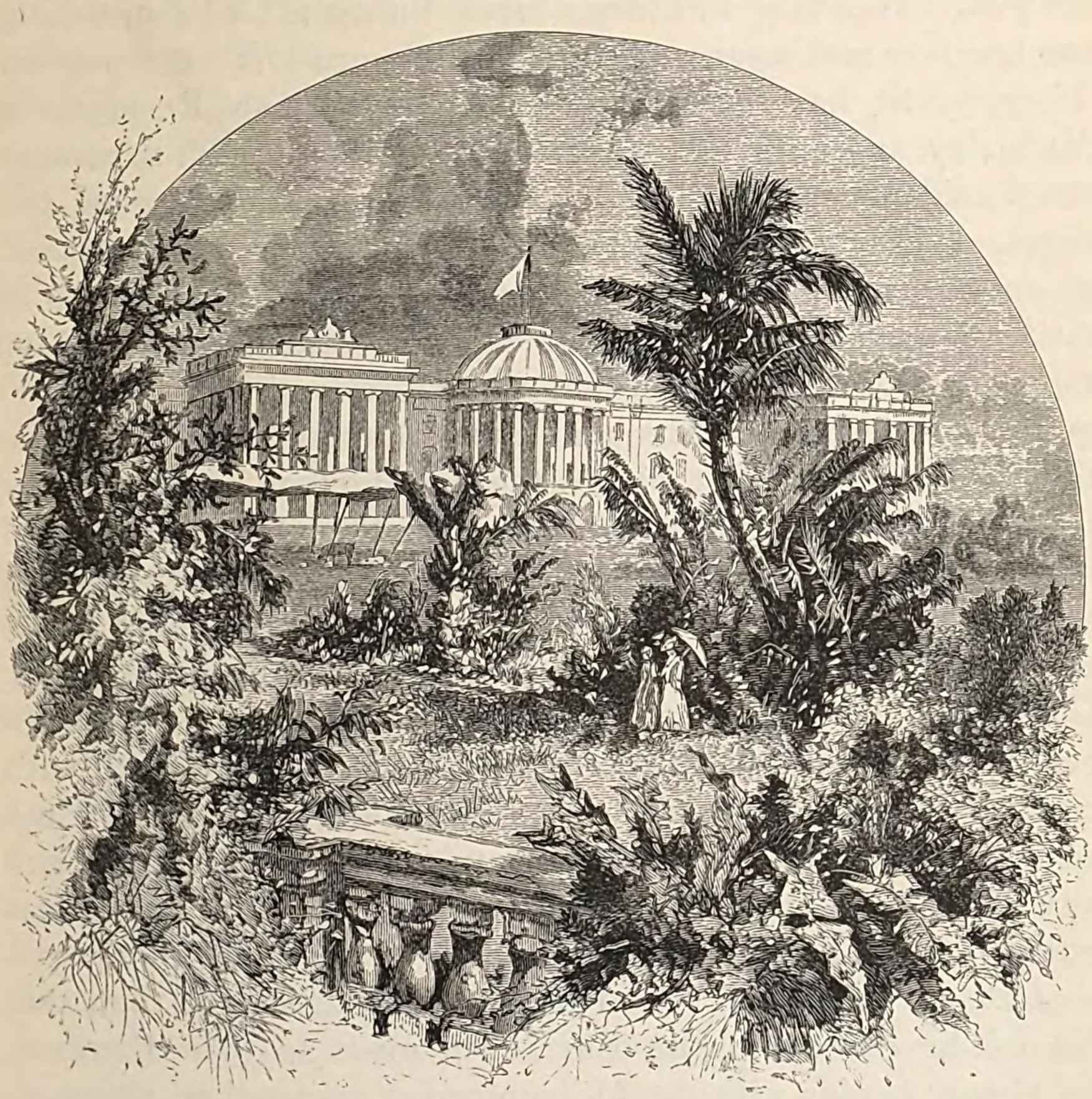
of Indian life, but which you shall not see until we come to Singapore. Every one has been telling us of the comfort we shall find in the mango, and that even though we came from the land of fruits, we shall surrender our peach and pear to its superior attractions. All that we have seen of it thus far has been a candied mango, sent by our friend the Maharajah of Bhurtpoor, but so killed by the sugar that it might easily have been a pumpkin or a melon rind. We have had also a curry of mango, but the flavor was so crushed under the spices that it might have passed for radish or celery. As a tree, however, it is royal, green, and rich. We note, also, the tamarind-tree, under which you cannot pitch your tent because of the unwholesome exhalation. Here is the pipel and the Japanese acacia, the banana, with its hospitable leaves, the bamboo, the orange, unlimited cactus, until you grow weary of cactus, a very world of ferns, and the rose in endless profusion. You observe that all animal life enjoys a freedom unusual to our rapacious, destroying eyes, accustomed as we are to look upon everything that God has made as something for man to kill. In India animal life, from the insect to the prowling beast from the jungle, is ever near you. I presume it arises from the religion of the natives, which throws protection over all animal nature. As you stroll through Indian gardens, or about an Indian forest, you see animal life in every form. The monkey, for instance, is more common than the squirrel at home. When you sit down at your picnic table the birds of prey circle around and around you, until the meal is done, to take your place. We return from Barrackpoor to Calcutta in time to dress for a state dinner at the Government House, the last to be given by Lord Lytton before leaving for Simla. This dinner was made an occasion for presenting General Grant to the leading members of the princely native houses.

We had a reception of this kind in Bombay, but the scene in Calcutta was more brilliant. When the dinner was over, and Lord Lytton escorted Mrs. Grant to the reception-room, the halls were filled with a brilliant and picturesque assembly. A company of native gentlemen looks like a fancy-dress ball.

There is no rule governing their costumes. They are as free to choose the color and texture of their garments as ladies at home. I cannot but think that our heathen friends have learned better than ourselves the lesson of dress, especially for the tropics. We swathe ourselves in dismal and uncomely black, and here in India, where every feather's weight you lift from your raiment is a blessing to body, the Englishman so lacks in imagination and enterprise that he endures the same cloth which he wore in Berkeley Square. The natives were in loose gowns of cool, flexible stuffs, that seemed to play and dally with the heat, and as they streamed about in their airy, flowing, fleecy gowns, they looked more sensible than we civilians in our black evening dress, or the officers girded to the throat with scarlet cloth and braid. There is something for the eye in the varied hues of Indian costumes, and as to splendor, I suppose that one of the jewels that hung from the neck of the Prince of Oude, or the diamond that blazed from the finger of one of the rajahs, was worth ten times more than all the clothes worn by the Europeans.

The native gentlemen and princes of high rank were presented by the Viceroy to General Grant. Some of these names were the foremost in India. Some are deposed princes, or descendants of deposed princes. Others were Brahmins of high caste; some rich bankers and merchants. The son of the King of Oude came with his son. He has an effeminate, weak face. On his head he wore a headdress shaped like a crown, and covered with gold-foil and lace. The King of Oude lives in Calcutta, on an allowance of six hundred thousand dollars a year. He does not come near the Government House, partly because he is so fat that he cannot move about, except in a chair, more probably because he is a kind of state prisoner on account of his supposed sympathies with the mutiny. The old king spends a good share of his income in buying animals. He has a collection of snakes, and is fond of a peculiar kind of pigeon. A pigeon with a blue eye will bring him good fortune, and if one of his Brahmin priests tells him that the possession of such a bird is necessary to his happiness, he buys it. Re-

cently he paid one thousand pounds for a pigeon, on the advice of a holy Brahmin, who, it was rumored, had an interest in the sale. Not long since the king made a purchase of tigers, and was about to buy a new and choice lot, when the Lieutenant-Governor interfered and said his Majesty had tigers enough. My admiration for the kingly office is so profound that I like



GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

it best in its eccentric aspects, and would have rejoiced to have seen so original a majesty. But his Majesty is in seclusion with his snakes, his tigers, his pigeons, his priests, and his women, and sees no one, and we had to be content with seeing his son. This prince seemed forlorn, notwithstanding his bauble crown, his robes, and his gems, and hid behind the pillars and

in corners of the room, and avoided general conversation. Another noted prince was the descendant of Tippoo Soltan, a full-bodied, eager Moslem prince, with a flowing beard, and character in the lines of his face. This prince has been in England, talks English well, and is a loyal subject of the Crown.

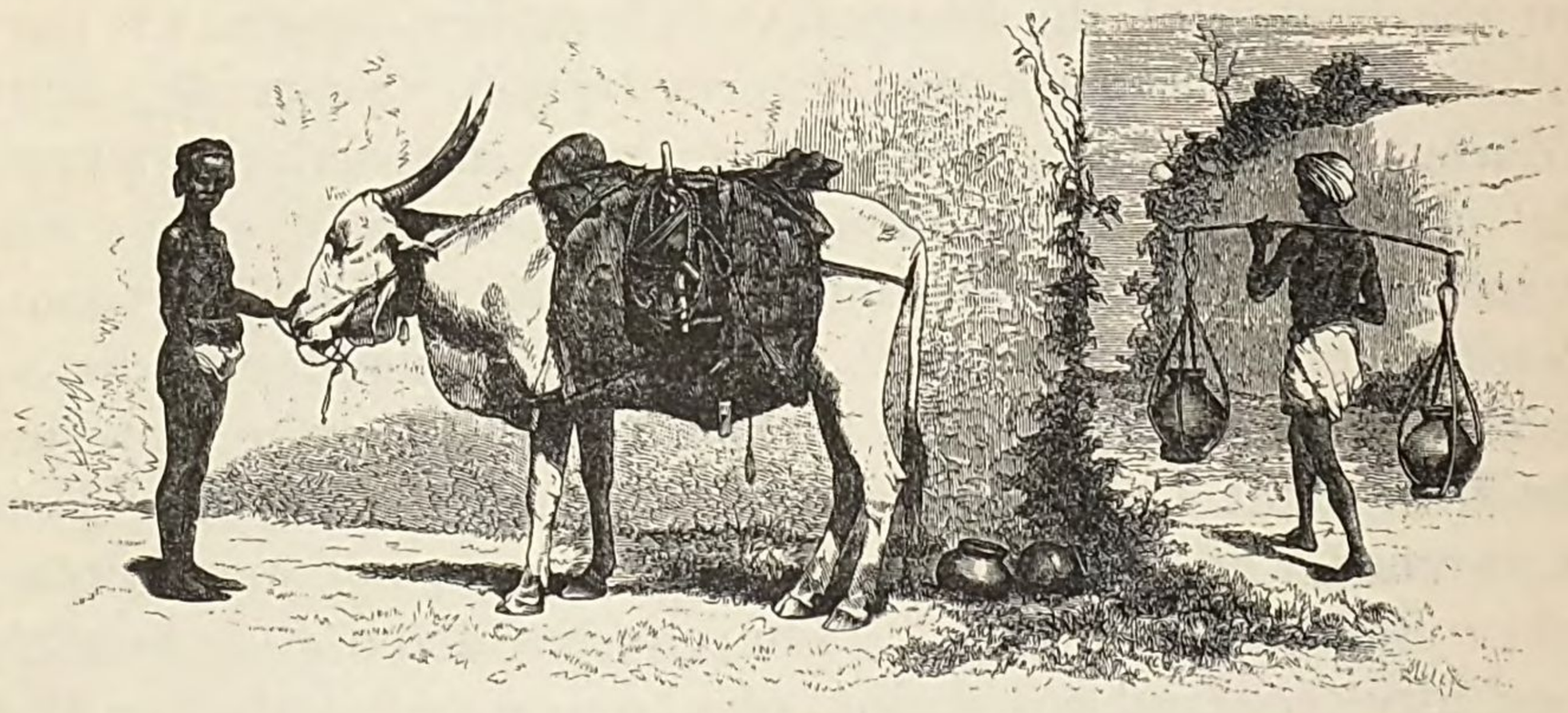
More interesting were the young prince from Burmah and his wife. We have had news from Burmah. The new king has taken to evil ways, especially in the murder of his relations. They say he has threatened to kill the British Resident in Mandalay, and a force of troops has gone to Burmah to protect the Resident. And all Calcutta is horror-stricken over the news. I do not know how true it all may be. I have noticed, as an instructive coincidence in the history of British rule in Asia, that some outrage, some menace to British power always takes place about the time that the interests of the empire require more territory. England wants Burmah, and its annexation is foregone. But about the murders of his family by the king I suppose there can be no doubt. This prince and princess are refugees, under the protection of the vice-regal court. The princess was a pretty little lady, with almost European features, and was the cynosure of the evening. Mrs. Grant had quite a conversation with her, and was struck with her vivacity and intelligence. The General conversed with most of the natives present—with all, indeed, who spoke English—and informed the Viceroy that he regarded the opportunity of meeting them as among the most agreeable and interesting features of his Indian journey.

Calcutta itself was found to be more European than any city we have seen in the East, even more so than Bombay. Its history begins with the Mohammedan occupation, although there are Hindoo legends going back to the age of fable. But every part of India has these legends, and Calcutta has no prominence worth considering but what came from the English occupation and the selection of the city as the capital. Calcutta, when the headquarters of the East India Company, knew a career of uninterrupted prosperity, and marks of this you see in all parts of the city. Considering how much money

has been taken out of India, that during the reign of the company the policy was simply to scrape up every penny for revenue and dividends, it shows the wealth of the country that enough should have remained behind to give Calcutta its splendor. The monuments are worthy of note. One building in the Ionic style of architecture commemorates James Prinsep, an eminent student of science. There is a monument to the officers who died in the Gwalior campaign, built of Jeypore marble. The Eden Gardens were laid out by the Misses Eden, sisters of the former Viceroy, Lord Auckland. Here the band plays every evening. There is also a stately column to Sir David Ochterlony, one hundred and sixty-five feet high, with a Saracenic capital. Ochterlony was one of the great men in the history of the company. There is a statue to Lord William Bentinck, who was Viceroy forty-five years ago, when Macaulay was in India. The statue bears an inscription written by Macaulay, in which Bentinck is honored as the man who "infused into Oriental despotism the spirit of British freedom," "who abolished cruel rites" and "effaced humiliating distinctions." There are statues to Lord Hardinge, who governed India in 1848; Lord Mayo, who was assassinated in 1870; Lord Lawrence, who won fame in the mutiny, and Sir James Outram, the "Bayard of the East." The city has about four hundred and fifty thousand population, of whom three-fourths are Hindoos, and not more than twenty-one thousand Europeans. After the Hindoos the Mussulmans predominate. There are a few Parsees, but not so many as in Bombay. The Jews are rich, and interested in the opium trade. There are Portuguese, Armenians, and Greeks. The Portuguese have fallen into the serving classes; the others are merchants. There are a few Chinamen of the laboring classes, who are carpenters and shoemakers. There are some Arab merchants who trade with the Persian and Arabian Gulf and coasts, and a class called Oriahs, natives of Orissa, a careful, patient race, who perform the lower forms of labor.

Education is widely advanced in Calcutta. The Hindoo College was founded in 1824 for the teaching of English and

Sanscrit. Out of this came the University. The annual convocation for conferring degrees took place while General Grant was in Calcutta. The General, accompanied by Sir Ashley Eden, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and Sir Alexander Arbuthnot, the Vice-Chancellor, attended the convocation. The General and the Bishop of Calcutta sat on the Vice-Chancellor's right, and Sir Ashley Eden on his left. Degrees were conferred upon students from the various colleges throughout India, and the Vice-Chancellor made a speech which contained some interesting references to education in India. "The present scheme of Indian education," said Sir Alexander, "came into operation the year of the mutiny, and the two and



WATER-CARRIERS.

twenty years it had been in existence showed gratifying results." The speaker found reason for congratulation in the fact that the senate had passed rules for the examination of female candidates, and that under these rules a Hindoo young lady had passed with high credit. There was an increasing desire among the young men of Bengal that their wives and daughters should be educated. Sir Alexander continued his address by a complimentary allusion to General Grant, whose career, he said, was an illustration of what the Anglo-Saxon race had done in America. There is a medical college founded by Macaulay's friend, Lord William Bentinck. The school founded by Warren Hastings to encourage Arabic studies and

Mohammedan law still exists, but has not been very successful, appealing as it does to a small and special class of students. There is a college built under the terms of the will of Charles Martin, whose college, "La Martinière," we saw in Lucknow. One hundred thousand dollars were bequeathed by Martin "to establish a school for the education of a certain number of children of any sex to a certain age, and then to have them apprenticed to some profession, and married when at age." This bequest was invested until it became five hundred thousand dollars, when the school was founded, with a scholarship, at the time of the last report, of seventy-five boys and forty girls. The Free Church Institution, founded by Rev. Dr. Duff, has averaged over a thousand pupils annually for thirty-five years, and is a noble example of what missionary enterprise may achieve under wise and able direction. St. Francis Xavier's College, under the Jesuits, has four hundred and eighty scholars, and is among the best schools in Calcutta. To enumerate the various schools would prolong this letter, and I only allude to the prominent features of education in India as among the brightest features of British rule. Under the administration of the present Viceroy, Lord Lytton, every form of education has received an impulse, and the efforts of the government seem bent upon nothing so earnestly as upon the widest dissemination of knowledge and the training of the rising generation in English civilization. Whether the result of this policy will be to make the people more contented with the rule of Great Britain or not is a problem that excites the earnest thought of many of the English gentlemen with whom I have conversed. Education is a duty, however, and the wisest policy is what has been adopted, to spare no pains to open every avenue of thought and progress to the native mind and leave the result to Providence.

Lord Lytton left for the hills, and General Grant became the guest of Sir Ashley Eden, Governor-General of Bengal, to whose beautiful residence we removed on the afternoon of the 12th of March. Sir Ashley is one of the famous men in the British service, who has done noble work in India, and by

sheer force of character and ability has risen to one of the high places in the empire. His home, Belvedere, is on the site, as I was told, of the residence occupied by Warren Hastings, when that celebrated man was the governor of India. It is a noble building, almost suggesting the White House, and looking out upon a well-ordered park, and a lawn that would do no discredit to the cloisters of Oxford. In the evening there was a garden party, where we met the noted people of English and Indian race. Lord Lytton attended this feast for the purpose of taking his leave of General Grant. Before leaving he had a long and almost affectionate interview with General Grant, who thanked him for the splendor and hospitality of our reception in India. It was pleasant for us all to meet in Lord Lytton a nobleman who not only knew America in a public way, but had a familiar acquaintance with Washington City. The capital, when Lord Lytton lived there, and the capital to-day are, as the General told the Viceroy, very much changed. The Viceroy spoke of Everett and Webster and Clay and the men he knew; of ladies and gentlemen who flourished under Tyler and Fillmore, and were leaders of society, but who have vanished. It was pleasant to hear the Viceroy speak with so much cordiality and good feeling and appreciation of America, and when our talk ran into political questions at home, and party lines, it was gratifying to hear him say that he could not comprehend how an American who believed in his country could sustain any policy that did not confirm and consolidate the results of the war. Whatever the merits of the war in the beginning, the end was to make America an empire, to put our country among the great nations of the earth. Such a position was now every American's heritage, and its protection should be his first thought.

Lord Lytton's administration of India will long be remembered. I find, in conversing with the people, that opinions widely differ as to its character. It was curious to find the strong opinions that had been formed for and against the Viceroy. It showed that in India political feeling ran as high as at home. The moment the Viceroy's name is mentioned in

any Indian circle you hear high praise or severe condemnation. It seemed to me that an administration of so positive a character as to excite these criticisms is sure to make its impression on history, and not fall nerveless and dead. The criticisms passed upon Lord Lytton were calculated to raise him in the estimation of those who had no feelings in Indian affairs and



PICNIC UNDER BANYAN TREES.

saw only the work he was doing. One burning objection to his Lordship was his decision in a case where an Englishman received a nominal sentence for having struck a native a blow which caused his death. The blow was not intended to kill. It was a hasty, petulant act, and the native, ailing from a diseased spleen, fell, and, rupturing his spleen, died. The courts

treated the matter as an ordinary case of assault and battery; held that the native would have died anyhow from the diseased spleen, and so allowed the matter to pass without punishment. The Viceroy interfered and put a heavy hand on the judges, and all official India arose in arms. The idea of this young literary man, this poet, this sentimental diplomatist, coming from the salons of Paris and Lisbon to apply his poetic fancies to the stern duties of governing an empire in India—such a thing had never been known. How different this man from those granite statesmen who blew Sepoys from cannon and hanged suspicious characters and saved the empire. If the right, the consecrated right of an Englishman to beat a "nigger" is destroyed, then there is no longer an India. I cannot exaggerate the feeling which this incident caused. I heard of it in every part of India we visited. Even from the case as presented by the critics of the Viceroy, it seemed a noble thing to do. I saw in it one of the many signs which convince me that India is passing from the despotism of a company, who recognized no rights but those of large dividends and a surplus revenue, to a government before whom all men have equal justice, and which will see that the humblest punkah-wallah is as much protected as the proudest peer. When you read the history of India, its sorrow, its shame, its oppression, its wrong, it is grateful to see a Viceroy resolved to do justice to the humblest at the expense of his popularity with the ruling class.

It was at Sir Ashley Eden's entertainment that General Grant received intelligence that the "Richmond," which he had been expecting to meet him at Ceylon, had not yet passed through the Suez canal. This was a great disappointment to the General, because he hoped to have visited Ceylon and Madras. He had received a pressing invitation from the Duke of Buckingham, who governs Madras, as well as from the Governor of Ceylon; but to have waited for the steamer would have prolonged our stay for several days. The General felt that it would be unbecoming to trespass further upon the hosts who had been so kind to him, and learning that the steamer

"Simla," commanded by Captain Franks, was to sail for Burmah at midnight, he resolved to visit Rangoon. This resolution left Ceylon and Madras unvisited, to our regret; but it opened a new field of observation in a country full of interest, promising to be even more interesting. We had come to India late, because of our waiting for the "Richmond," and all the Europeans in India who could go were flying to the hills. Moreover, we all felt the heat so severely that even General Grant, who is an intense and merciless traveler, indifferent to the fatigues or the hardships of travel, was counting the days until we should pass the Straits of Malacca, and find comfort in the temperate zone at China and Japan.



LOW CASTES.

When we embarked on the "Simla" at midnight we took our leave of Sir Ashley, who came to say good-by. In taking leave of him we felt like saying good-by to India; and the thought that occurred to us all, and to no one more than General Grant, was one of gratitude for the splendid hospitality we had received. We had made a rapid tour, too rapid, indeed, to see the country as fully as we could have wished; but from the time of our arrival in Bombay, as the guests of Sir Richard Temple at Malabar Point, until we left the stately home of Sir Ashley Eden in Calcutta, we received nothing but kindness, unvarying and considerate, and the memory of which will always make us feel that our residence in India was a residence among friends.



ON THE "SIMLA."

CHAPTER XXX.

CONVERSATIONS WITH GENERAL GRANT—BURMAH.

WHEN morning came we found ourselves still steaming down the Hoogly. We found the "Simla" as comfortable as though it had been our own yacht. There were no passengers on board beyond our own party. Captain Franks was a young and able officer, and our run across the Bay of Bengal was as pleasant as over a summer sea. The nights were so warm that it was impossible to sleep in our cabins, and we sought our rest lying about on the deck. It adds something to the felicity of travel in the tropics to lie under the stars with the universe around you. The disagreeable part is the early rising, for with the dawn come the coolies with broom and bucket to scrub the decks. This is conducive to early rising, and I think we can all say that since coming to the tropics there has been no morning when we have not seen the sun rise. But being roused at dawn was never regarded by any of us as a hardship, except, perhaps, the doctor

and the colonel, whose views as to the rest and nourishment required by the human frame are conservative. But although this rising with the sun breaks awkwardly upon one's slothful civilized habits, it becomes in time one of the pleasures of the tropics. Then, if ever, you have what cool breezes come from the sea. You are sheltered from the imperious sun. If the coolie, with his brush and broom, comes to disturb you, your own servant also comes to comfort you with a cup of tea and a morsel of toast, and the fresh morning hours are all your own, for reading, writing, and meditation.

Many were the conversations which took place between General Grant and our party in reference to the great scenes and events in which he had taken part. It was while sailing over summer seas, like the Bay of Bengal, that General Grant found opportunities for recalling and commenting upon many incidents in the recent history of America. It seems to me that I can do no better service to the historian than to throw my memoranda of these conversations into permanent shape. There are few men more willing to converse on subjects on which he is acquainted than General Grant. The charm of his talk is that it is never about anything that he does not know, and what he does know he knows well. He is never vindictive, and never gossips, and when referring to men and things in his eventful career seems passionless and just. When I was in Hamburg I made a synopsis of some of his conversations and sent them to the *New York Herald.* Some of my readers may remember the profound impression created by what became known in the newspaper literature of the time as "The Hamburg Interview." Most of our journals took it up, and for weeks the statements it contained were the themes of comment and discussion. My own humble part in that publication was not overlooked, and I was interested in the variety of motives assigned to me by my brethren in the editorial profession. It was suggested at the time that I should take part in the controversy that swayed the country—that I should soothe military susceptibilities—that I should reconcile historical differences—that at least I should explain how it was that no bat-

tle had been fought at Lookout Mountain, when perhaps the most gigantic picture of modern times commemorated the event, and how it was that Shiloh was not a defeat, after it had been determined as such by the shoal of newspaper writers who floated about the gunboats at Pittsburg Landing. So far as these criticisms were personal to myself, they did not seem worthy of attention. My office was that of a reporter, and so long as General Grant did not challenge the accuracy of what was written it was not necessary for me to speak.



THE HOOGLY RIVER.

It is possible, however, that in reprinting the essential parts of "The Hamburg Interview," and in adding to it very largely from my memoranda of General Grant's conversations, controversy may again arise. I will say, therefore, that before I printed "The Hamburg Interview" in *The Herald*, the manuscript was submitted to General Grant. A great deal was omitted in deference to his wishes. But I make it a rule in all my publications concerning the General, whenever I have quoted him, to ask his permission to print, and to ask him also

to revise my report to see that I have quoted him correctly. It may not be uninteresting to add that it was not without reluctance that General Grant gave his consent. This arose from his dislike to appear in print. But it seemed to me that one who had played so great a part in the world's affairs should not pass away without being heard concerning events which he had governed, and which will live in history so long as American history is written. I do not claim the dignity of history for these conversations; I only claim that they represent the opinions of General Grant, and now go to the world with his knowledge and consent.

I note among our conversations one memorandum concerning his administration. "I hear a good deal in politics about expediency," said the General, one day. "The only time I ever deliberately resolved to do an expedient thing for party reasons, against my own judgment, was on the occasion of the expansion or inflation bill. I never was so pressed in my life to do anything as to sign that bill, never. It was represented to me that the veto would destroy the Republican party in the West; that the West and South would combine and take the country, and agree upon some even worse plan of finance; some plan that would mean repudiation. Morton, Logan, and other men, friends whom I respected, were eloquent in presenting this view. I thought at last I would try and save the party, and at the same time the credit of the nation, from the evils of the bill. I resolved to write a message, embodying my own reasoning and some of the arguments that had been given me, to show that the bill, as passed, did not mean expansion or inflation, and that it need not affect the country's credit. The message was intended to soothe the East, and satisfy the foreign holders of the bonds. I wrote the message with great care, and put in every argument I could call up to show that the bill was harmless and would not accomplish what its friends expected from it. Well, when I finished my wonderful message, which was to do so much good to the party and country, I read it over, and said to myself: 'What is the good of all this? You do not believe it. You know it is not

true.' Throwing it aside I resolved to do what I believed to be right—veto the bill! I could not," said the General, smiling, "stand my own arguments. While I was in this mood—and it was an anxious time with me, so anxious that I could not sleep at night, with me a most unusual circumstance—the ten days were passing in which the President must sign or veto a bill. On the ninth day I resolved inflexibly to veto the bill and let the storm come. I gave orders that I would see no one, and went into the library to write my message. Senator Edmunds came to the White House and said he only wanted to say one word. He came in looking very grave and anxious. He said he wanted to speak of the inflation bill, to implore me not to sign it. I told him I was just writing a message vetoing it. He rose a happy man, and said that was all he wanted to say, and left. When the Cabinet, met my message was written. I did not intend asking the advice of the Cabinet, as I knew a majority would oppose the veto. I never allowed the Cabinet to interfere when my mind was made up, and on this question it was inflexibly made up. When the Cabinet met, I said that I had considered the inflation bill. I read my first message, the one in which I tried to make myself and every one else believe what I knew was not true, the message which was to save the Republican party in the West, and save the national credit in the East and Europe. When I finished reading, I said that as this reasoning had not satisfied me, I had written another message. I read the message of veto, saying that I had made up my mind to send it in. This prevented a debate, which I did not want, as the question had passed beyond debate. There was only one word changed, on the suggestion of Mr. Robeson. I said, if I remember, that no 'patent-medicine' scheme of printed money would satisfy the honest sentiment of the country. Robeson thought the 'patent-medicine' allusion might be unnecessarily offensive to the friends of inflation. So I changed it, although I wish I had not. The country might have accepted the word as a true definition of the inflation scheme. The message went in, and, to my surprise, I received no warmer commendations than from the West. I remember one long

dispatch from James F. Wilson, of Iowa, a glowing enthusiastic dispatch. Bristow also sent me a warm dispatch, and it was that dispatch, by the way, as much as anything else, that decided me to offer Bristow the Treasury. The results of that veto, which I awaited with apprehension, were of the most salutary character. It was the encouragement which it gave to the friends of honest money in the West that revived and strengthened them in the West. You see its fruits to-day in the action of the Republican Convention of Iowa."



A CHAT WITH THE GENERAL.

"Nothing by the way," says the General, "shows the insincerity of politicians more than the course of the Democratic party on the financial question. During the war they insisted that the legal-tender act was unconstitutional, and that the law making paper legal tender should be repealed. Now they insist that there should be millions of irredeemable currency in circulation. When the country wanted paper they clamored for gold, now when we are rich enough to pay gold they want paper. I am surprised that our writers and speakers do not make

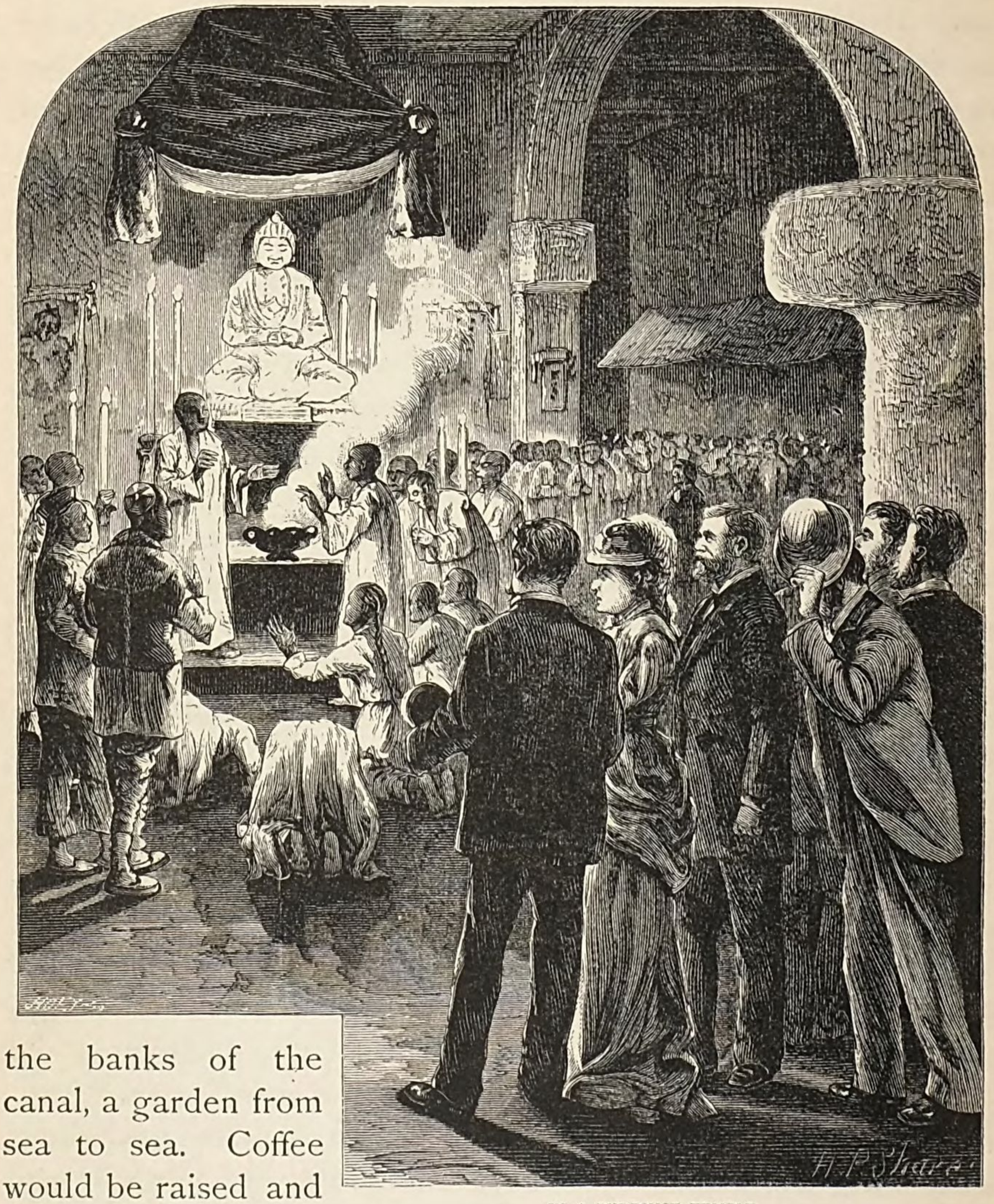
more of this extraordinary contradiction. It only shows the insincerity of so much of our political action.

"Financial questions at home," continued the General, "are settling themselves in spite of the politicians. Wherever our friends have tampered with silver bills and inflation they have suffered. Political leaders who make these concessions will be in about the same position as those who went after Know-Nothingism at the time the country had that scare. With a people as honest and proud as the Americans, and with so much common sense, it is always a mistake to do a thing, not entirely right for the sake of expediency. When the silver bill was passed I wrote General Sherman, and advised him to suggest to the Secretary, his brother, the plan of paying Congress in silver. I made a calculation," said the General, laughing, "that it would have taken about twenty wagons to have carried silver enough to the capital to have paid the Congressmen and the employés for one month. They could not have carried their pay off except in wheelbarrows. As they passed the bill it was proper that they should enjoy its first-fruits. It would have made the whole thing ridiculous. If I had been President, and could have raised silver enough for the purpose, the Congressmen would have had silver at legal rates. The men who voted for the silver bill, like the old Know-Nothing leaders, will spend the remainder of their lives in explaining their course. Already in the West you see the reaction."

"The question of public improvements," said the General, "is one that must attract the attention of our statesmen. I have been very much impressed with what France is doing now. You see the republic has voted one thousand millions of dollars, as much as the German indemnity, to build railroads, improve harbors, and so on. This is a magnificent work. In America the mistakes we made in the building of the Pacific railway has deterred our people from going any further. If that road had been built by our own engineers, with the system of accountability that exists in the army, millions would have been saved. But because we made a mistake then, we should not oppose all plans for developing the country. I gave

much thought, when I was President, to the subject of a canal across Central America, a ship canal connecting the two oceans. But, somehow, I had not influence enough with the administration to make it an administration measure. I did all I could to pave the way for it. My old friend Admiral Ammen did some admirable work. Mr. Fish did not feel the same interest, but he did all that was necessary. There are several routes for such a canal, but the best one is that through Nicaragua. The Lesseps plan cannot succeed. I studied the question thoroughly, and read all the reports. As a young officer I crossed the continent on the Nicaragua route, and I have no doubt that it is the true one. I may not live to see it done, but it must be some day. The route through Columbia is expensive and difficult on account of the rocks and streams. The Panama route would be difficult and expensive. There would be tunnels to cut. The tropical winter rains, and the torrents that would sweep into the canal, carrying rocks, trees, stones, and other *débris*, would make the keeping of the canal in order a costly business. On the Tehuantepec route the water would have to be raised so high, by a system of locks, that it could not pay. Nature seems to have made the route through Nicaragua. Ammen collected an immense mass of information on the subject, which now is in the Navy Department. It will be found of inestimable value when the time comes. Ammen showed great ability and industry in doing this work for another generation. Mr. Fish made drafts of all the treaties necessary with Costa Rica and Nicaragua. He also considered and arranged all the questions that might arise with foreign powers as to the control of the canal, and left everything to the State Department ready for action when the time comes. After Mr. Hayes came in, I called on Mr. Evarts and spent an hour with him going over the whole subject, telling him what we had done, and explaining the exact position in which I had left the question. I urged upon him the value of the work. I suppose, however, Mr. Hayes finds the same difficulty that I encountered, the difficulty of interesting people in the subject. But it will come, it must come. If we do not do it, our

children will. The governments of Costa Rica and Nicaragua are favorable. They would be the gainers. Our capital, our enterprise, our industry would go in and make a garden on



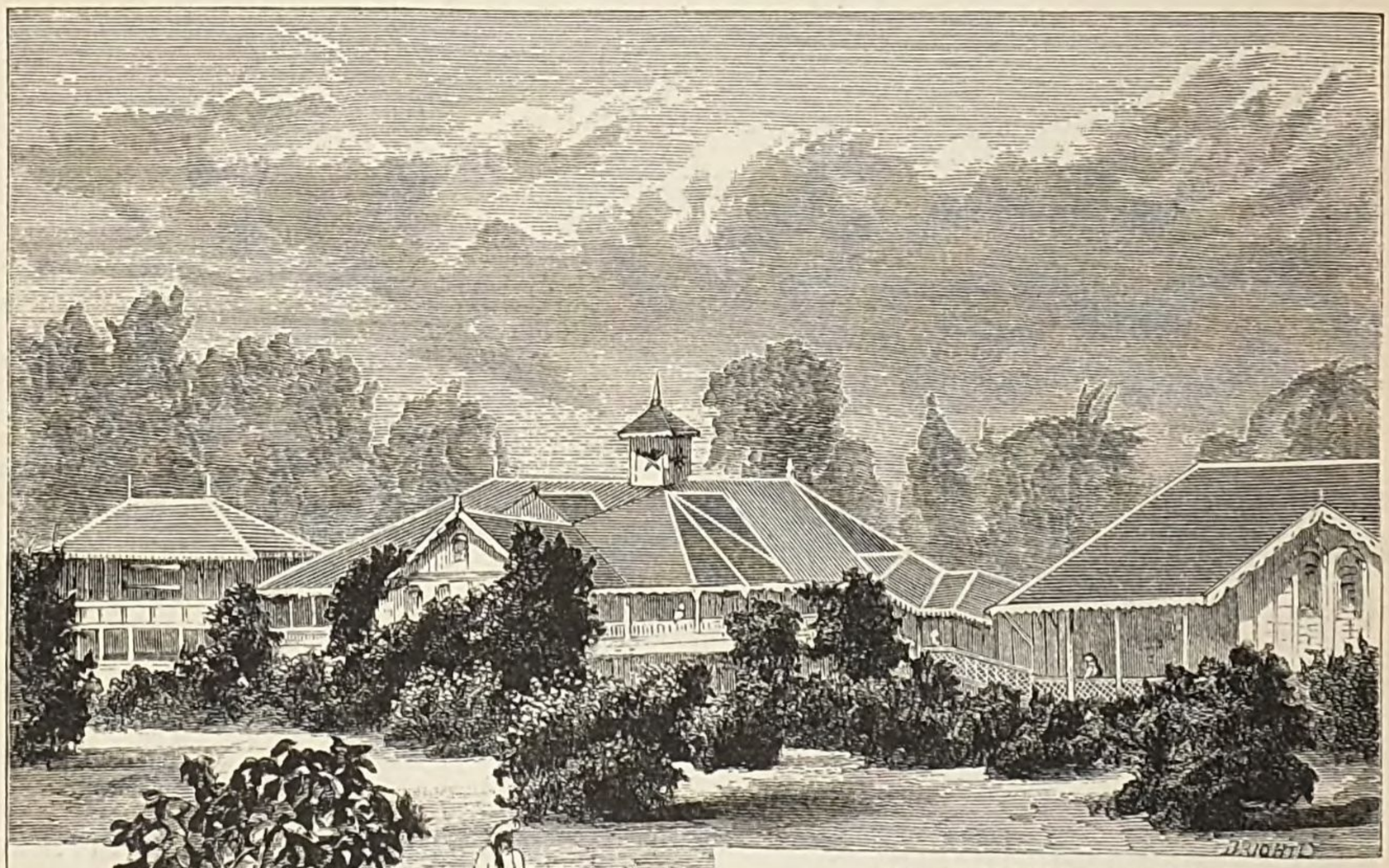
IN A BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

the banks of the canal, a garden from sea to sea. Coffee would be raised and other tropical crops enough for our own use and to supply other nations. It would be a great gain to the Pacific coast. When I talked to Stanford of the Pacific road, in the anticipation that his railroad interests would make him inimical to another trans-

port route, I found that he favored it. It would divert the tea trade from China. Ammen made a calculation showing that in the carrying of wheat alone enough would be saved to pay the interest on the eighty millions of dollars necessary to build the canal. And wheat is only one of the many products that would be benefited. I estimate eighty millions as the maximum figure. I counted the cost. Then I added twenty-five per cent. to the cost to cover waste and profit, then a hundred per cent. to allow for the unusual difficulties in the way of labor in the tropics. It would aid in solving the Chinese question. California would find a place for the Chinese laborers who are now worrying her. The more this question is studied the more our people will see its wisdom. Public opinion should be educated so as to press the subject upon Congressmen. The press could do no better work than to agitate the question. The only people who would be injured would be some of the South American States. My opinion is, it would add largely to the wealth of the Pacific coast, and, perhaps, change the whole current of the trade of the world."

An allusion was made to the differences of opinion that exist among a people as numerous as the English on great questions, and especially on the Eastern Question. "I did not know much," said the General, "about the Eastern Question until I came to Europe. The more I looked into it, the more I was drawn irresistibly to the belief that the Russian side was the true one. Perhaps I should say the side of Mr. Gladstone. On the Eastern Question there is more diversity in England than elsewhere. As I was traveling through the East, I tried hard to find something in the policy of the English government to approve. But I could not. I was fresh from England, and wanted to be in accord with men who had shown me as much kindness as Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues. But it was impossible. England's policy in the East is hard, reactionary, and selfish. No one can visit those wonderful lands on the Mediterranean, without seeing what they might be under a good government. I do not care under which flag the government flourished, English or French, Italian or Russian, its in-

fluence would be felt at once in the increased happiness of the people, toleration to all religions, and great prosperity. Take the country, for instance, that extends from Joppa to Jerusalem!—the plain of Sharon and the hills and valleys beyond. What a garden the French would make of that! Think what a crop of wheat could be raised there, within easy sail of the best markets! As I understand the Eastern Question, the great obstacle to the good government of these countries is England. Unless she can control them herself she will allow



OUR RESIDENCE IN RANGOON.

no one else. That I call a selfish policy. I cannot see the humanity of keeping those noble countries under a barbarous rule, merely because there are apprehensions about the road to India. If England went in and took them herself I should be satisfied. But if she will not, why keep other nations out? It seems to me that the Eastern Question could be settled easily enough if the civilizing powers of Europe were to sink their differences and take hold. Russia seems to be the only power that really means to settle it, and it is a mistake of England that she has not been allowed to do so with the general sympathy of the world."

This led to a rambling talk about the countries of Europe which the General had visited. "The two sections of my tour," said the General, "which, as a mere pleasure-jaunt, were most agreeable, were Sweden and Norway, and Egypt. If I were to indicate a model European trip, I would say, Egypt in the winter, Sweden and Norway in the summer. I would like nothing better than to take a dahabeeah and go up the Nile next winter. It is the perfection of winter climate, just as Sweden and Norway have the perfection of summer climate. England was of course the most enjoyable part of the trip in other respects. It was the next thing to going home. Scotland was especially interesting. I enjoyed my visit to Dunrobin, where the Duke of Sutherland lives, and also to Inverary, the home of the Duke of Argyle. I was prepared to like the Duke of Argyle from his course in our war, and I left Inverary with the greatest respect and esteem for him. I met no man in Europe who inspired a higher feeling than the Duke. I received nothing but the utmost kindness from every Englishman, from the head of the nation down. Next to my own country, there is none I love so much as England. Some of the newspapers at home invented a story to the effect that the Prince of Wales had been rude to me. It was a pure invention. I cannot conceive of the Prince of Wales being rude to any man. I met him on several occasions in London and Paris, and he treated me with the utmost courtesy and kindness."

"Speaking of the notable men I have met in Europe," said General Grant, "I regard Bismarck and Gambetta as the greatest. I saw a good deal of Bismarck in Berlin, and later in Gastein, and had long talks with him. He impresses you as a great man. In some respects his manners and his appearance, especially when you see him in profile, remind you of General Butler. Gambetta also impressed me greatly. I was not surprised when I met him to see the power he wielded over France. I should not be surprised at any prominence he might attain in the future. I was very much pleased with the Republican leaders in France. They seemed a superior body of men.

My relations with them gave me great hopes for the future of the republic. They were men apparently of sense, wisdom, and moderation."

"I remember in Gibraltar," said the General, "talking with Lord Napier of our Mexican war. Lord Napier said he understood that there was a great deal of very savage fighting between the United States soldiers and the Mexicans, that he had read stories at the time of bowie-knife encounters and other savage performances. I told him that when we were in the army in Mexico we used to be amused at reading of the



SIGNAL PAGODA, RANGOON.

deeds of heroism attributed to officers and soldiers, none of which we ever saw. The Mexicans were badly commanded, and there was very little hard fighting during that war, at least nothing to be compared with what was seen afterward in our own. Our soldiers had only to show the bayonet at the Mexicans and they would run. As to the bowie-knife, I do not think one was used during the war. It was a pity to see good troops used as the Mexican soldiers were in those campaigns. I do not think a more incompetent set of officers ever existed than those who commanded the Mexicans. With an able general the Mexicans would make a good fight, for they are a courageous people. But I do not suppose any war was ever

fought with reference to which so many romances were invented as the war in Mexico."

"When our war ended," said General Grant, "I urged upon President Johnson an immediate invasion of Mexico. I am not sure whether I wrote him or not, but I pressed the matter frequently upon Mr. Johnson and Mr. Seward. You see, Napoleon in Mexico was really a part, and an active part, of the rebellion. His army was as much opposed to us as that of Kirby Smith. Even apart from his desire to establish a monarchy, and overthrow a friendly republic, against which every loyal American revolted, there was the active co-operation between the French and the rebels on the Rio Grande which made it an act of war. I believed then, and I believe now, that we had a just cause of war with Maximilian, and with Napoleon if he supported him—with Napoleon especially, as he was the head of the whole business. We were so placed that we were bound to fight him. I sent Sheridan off to the Rio Grande. I sent him post haste, not giving him time to participate in the farewell review. My plan was to give him a corps, have him cross the Rio Grande, join Juarez, and attack Maximilian. With his corps he could have walked over Mexico. Mr. Johnson seemed to favor my plan, but Mr. Seward was opposed, and his opposition was decisive."

The remark was made that such a move necessarily meant a war with France.

"I suppose so," said the General. "But with the army that we had on both sides at the close of the war, what did we care for Napoleon? Unless Napoleon surrendered his Mexican project I was for fighting Napoleon. There never was a more just cause for war than what Napoleon gave us. With our army we could do as we pleased. We had a victorious army, trained in four years of war, and we had the whole South to recruit from. I had that in my mind when I proposed the advance on Mexico. I wanted to employ and occupy the Southern army. We had destroyed the career of many of them at home, and I wanted them to go to Mexico. I am not sure now that I was sound in that conclusion. I have thought

that their devotion to slavery and their familiarity with the institution would have led them to introduce slavery, or something like it, into Mexico, which would have been a calamity. Still, my plan at the time was to induce the Southern troops to go to Mexico, to go as soldiers under Sheridan, and remain as settlers. I was especially anxious that Kirby Smith with his command should go over. Kirby Smith had not surrendered, and I was not sure that he would not give us trouble before surrendering. Mexico seemed an outlet for the disappointed and dangerous elements in the South, elements brave and warlike and energetic enough, and with their share of the best qualities of the Anglo-Saxon character, but irreconcilable in their hostility to the Union. As our people had saved the Union and meant to keep it, and manage it as we liked, and not as they liked, it seemed to me that the best place for our defeated friends was Mexico. It was better for them and better for us. I tried to make Lee think so when he surrendered. They would have done perhaps as great a work in Mexico as has been done in California."

It was suggested that Mr. Seward's objection to attack Napoleon was his dread of another war. The General said: "No one dreaded war more than I did. I had more than I wanted. But the war would have been national, and we could have united both sections under one flag. The good results accruing from that would in themselves have compensated for another war, even if it had come, and such a war as it must have been under Sheridan and his army—short, quick, decisive, and assuredly triumphant. We could have marched from the Rio Grande to Mexico without a serious battle."

In one of our conversations upon the General's desire to drive Maximilian out of Mexico at the close of the Secession war, the observation was made that such a war would have had an important bearing upon the fortunes of Napoleon. "No one can tell what the results would have been in France," said the General; "but I believe they would have been very important. Maximilian's life would have been saved. If Sheridan had gone

into Mexico, he would of course have saved Maximilian. We should never have consented to that unfortunate and unnecessary execution. I don't think Napoleon could have rallied France into a war against us in defense of slavery. You see that he could not rally it against Prussia. His empire, never really strong, would have had such a shock that it would most probably have fallen, as fall it did five years later, and France would now be a republic—minus Sedan. Mr. Seward's objection to my Mexican plan cost Maximilian his life and gave the



A BURMESE PLAY.

emperor five more years of power. Still, Mr. Seward may have been right. War is so terrible that I can conceive of no reason short of a defense of the national honor or integrity that can justify it."

This led to a conversation upon the character of the French emperor and of Napoleonism generally. "I have always had," said General Grant, "an aversion to Napoleon and the whole family. When I was in Denmark the Prince Imperial was there, and some one thought it might be pleasant for me to meet him. I declined, saying I did not want to see him or any

of his family. Of course the first emperor was a great genius, but one of the most selfish and cruel men in history. Outside of his military skill I do not see a redeeming trait in his character. He abused France for his own ends, and brought incredible disasters upon his country to gratify his selfish ambition I do not think any genius can excuse a crime like that. The third Napoleon was worse than the first, the especial enemy of America and liberty. Think of the misery he brought upon France by a war which, under the circumstances, no one but a madman would have declared. I never doubted how the war would end, and my sympathies at the outset were entirely with Germany. I had no ill-will to the French people, but to Napoleon. After Sedan I thought Germany should have made peace with France, and I think that if peace had been made then, in a treaty which would have shown that the war was not against the French people, but against a tyrant and his dynasty, the condition of Europe would now be different. Germany especially would be in a better condition, without being compelled to arm every man, and drain the country every year of its young men to arm against France."

"Any one," said the General, "who looked at the conditions of the war between Germany and France, and who knew anything about war, could not help seeing the result. I never in my own mind doubted the result. The policy of Germany had been to make every male over eighteen years of age and under forty-five a trained soldier, enrolled in some organization. When reinforcements were required the new levies were fit for the most desperate work from the first moment of taking the field. The French policy under Napoleon was far different. The empire distrusted the people—never gave the people its confidence. The people were not only distrusted, and kept from the discipline of arms, but were rendered as unfit as possible to become soldiers in an emergency. Losses sustained by the Germans were at once replaced by men as effective as those who had been disabled. Losses sustained by the French, if replaced, were by men who were an element of weakness



THE GANGES

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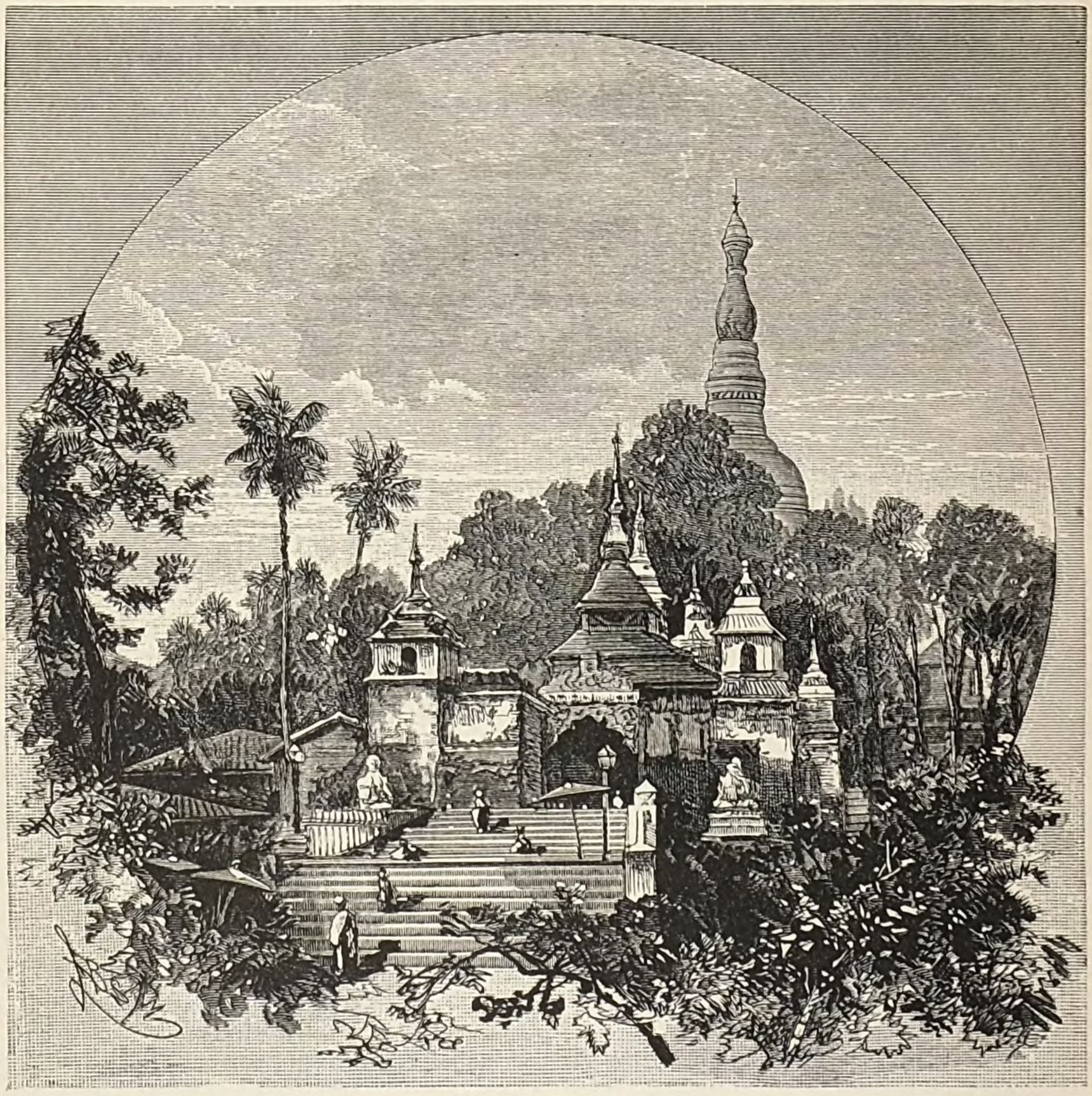


THE GANGES.

until they could have a few months training out of the way of a hostile force. Under these circumstances how was it possible for any one on reflection to doubt the result. There exists, and has since the foundation of our government always existed, a traditional friendship between our people and the French. I had this feeling in common with my countrymen. But I felt at the same time that no people had so great an interest in the removal of Napoleonism from France as the French people. No man outside of France has a deeper interest in the success of the French republic than I have."

"I never shared the apprehension felt by so many of our leading men," said General Grant, "as to the recognition of the Southern rebellion, as a Confederacy, by England or France, or by both. It used to be the great bugbear during the war that the Confederacy might be recognized. Well, suppose it had been recognized! It would not have interfered with Canby, or Meade, or Sherman, who would have kept on marching. I am sure I should not have drawn away from Richmond. It would not have interfered with our money supplies, as we were buying our own loans. It would not have affected supplies of men, as we did not have more than three per cent. of our army who were not full citizens when the war began. We would have gone on about the same, and ended about the same. The difference would have been with England. We could not have resisted a war with England. Such a war, under the conditions of the two countries, would have meant the withdrawal of England from the American continent. Canada would have become ours. If Sheridan, for instance, with our resources, could not have taken Canada in thirty days he should have been cashiered. I don't mean this as a reflection upon the patriotism or bravery of the people of Canada, they are as good a people as live, but facts were against them. We could have thrown half a million of men into their country, not militia but men inured to war. They would have covered Canada like a wave. Then, if you look at the map, you will find that the strategic and defensive points of the Canadian frontier are within our lines. It seems odd that Eng-

land should have consented to a treaty that leaves her colony at the mercy of another country, but so it is. There is no English soldier who would risk his reputation by attempting to defend such a line against the United States. Well, England might have bombarded or occupied the Atlantic cities, or laid



THE GRAND PAGODA.

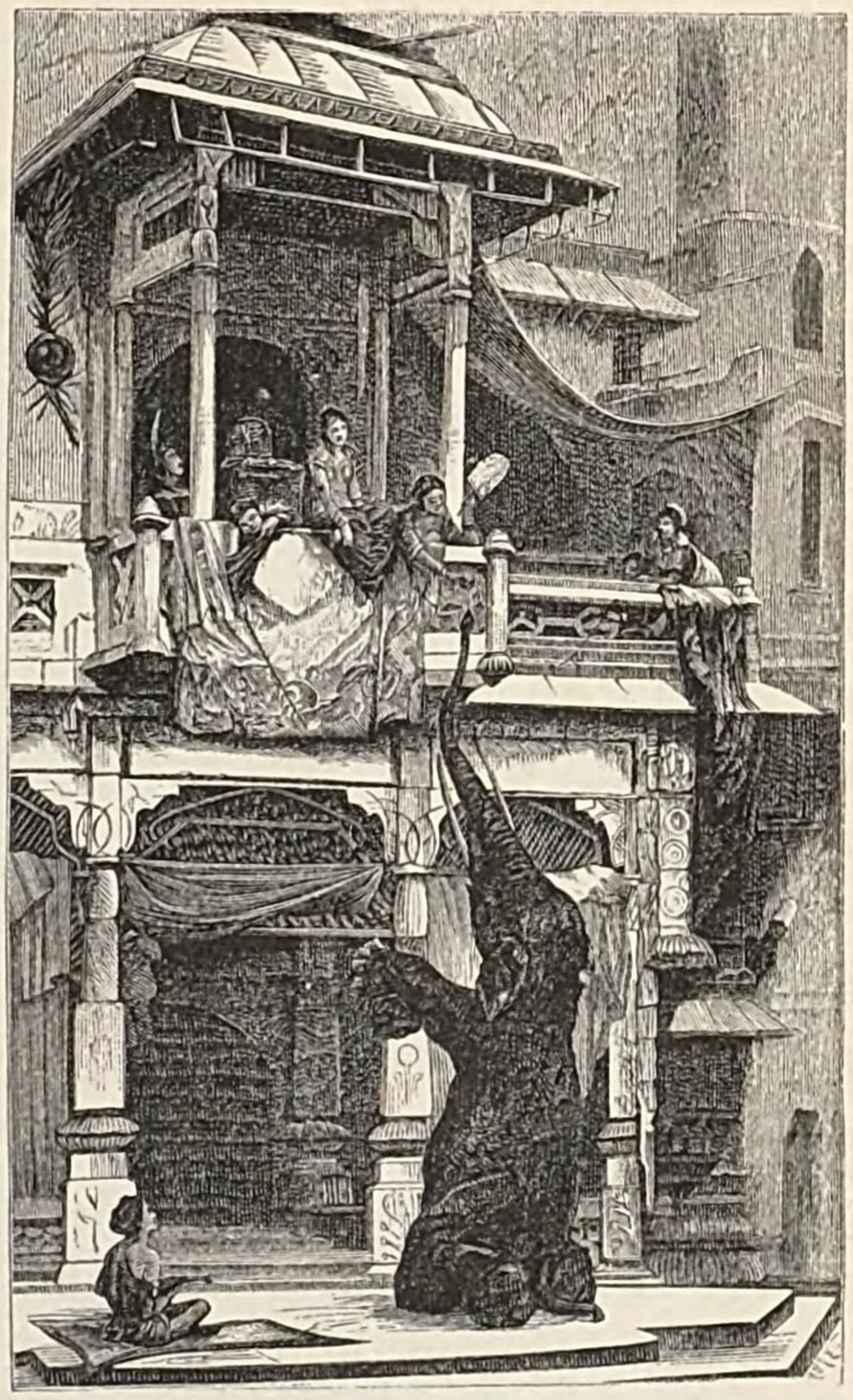
them under contribution. It does not do a town much harm to bombard it, as I found out at Vicksburg. If she had occupied the cities she would have had to feed the people, which would have been very expensive. If she had laid them under contribution the nation would have paid the bill, and England would have lost ten dollars for every one she exacted. She

might have blockaded our coasts. Well, I cannot think of anything that would do America more good than a year or two of effective blockade. It would create industries, throw us back upon ourselves, teach us to develop our own resources. We should have to smuggle in our coffee—we could raise our own tea. It would keep our people at home. Hundreds if not thousands of privateers would have preyed upon English commerce, as English-built ships preyed upon ours. The war would have left her carrying trade where our trade was. If England were to blockade our ports, she would succeed in nothing so effectively as in cutting off her own supplies of food. America really depends upon the world for nothing. England might have sent troops to help the South, but she would have to send many more than she did to the Crimea to have made herself felt. Her soldiers would not have been as good as Lee's, because they lacked training. They would have been simply so many raw levies in Lee's army. So far as I was concerned I see no end to such an intervention but the destruction of the English power on the American continent. Other nations would have come in. The moment England struck us, she would have been struck by her enemies elsewhere. It would have been a serious matter to have made such a war, so far as English opinion was concerned. For these reasons I never feared the bugbear of intervention. I am glad it did not take place, especially glad for the sake of England. I never desired war with England. I do not want an inch of her territory, nor would I consider her American possessions worth a regiment of men. They are as much ours now as if they were under our flag. I mean that they are carrying out American ideas in religion, education, and civilization. Perhaps I should say we are carrying out English ideas. It is the same thing, for we are the same. But the men who governed England were wise in not taking an active part in our war. It would have been more trouble to us, but destruction to them. We could not have avoided war, and our war would have begun with more than a million of men in the field. That was our aggregate force when the war ended, and it was a match for

any army in the world, for any at least that could be assembled on the American continent."

On the 19th of March we had crossed the Bay of Bengal, and when the morning rose we found ourselves at the mouth of the river, waiting for the tide to carry us up to Rangoon. It was noon before we reached Rangoon. Two British men-of-war in the stream manned their yards in honor of General Grant. All the vessels in the stream were dressed, and our jaunty little "Simla" streamed with bunting. The landing was covered with scarlet cloth, and among the decorations were English and American flags. All the town seemed to be out, and the river banks were lined with the multitude looking on at the pageant in passive Oriental fashion. As soon as our boat came to the wharf, Mr. Aitcheson, the Commissioner, came on board, accompanied by Mr. Leishmann, the American Vice-Consul, and bade the General welcome to Burmah. On landing, the General was presented to the leading citizens and officials and the officers of the men-of-war, the guard of honor presented arms, and we all drove away to Government House, a pretty, commodious bungalow in the suburbs, buried among trees. Mr. Aitcheson, our host, is one of the most distinguished officers in the Indian service. He was for some time Foreign Secretary of Calcutta. Burmah, however, is already one of the most important of the British colonies in Asia, and this importance is not diminished by the critical relations between British Burmah and the court of the king. Consequently England requires the best service possible in Burmah, and as a result of her policy of sending her wisest men to the most useful places, Mr. Aitcheson finds himself in Rangoon. We may be said, in fact, to have arrived in Burmah during a crisis, and we had read in the Calcutta papers of the deep feeling created throughout Burmah by the atrocities of the new king, who had murdered most of his relatives and was talking about taking off the head of the British Resident at Mandalay. We also read that there was excitement among the people, commotion, a universal desire for the punishment of this worthless king and the annexation of Upper Burmah. I expected to find the streets of Rangoon

lined with people, as at home during an exciting election canvass, clamoring against the king, demanding the beneficent rule of England. I only saw the patient, dreamy, plodding Asiatic, bearing his burdens like his brethren in India, content if he can assure a mess of rice for his food and a scrap of muslin for his loins. As to the rest, accept it as an axiom that when the moral sensibilities of the English statesmen in India become so outraged as to become uncontrollable it means more territory.



A KNOWING ELEPHANT.

Our days in Rangoon were pleasant. The town is interesting. It is Asiatic, and at the same time not Indian. You have left Hindostan and all the forms of that vivid and extraordinary civilization, and you come upon a new people. Here you meet the inscrutable John, who troubles you so much in California, and whose fate is the gravest problem of our day. You see Chinese signs on the houses, Chinese workmen on the streets, shops where you can drink toddy and smoke opium. This is the first ripple we have seen of that teeming empire toward which we are steering. Politically Burmah is a part of the British empire, but it is commercially one of the outposts of China, and from now until we leave Japan we shall be under the influence of China. The Hindoos you meet are from Madras, a different type from those we saw on our tour. The Burmese look like Chinese to our unskilled eyes, and it is pleasant to see women on the streets and in society. The streets are wide and rectangular, like those of Philadelphia, and the shade trees are grateful. Over the city, on a height, which

you can see from afar, is a pagoda, one of the most famous in Asia. It is covered with gilt, and in the evening, when we first saw it, the sun's rays made it dazzling. We knew from the pagoda that in leaving India and coming to Burmah we leave the land of Brahma and come to the land of Buddha and that remarkable religion called Buddhism.

In the sixth century before Jesus Christ came upon the earth there lived near Benares a man whose influence has not been exceeded by that of any spiritual teacher known in history. This was Sakya Muni, better known as Buddha—"The Wise." He belonged to the military caste descended from the sun, whose decendants still reign in Rajpootana, among them our friend the Maharajah of Jeypore. Sakya Muni was the son of a prince who reigned in a small territory about a hundred miles north of Benares. He was not a priest, but, on the contrary, belonged to a class upon which the priests looked down —the "military class," who governed states and commanded armies. He lived until he was thirty, as such princes are apt to do, seeking pleasure and excitement, ever ready for the camp or the chase. There came upon Sakya Muni in his thirtieth year a sense of unworthiness—a feeling that there were better things than physical gratification. He became an enthusiast, and, like Loyola, dedicated himself to religion—to the practice of the most severe forms of asceticism. Christian monasticism is pale in its exactions when compared with what an Indian devotee will undergo. To sit under a tree with an arm uplifted for years until the member shrinks and withers; to lie on the ground under the rain and sun; to stand all day on one foot; to go naked in winter and summer; to accept death in the most cruel forms, walking to a funeral pile and lying down among the flames; to live in the woods and the jungle, subsisting on roots and fruits and leaves—these are among the methods of the devotion which Sakya Muni embraced. He sat down under a tree and there remained in meditation for five years. He thought of the sins and sorrows of the world, its vanity and selfishness, the canker of ambition, the shame of vice, of the immorality of priests, the disrespect shown to sacred

things, and the general unsettling of all goodness and virtue. For five years he remained in silence, in seclusion, with no roof but the tree, exiled from court and palace and throne and the attraction of a military career. During these years of meditation he devised a new faith, and rising journeyed to Benares, the holy city, and preached his faith. The essential principle was that man by meditation might make himself so holy as to come into the possession of that knowledge which



ATHLETIC SPORTS.

God only bestows upon the most holy, and which raises the man himself to the rank of deity. In other words, that man by goodness might become God.

Many dogmas have been proclaimed by the various religious teachers who have arisen from age to age to control and lead mankind. But I know of none more daring or more fascinating than this which came to Sakya Muni as he sat under his tree, that man by virtue and holiness may make himself God. He became at the end of five years Buddha, and in this character, as the human expression of deity, visited Benares. For forty-five

years he preached his faith in Benares, and from place to place throughout India, making converts, encouraging disciples, planting the seeds of his religion, until when he died he had won a divine recognition, and his religion was so firmly planted that for centuries it was the religion of one-half the human race. Even now, although the Brahmins have expelled it from a greater part of India, you find it here in Burmah; and you know that it rules in China, in Thibet, in Japan, and is, perhaps, the dominant religion of the world. What is pleasant to know in the progress of this faith is that no blood was ever shed to enforce it. Mohammed founded a creed and an empire, but he carried his religion at the point of his sword. Sakya Muni, like Jesus Christ, was content with preaching and teaching, and, apart from the blasphemy which Christians see in the rejection of the deity, his teachings form a commendable code of moral law. Subtle expounders of these teachings have changed this law. Some believe in a Supreme Being, an eternal God, who remains in a state of everlasting repose—not an active and an angry God like that of the Jews, who slew enemies and visited his punishments upon the third and fourth generations of those who disobeyed the commandments. Others believe that this Supreme Being is only another name for nature, and that with him is a second deity associated, something like the Father and Son in our own Holy Trinity. These two gods unite and form a third being, who created the world, thus shadowing forth in a startling manner the mystery of the Trinity, and showing that the idea of the Trinity had been dimly seen by good men of the Indian race before our Saviour preached it. The leading theory in the Buddhist faith is repose, that with repose there may be meditation, and from meditation felicity. Another dogma is that there were other Buddhas before Sakya Muni; that each Buddha belonged to a separate world; that Sakya Muni's world will last five thousand years, when another will come and bring a new world with him. In this dogma one sees the doctrine of geological ages—of a Messiah coming again—of the destruction of the world. Each world leads into a higher stage of existence, so that even the exponents of Darwin's

theory of evolution may find that its essential principle was thought out more than two thousand years ago by an Indian prince sitting under a tree. There are many variations of this faith, the most important of which is that there are stages of moral development, men rising into higher grades of felicity by the sanctity of their lives. No one has ever succeeded in reaching to the knowledge which came to Sakya Muni, the profession of which is the creed of every Buddhist. There are various translations of this creed, which one finds written over the temples—"All things proceed from cause. Their cause hath Buddha explained. Buddha hath also explained the causes of the cessation of existence." This lacks the ringing, martial force of the creed of Islam—"There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet." It wants the supreme, majestic declaration recorded in the Hebrew Scriptures—"I am that I am." It fails in that lofty beauty with which John records the creed of Christians—"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made. In him was life; and the life was the light of men." But one notes a resemblance between the two creeds—the one of Buddha and that of John. Each recognizes the beginning of things, the Divinity which then reigned, and the end of things over which Divinity will reign; and the mystery which arose from the meditations of the Indian prince, as well as that which was revealed to the beloved disciple, is the mystery which to-day possesses and perplexes every Christian soul, and which will only be known in that day when all things are made clear.

There are other phases in the Buddhist faith which are worthy of mention. The institution of caste, upon which the Hindoo faith and the whole structure of Hindoo society rests, is not known in Buddhism. There is no priestly class like the Brahmins, claiming grotesque, selfish, and extraordinary privileges, descending from father to son; claiming honors almost divine, and teaching that all the good things of the world are

especially intended for the Brahmins. The priests, like those in the Catholic Church, are taken from any rank in life. They do not marry. They deny themselves all pleasures of sense,



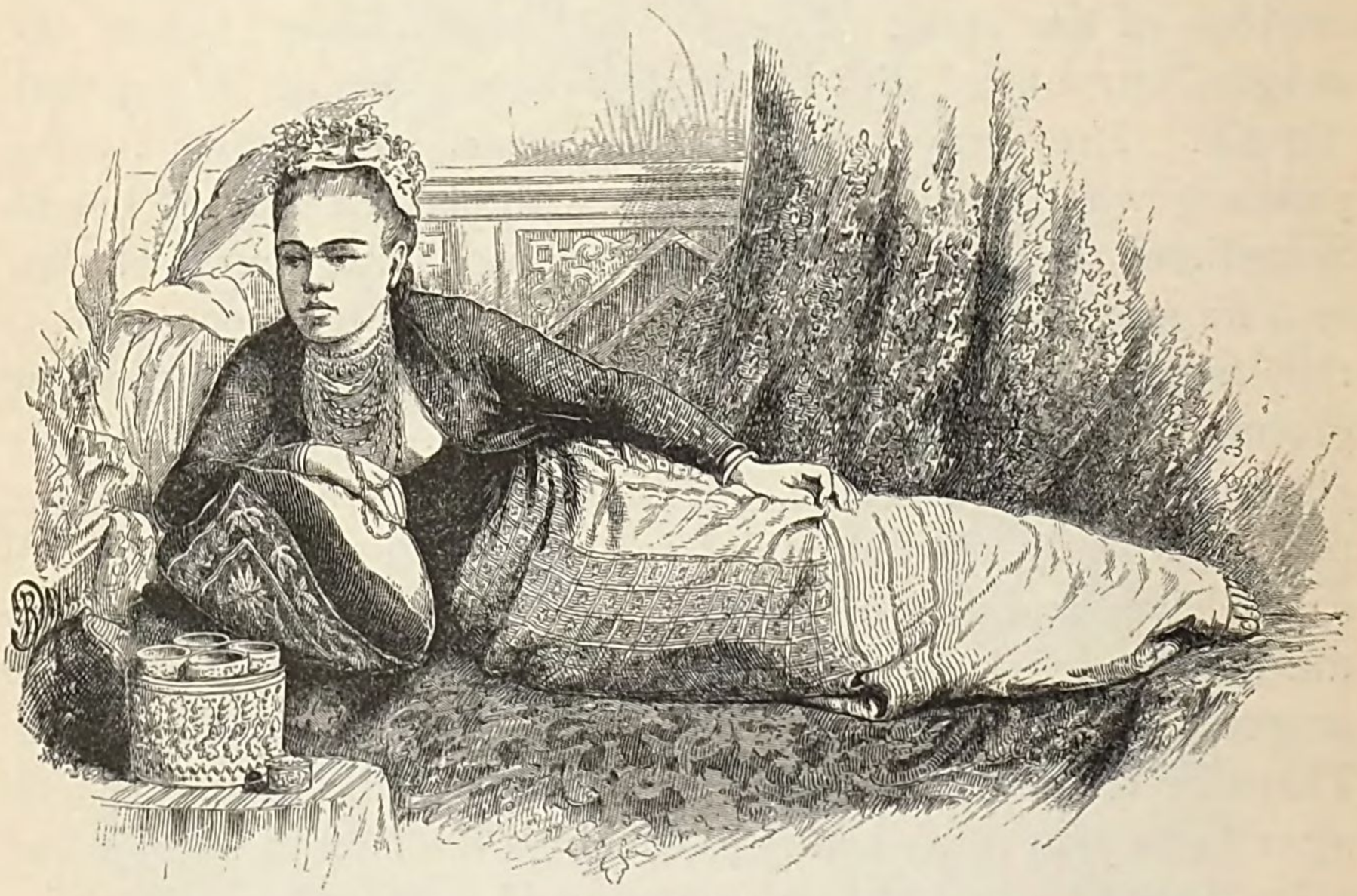
THE MERGUI ARCHIPELAGO.

live a monastic life, dress in yellow gowns—yellow being a sacred color—shave their heads and beards, and walk barefooted. They live in common, eat in common. When they sleep it is in a sitting posture. They go to church, pray, chant

hymns, make offerings to their gods—principal among them a statue of Buddha, sometimes alone, sometimes with his disciples. The statue of Buddha holds the same position in the temples of his faith that the statue of our Saviour holds in the Catholic churches. As you go into these temples you are impressed with other forms of resemblance between the two systems of worship. The priests go in procession. They chant hymns and prayers and burn incense. They carry strings of beads like the rosary, which they count and fumble as they say their prayers. There is no single solemn ceremony like the sacrifice of the mass. Priests and people kneel before the images, surrounded with blazing waxlights, the air heavy with incense. They pray together, the priests only known by the yellow gowns. They pray kneeling, with clasped uplifted hands. Sometimes they hold in their hands a rose, or a morsel of rice, or a fragment of bread as an offering. During their prayers they frequently bend their bodies so that the face touches the ground. They have convents for women. The temples are places of rest and refuge. Hither come the unfortunate, the poor, the needy, the halt, the blind, the belated traveller. All are received and all are given food and alms. As you walk into the temples it is generally through a lane of unfortunates, in all stages of squalor and wretchedness, abandoned by the world. Trays or basins of iron are stretched along the road, in which attendants pour uncooked rice. Animal life is held sacred, and a Buddhist temple looks like a barnyard, a village pound, and a church combined. Cows, parrots, monkeys, dogs, beggars, children, priests, sight-seers, devotees—all mingle and blend on a footing of friendliness, the animals fearing no harm, the men meaning none. A Buddhist priest will not kill an animal. His sacrifices do not involve bloodshed. Before he sits on the ground he will carefully brush it, least he might unwittingly crush an ant or a worm. This respect for animal life is so strong that some priests will wear a gauze cloth over mouth and nostrils least they inadvertently inhale some of the smaller insects which live in the air. I am curious to know what would become of this tenet of their religion if they were to examine

the air or water with a microscope. I am afraid the discoveries of the microscope would bring sorrow and shame to thousands of believing souls.

Our first visit was to the famous pagoda which rests upon Rangoon like a crown of gold, its burnished splendor seen from afar. The pagoda is in the center of a park of about two acres, around which are fortifications. These fortifications were defended by the Burmese during their war with the English, and in the event of a sudden outbreak, or a mutiny, or a war, would at once be occupied. During the Burmese wars the



A BURMESE BEAUTY.

pagoda was always used as a fort, and now, in the event of an alarm, or an invasion, or a mutiny, the troops and people would at once take possession. Ever since that horrible Sunday afternoon in Meerut, when the Sepoys broke out of their barracks, burned every house and butchered every woman and child in the European quarter, all these Asiatic settlements have a place of refuge to which the population can fly. A small guard was on duty as we passed up the ragged steps that led to the pagoda. There was an ascent of seventy-five feet up a series of steps—a gentle and not a tiresome ascent if you looked carefully

and did not stumble among the jagged and crumbling stones. On either side of the way were devotees at prayers, or beggars waiting for their rice, or booths where you could buy false pearls, imitation diamonds, beads, packages of gold-leaf, flowers, and cakes. The trinkets and flowers are given as offerings to Buddha. The gold-leaf is sold for acts of piety. If the devout Buddhist has a little money he lays it out on the pagoda. He buys a package of the gold-leaf and covers with it some dingy spot on the pagoda, and adds his mite to the glory of the temple. No one is so poor that he cannot make some offering. We observed several devout Buddhists at work patching the temple with their gold-foil. On the top of the temple is an umbrella or cap covered with precious stones. This was a royal offering, and was placed here some years since with great pomp.

Interesting, however, as Rangoon has been in its religious aspect, it was even more so as an illustration of the growth of an Asiatic colony under the rule of Great Britain. When Burmah was taken by the British it was believed that the East India Company would find it a costly and useless acquisition. Now it is one of the most valuable of the colonies, presenting a good field for capital and enterprise. Property is secure; the climate, under the sanitary regulations, as good as in any of the tropics, and labor is very cheap. The rice crop is the largest, reaching nearly 2,500,000 acres. About six-sevenths of the soil under cultivation is given to rice. Then comes tobacco, the betel-nut, and the banana. Unsuccessful efforts have been made to raise wheat, flax, and tea. Petroleum exists, although the New York brand was seen in every village we visited. There are mines of lead, iron, copper, antimony, and tin. But as all the mines yielded in 1877 only $30,000, they must be largely developed; but they add to the resources of the province. For generations there has been a trade in rubies and sapphires, gold and silver, and one of the titles of the king is the "Proprietor of the Mines of the Rubies, Gold, and Silver." These mines are undeveloped, and there is no correct knowledge of their value. The growth of Burmah, and especially the position of Rangoon, as the com-

mercial center, made a deep impression upon General Grant, who finds no part of his visit to Asia so interesting as the study of the resources of these countries and the possibilities of advancing American commerce. There is no subject, the General thinks, more worthy of our attention as a nation than the development of this commerce in the East. Practically we have no place in these markets. If our merchandise comes at all, it is in English ships. Americans who come to Asia see the fruits of American



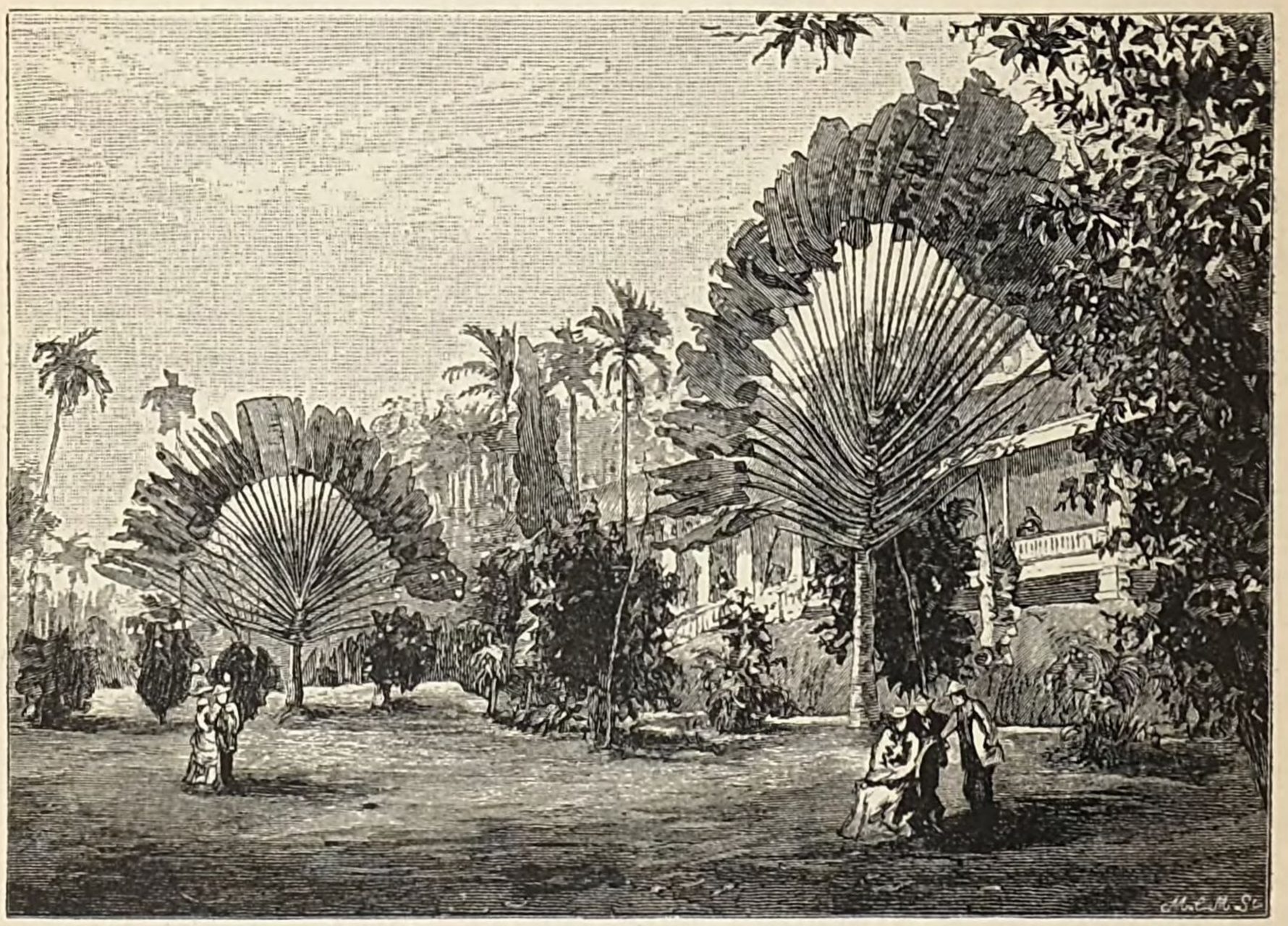
STREET IN RANGOON.

industry and capital, which before they enter the market must pay a tax to England in the shape of freights and the profits of English business. The whole trade is with Great Britain, British India, and the Straits Settlements. The Burmah trade embraced in one year four hundred and fifty-six vessels, while America entered and cleared thirty vessels. England has a virtual monopoly, and especially in calico prints and light silk and gauze goods. In one year this ran up to 30,000,000 yards. Clocks and watches, beads and false pearls, also form a large part of the imports. Machinery, matches, leather, salt, and

silks are also principal articles. The United States sent direct only forty dollars' worth of provisions. Even the petroleum came under other flags. The exports during the same time were rice, raw caoutchouc, a little cotton, raw hides, cutch, and jewelry—not an ounce going to the United States. Rice pays an export duty, which seems to be a hardship. Of course the fact that the British government rules Burmah aids largely in the monopoly of the trade. But the ports are as free to American ships as Liverpool and Cardiff. General Grant, speaking of these facts, and of the impression made upon him by British India, said he knew of no point which offered as good an opening for American enterprise as Rangoon. The principal articles of export—rice and hides—are always in demand in the United States. This gives a basis for trade upon which you can rely. The articles which Burmah receives can be manufactured as cheaply in America as in England. There is no reason why in cotton goods we could not surpass England, as we have our own cotton and our own labor. To meet this demand it is necessary to study the Oriental taste—what the natives fancy in the way of color, texture, and decoration. The English manufacturers send to the East for Oriental patterns and reproduce them. Ingenious men sometimes create a market, and there are no people more impressible than the Orientals. Some time ago the king put a new top on the pagoda. The occasion was observed as a fête. An enterprising dealer had a cheap calico handkerchief printed with a cut of the pagoda as it appeared with the new top, and opened his consignment in time for the fête. The result was that all Burmah ran after this handkerchief. Another article that could be imported from America so as to become a constant trade is ice. Ice is made by machinery; but it is poor, dear, and unsatisfactory, and the machinery is always getting out of order. Ice is a necessity in the tropics all the year round. An ice famine is one of the greatest calamities that can befall a European community. If proper houses were built for storing the ice it could be made a steady and profitable trade. Then we have petroleum and that infinite variety of knick-knacks called Yankee

notions. A trade based on those articles, established in Rangoon, would supply Burmah, permeate Upper Burmah, Siam, and China, and make its way into the islands and settlements.

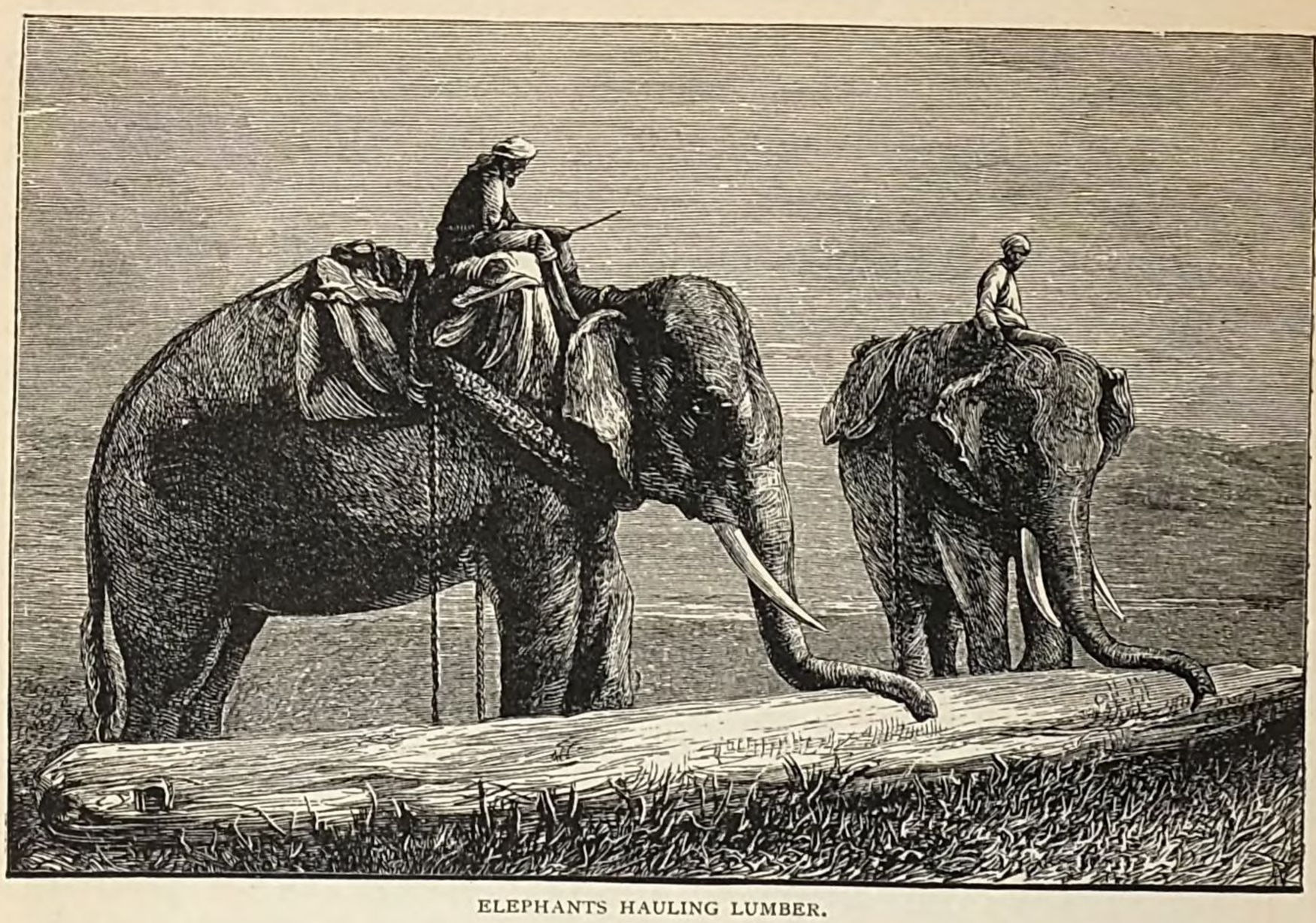
I throw out these ideas for any of my enterprising readers who care to seize an opportunity, even if they come to Asia to find one, and because it is a part of that interesting subject which now appears to be occupying the attention of our government—the extension of American trade. If, as Mr. Gladstone says, America is passing England in a canter in the race for



LIFE IN THE TROPICS.

commercial supremacy, the time would seem to be at hand when we should do something in Asia. To do this we should increase and strengthen our consular service. We should have as consular agents Americans, or gentlemen whose interests are in the development of American trade. Our consuls out here, so far as I have seen them, are good men, and you would not wish a better American, or one more alive to the business interests of the nation than the Consul-General for British India, General Litchfield. But in Rangoon we have a member of an

English firm—a gentleman who has never been in the United States—a most worthy man, but not interested in American trade. The reason he has been appointed is because there are no Americans in Rangoon but the missionaries, and in character, social standing, and so on, the appointment is a good one. The point I am making is, that the consular representatives of a great nation like America should have its own people looking after its own affairs. Englishmen know little and care less about our trade, and the government should do its part toward extending our commerce in the East by putting our interests in American hands; private enterprise will do the rest; and I am giving not merely my own opinion, which is nothing, but that of one whose judgment on such matters is surpassed by none other of our statesmen, when I say that no country in the East is more worthy of the attention of our merchants than Burmah; that the harvest is ripe, and whoever comes in will reap a hundred-fold.



ELEPHANTS HAULING LUMBER.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE STRAITS OF MALACCA.

AFTER leaving Rangoon we ran across to the little town of Moulmain. Here General Grant and party were received by Colonel Duff, the British Commissioner. There was a guard of honor at the wharf, and a gathering of what appeared to be the whole town. The evening after we arrived there was a dinner given by the Moulmain Volunteer Rifles, a militia organization composed of the merchants of Moulmain and young men in the service of the government. This dinner was given in the mess-room of the company, a little bungalow in the outskirts of the town. The next morning there was a visit to the wood-yards, where teak wood is sawed and sent as an article of commerce into various countries. The teak tree is a feature in the commerce and the industry of the peninsula, and is said to be the most durable timber in Asia. The Javanese name for teak illustrates its character, meaning true, real, genuine. It is only

found in a few places, being quite unknown in parts of India and the adjoining islands. Most of the wood comes, I was told, from Java, and we found in Moulmain and Rangoon large and flourishing industries devoted to teak. What most interested us in our visit to the yards was the manner in which the elephant is used as an animal of burden.

We have seen more or less of the elephant in our Indian travels, but always under circumstances to inspire respect—petted, decorated with joyous trappings in the suite of a rajah, or as a war animal in the British army. It seemed like a degradation to see an animal holding so high a place in our imagination hauling logs around a lumber yard. The elephant on the peninsula is a more amiable creature than his brother in Africa, and all through the Malay peninsula he serves as a beast of burden. In Ceylon and some parts of India he has done duty as game, but the Indian government has interfered and prevented the killing of the elephant, or even capturing him in his wild state except by permission of the authorities and for specified useful purposes. The extent to which the elephant can be trained is remarkable. His strength is enormous, and to this power he adds intelligence. He will lift the largest teak logs, and teak is among the heaviest of woods, and arrange them in piles. He will push a log with his foot against the saw, and carry the sawed wood in his tusks or his trunk. In all these maneuvers he is directed by the mahout, who sits on his neck and manages him with a goad, or more generally by a word. Sometimes an elephant is so wild and untamable as to be dangerous, and yet he will serve his masters. We saw one animal, who was pushing logs about, who had killed four or five of the workmen. He was kept in order by a lad who carried a sharp spear keeping the spear always near the elephant's eye. The elephant submitted to the moral influence of a pointed blade in the hands of a puny boy.

The spear is really only a moral influence. If the elephant really wished to attack the keepers a spear would be of little use beyond a stab or two. The memory of these stabs, however, was as effective to the elephant as chains or thongs,

and he rolled his logs about in the most submissive manner. The manner in which the elephant kills a victim is to rush upon and trample him, or to throw him in the air with the trunk and trample him when he falls. The animal has im-



IN THE TROPICS.

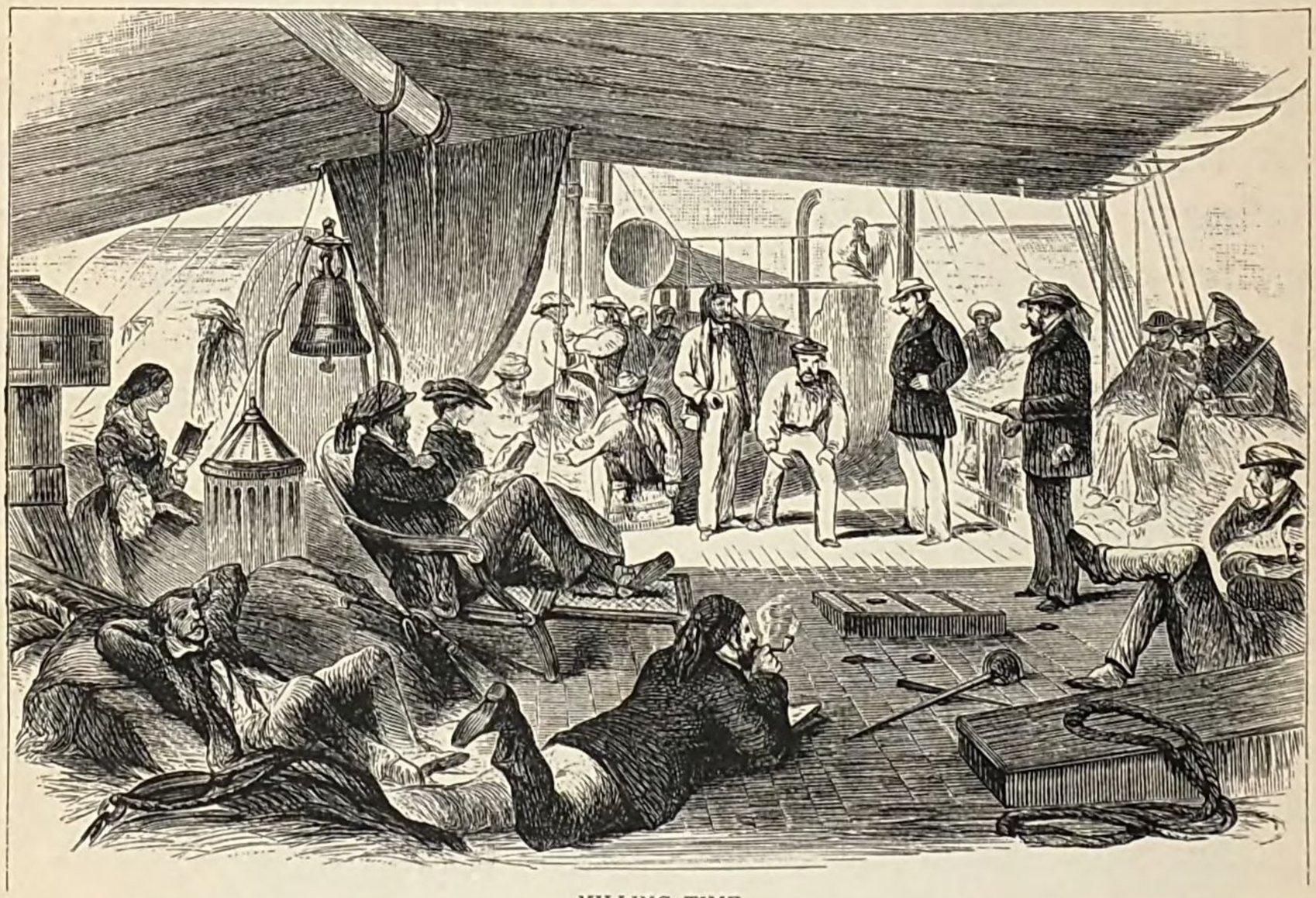
mense power in the trunk, delicacy and precision in touch, as well as crushing strength. He will pick up a banana or a wisp of grass as surely as a log. The difficulty about using the elephant as we saw it used is the cost. He is an expensive animal, and the cost of supplying him with fruit or bread is large. This

cost is diminished at such places as Moulmain or Rangoon by allowing him to roam in the jungle and eat branches and leaves, just as we turn the horse loose on the village common. Even this, however, is attended with trouble, for the elephant will sometimes wander into the jungle and not return. In that case the tamer elephants are sent after, who capture and punish the recusant brute. There is no efficient way of punishing the elephant except by the aid of other elephants. A few days before we came to Rangoon one of the animals demurred to go on a boat. Two others were marched up, and, under the directions of the mahout, they pounded the resisting animal with their trunks until, for his life's sake, he was glad to embark. Elephants learn the ways of civilized labor. When the bell rings for dinner he will drop his log and march away. If he has been trained to rest on Sunday, no power can make him work on the seventh day of rest. He must have that day for his frolic in the jungle. As a general thing the elephant never becomes really dangerous except at periodical times. There is a belief that he will not breed in captivity; but this is not borne out by the experiences of those who own elephants in Burmah. As labor-saving machinery is introduced, the use of the elephant is abandoned, and in a short time I suppose he will be given up altogether as a laborer in lumber yards and saw-mills.

On March 28th we came to Penang. It was necessary for us to advance slowly on account of the narrow channels and treacherous current. The authorities received General Grant with great distinction, regretting they could not fire a salute because of the serious illness of a British officer in the fort. Mr. Borie did not feel equal to the task of the long drive to the Government House On the 29th of March there was a reception at the town-hall. Addresses were presented to General Grant by the British residents and the Chinese.

Penang is a British island, embraced in the colony known as the Straits Settlements, and is under the rule of the Governor of Singapore. It is on the western end of the Straits of Malacca, and in north latitude 5° 25′, east longitude 100° 21′.

It is about fifteen miles long and seven broad, and, with the exception of a plain of three miles wide, is a mass of granite. Penang was taken by the British in 1786. At that time the island was a forest, and now it is one of the most beautiful and prosperous settlements in the peninsula. The natural beauty is very great, and there was something that reminded us of New England in the frowning granite cliffs over which water was dashing. The average temperature is 80°. The house of



KILLING TIME.

the Governor is on the mountain, two thousand four hundred and ten feet above the level of the sea. Here the temperature averages 70°. As it was late when we arrived, and we were bidden to leave next day, and the way was difficult, going on chairs and ponies up a narrow mountain road, none of the party except the General and his son accepted the Governor's kind invitation to be his guests. We remained on the "Simla," and in the morning, at six, went ashore to drive around and breakfast with the Chief Justice. Our drive was to the foot of the mountain, through forests of palm. Here we saw the nutmeg tree. At one time the nutmeg was one of the most abundant and profitable crops in Penang; but a blight came and

the trees nearly all perished. Now the cocoa-nut has taken its place, and, as it is a hardy plant and has abundance of sea air, there is no reason why it should not be prosperous. We drove to the foot of the mountain, where there was a small inn, and a swimming bath of water that came from the mountains. High granite cliffs were around us, and there were deep ravines torn by nature in some volcanic mood. Not long since one of these cliffs suddenly broke away and rolled into the valley. We saw the fragments, among which workmen were busy. Some Malays climbed the palm-trees and threw down cocoa-nuts that we might taste the milk. The Malay climbs the tree as expertly as a monkey, and went up and down the slender trunk as easily as though it had been a staircase. The milk was served in tumblers. It had an insipid, medicinal taste, which none of us seemed to relish. Here also grew the sensitive-plant in profusion, which withered and turned brown at the slightest touch. The point of a pin, or a glove, or a finger would shrivel up the largest plant. It was almost sad to see the green, modest, smiling plant surrender at the first small touch, and become a brown unsightly shrub. In the morning, however, it becomes green again, and unmasks its beauty to the sun.

Our day in Penang was pleasant, thanks to the hospitality of those who took us into their cheerful, luxurious homes. The General came down from the hill at four in the afternoon, and after the reception, and a drive about the town, which took about two hours, the whole party embarked on the "Simla." The population were on the wharf to see us off; the Governor, the authorities, troops in line, and a body of Chinese merchants. We had a quiet sail during the night, and the warmth of the sun, which made even sleeping on the deck uncomfortable, showed that we were coming near the equator. When the morning came we were approaching the town of Malacca. This famous town lies in north latitude 2° 14′, and east longitude 102° 12′. The sea was a dead calm, and as the bay is shallow we came to anchor about three miles from shore. There was a British gun-boat at anchor, the "Kestrel," commanded by Commander

Edwards of the Royal Navy. The commander came on board to pay his respects to the General. One of the officers was down with a fever, and among the blessings of our coming was some ice, of which we had a remnant. This was sent to the sick gentleman, and was so scarce that it was treasured as carefully as though it were gold. One of the hardships of travel in the tropics is the scant supply of ice. What you have is machine-



A STREET IN PENANG.

made, and is of so poor a quality that it melts almost as soon as it touches the water. After breakfast our party went ashore in the boat of the "Kestrel," Commander Edwards acting as the General's escort. We climbed the hill, and strolled through the ruins of the old Portuguese cathedral and deciphered the names on the tombs. Then we drove around the town in close-covered carriages. There was nothing especially interesting. The inhabitants were Chinese and Malays; the Chinese having quietly assumed the business, and taken the lead of the natives, as indeed Chinamen are doing all through the archipelago. On our return to the wharf to re-embark we met the Governor,

Captain Shaw, who was coming in from his country-seat. He did not know the General was coming; had only just learned of his arrival, and had not even had time, he said, to put on his uniform. The General thanked the captain, who is a fine specimen of a bluff, honest English naval officer. The General thanked the captain for his kind purposes, but could not wait longer in Malacca, being due next day in Singapore. The General and Captain Shaw sat under the covered landing on the edge of the wharf, and had a half-hour's talk about the town and the province. As the sun went down we slowly steamed over a calm sea toward Singapore, where we were to learn, as we did with sorrow, of the death of Captain Shaw, which took place a few days after our departure.

The fame of Malacca is great as the scene of the military triumphs of the illustrious Portuguese warrior and discoverer Alphonso Albuquerque. Cameons, in the *Lusiad*, has an apostrophe to Malacca, the conquest of which was one of the greatest achievements of Albuquerque.

"Nor eastward far though fair Malacca lie,
Her groves embosomed in the morning sky,
Though with her amorous sons the valiant line
Of Java's isle in battle rank combine;
Though poisoned shafts their ponderous quivers store,
Malacca's spicy groves and golden ore,
Great Albuquerque, thy dauntless toils shall crown."

Malacca is also renowned as the scene of the religious triumphs of that renowned apostle of the Indies, Saint Francis Xavier. It was in September, 1545, that Saint Francis landed in the sunny little town around which we wandered one warm April morning. In those days Malacca was to the world's commerce what Singapore aims to be now. Saint Francis had been in India, and had tried to convert the Brahmins. But that wily race of priests answered his persuasions by saying that it was only necessary for the eternal peace of man that he should give alms to the Brahmins and never kill a cow. When the apostle landed in Malacca he found Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, and infidels of every clime, and the Christians who

had come with Albuquerque, and were no doubt roaring, roystering blades from Lisbon, and were much worse than the heathens. Somehow this is one of the ways in which history repeats itself, this superiority of the heathen over the Christian. But the saint went to work in an efficient and simple manner. Taking a bell in his hand he walked around the streets ringing it, and crying out: "Pray for all those who are in a state of mortal sin." The people were listless, but the saint was gentle and engaging, and devoted himself especially to children, and so efficient were his teachings that in a short time coarse words were no longer heard in the streets, but the passer-by would "see little altars set up at the corners of the streets, and hear the sweet sound of the holy hymns which the children sang around them." Here also he worked a famous miracle. Entering a house, he found a pale and trembling mother, who begged him to bid her child, though dead, to rise again. The saint said, "Go, your daughter lives." And although the child had been in the grave for three days, on going to the graveyard and opening the tomb, she arose as though waking out of a sleep, and rushed into her mother's arms; all of which was a powerful argument against the heathen practice of cremation. From Malacca Francis wandered into the islands of the Malay peninsula. He knew the Malay tongue, having been blessed with the gift of tongues, and went through the streets, singing, in the Malay language, of the passion, the suffering, and the love of the Redeemer. When a battle was taking place between the Malays and the Portuguese, the saint, who was at the time preaching in the church—the same church which is now in ruins, and through which the General and party are wandering—prophesied the fate of the heathen. It was even so. When news came from the fight it was found that the heathen had been beaten and destroyed. From here Francis went to Japan, and his success there is among the glorious episodes in his history. The gift of tongues served him here, and he was enabled, as soon as he saw the king of Japan, to preach the gospel in Japanese. While away from Malacca, Francis heard of the renewed siege of Malacca.

From Singapore, where his vessel was in port, he wrote words of such comfort and encouragement to the beleaguered brethren that on his coming into Malacca the people ran to the water, brought him on shore, and showed him all the sorrow that had



NEAR MALACCA.

fallen upon their devoted town. After a tour in Cochin China the saint returned to Malacca, and while on his way to the city, then under a pestilence, he sank under a fever and died. His death took place on the little island of Samian, on the 2d of December, 1552. The body was brought to Malacca, and

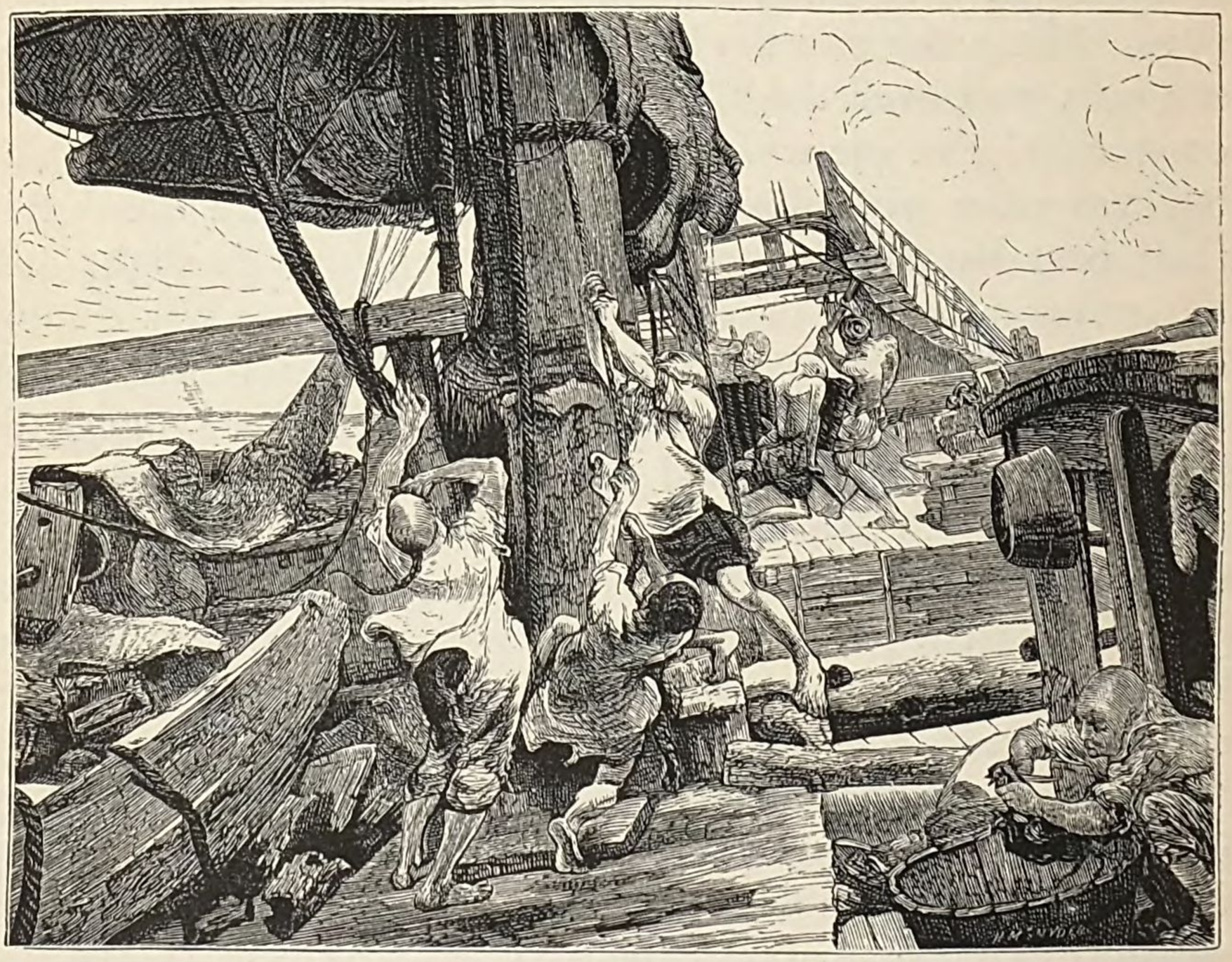
when the box in which were inclosed the remains was opened, the face, although covered with lime, was, when exposed, ruddy and flesh-colored ; and the body, when punctured, shed blood. All the people of the town came out in procession, each carrying a taper, and when the body was landed they all marched up the hill to the church from whose ruined walls we saw the calm, shining sea. Here the saint was buried, and many blessings came to Malacca because of the holy presence. A prevailing pestilence ceased. There was no longer a famine. But the Governor of Malacca was a wicked man, and not having done the saint the honor his virtues merited, the body was removed to Goa, where it now rests under a splendid mausoleum. In 1860 it was exposed to the gaze of faithful pilgrims, and many were the miracles which were then witnessed. Cripples regained strength, paralysis was cured, inflammatory rheumatism was relieved, the insane regained their reason. All these miracles over the hand and seal of Antonio José Pereira, Vicar-General of Goa. It was a great loss to Malacca, this removal of the body of the saint. The body sleeps in Goa, in its coffins of silver and gold, guarded by the faithful Portuguese. The Englishman has taken Malacca. The church in which Xavier preached is a ruin. The roof has fallen in. The walls are overgrown with parasites. The tombs—some of them, as we could read in the inscriptions, of prelates and priests—are overrun with weeds. The lizard and the snake now slide under the walls that once echoed the holy words of the saint. All that remains of the saint is the memory of his eloquence and devotion. I am afraid it requires a pious nation like Portugal to appreciate the memories and the work of such a man as Xavier. Under the rule of the Englishman his work has died out, his teachings are forgotten, and there is no memento of the deeds of a holy saint and great man—one of the greatest of priests—but the ruined and abandoned church through which the General and party strolled for a quarter of an hour.

Singapore, the capital of the Straits Settlements Colony, is one of the prettiest towns in the East. It marks the southernmost point of our journey, for when at Singapore you are within

eighty miles of the equator. The entrance to the town is picturesque. You have been sailing along the coast of Malacca for three or four days, and during your journey land has been in sight—low, shining belts of land, yellow and brown, as though baking under the burning sun. When you come to Singapore you pass island after island, and high, jutting peaks and promontories; and edging through a narrow channel, along which you might throw a biscuit, you come into an open bay, and before you, on the side of a gently sloping hill, you have Singapore. We came into the bay in the early morning, before the sun was well over the hills, and the captain had been good enough to give me warning, that I might be on deck. The bay was alive with ships, and most of them were dressed in their best bunting in honor of the General. A slight mist hung over town and bay, indicating that the rain was coming or going. We had hardly cast our anchor before our consul, Major Struder, came on board, accompanied by his daughter. Major Struder is an adopted citizen of the United States, born in Switzerland. He served in our war, and was lieutenant under General Grant at Shiloh. The reception of the General gave him great pleasure, and he told the writer, not without emotion, that he little dreamed when he saw General Grant, seventeen years ago, on that fearful Sunday afternoon, watching the pulse of the throbbing battle, that they would meet again in the Malaysian peninsula under the Southern Cross. I told the major that as we passed through life nothing seemed more surely to happen than our dreams. Mr. C. C. Smith, the Colonial Secretary, came to represent the Administrator, Colonel Anson, accompanied by the Administrator's secretary, Mr. Howard. At ten o'clock we landed. All the citizens of the town were on the wharf. The General was presented to the leading gentlemen, and was especially kind to the Chinese consul, Mr. Whampoa, a venerable gentleman, who had been very kind to Americans. We drove to the Government House, a stately building on a hill. Here the General was received by Colonel and Mrs. Anson, and by the Maharajah of Johore, a native Malay prince, who rules over the neighboring province

and who came to welcome General Grant and invite him to his capital. The Maharajah was an imposing gentleman, who talked a little English and wore an English decoration with a striking display of diamonds.

Our stay in Singapore consisted of dinners and receptions. Colonel Anson, the Administrator, made a good record in the Crimea as a gallant soldier. He governs Singapore in the absence of the Governor, Sir William Robinson, now in England



A CHINESE JUNK.

on leave. There was some annoyance expressed that the General had not been received with a guard of honor and a salute, and the whole colony were agitated lest we might suppose that Singapore had been behind India in the grace and cordiality of her hospitality. But it was explained that the guns were ready, and the soldiers in condition waiting the summons, and there was to have been a noble pageant, when the English mail came in with a circular from the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Hicks Beach, directing the authorities of the British colonies to re-

ceive General Grant as a distinguished foreigner, but not with official honors. So the guns were unshotted, and the troops sent home, and our landing was as peaceful as could be. I only allude to this circumstance because every one in Singapore talked about it, and seemed to suffer from a sense of suppressed hospitality. As a matter of fact, when the matter was mentioned to the General, it seems that he had not observed the absence of the soldiers and the guns, and he expressed his pleasure that the troops had not been kept out on the dock under a tropical sun. Moreover, as was also remarked by others, the General had not come to Singapore to see soldiers and guns, but to see the people, and study the progress England was making in the development of Asiatic civilization.

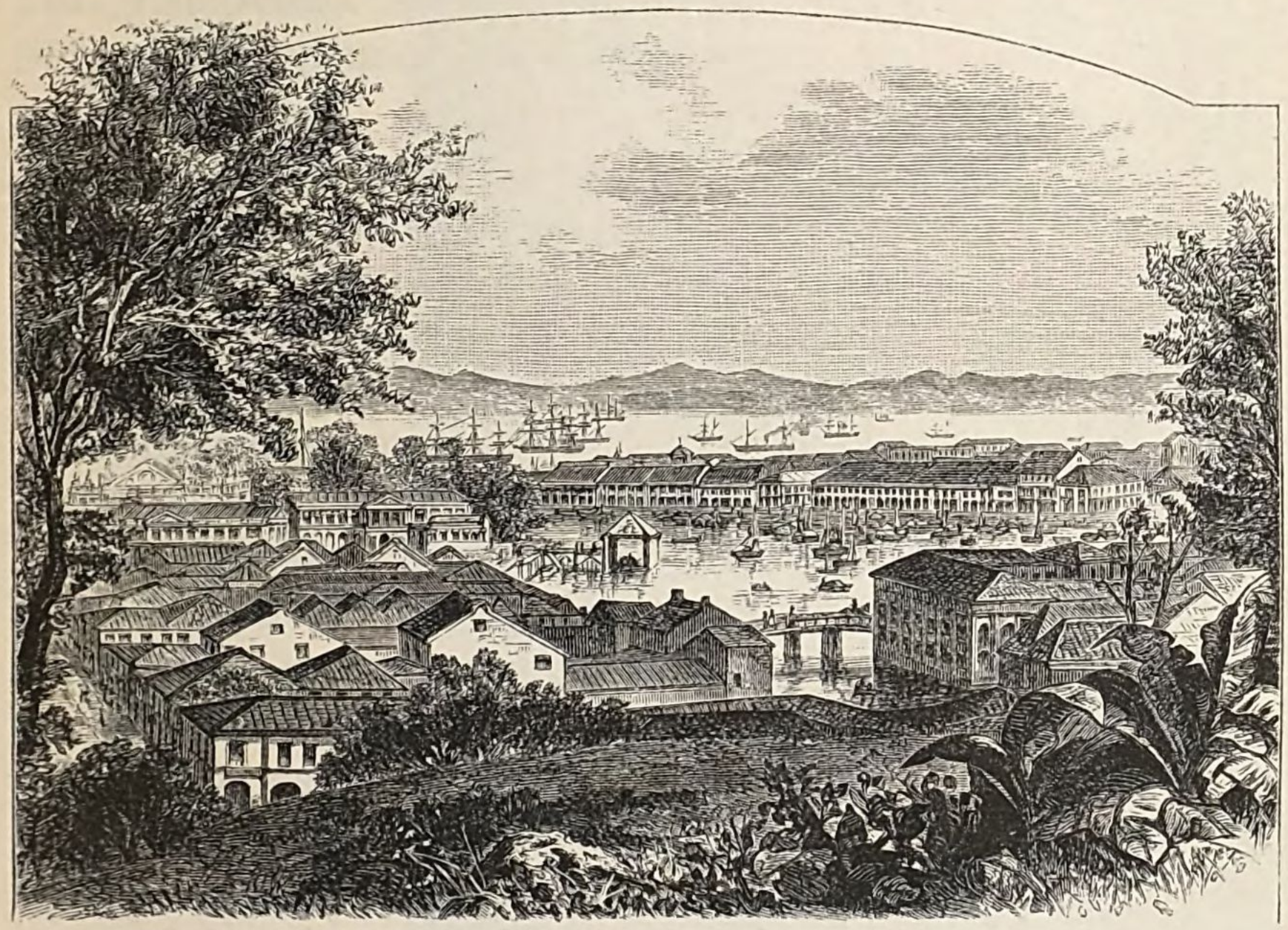
But if the guns were not fired and the troops were not paraded, there was nothing lacking in the hospitality of Singapore towards General Grant. There were dinners at the Government House and a reception. There was a band which made a heroic attempt at various American national airs, succeeding only in Yankee Doodle. A medley of negro airs, arranged for a Virginia reel, was also played, under the impression that it was also a national air. As the American is supposed to be a light, giddy person, with tendencies towards barbarism, I can well see how Camptown Races, Lucy Long, and Oh! Susanna might be regarded as national anthems. It seems to me that some patriotic member of Congress, like Sunset Cox or Carter Harrison, or some other of our spread-eagle statesmen, should look into this matter and have an appropriation to furnish consular agents with hand-organs adjusted to our national airs, so that when Americans worthy of honor visit Asiatic ports they will hear their own airs, and be reminded that their banner is spangled and their country is free, and can whip all creation, and that tyrants howl and tremble before it. Then Americans would not feel, as they stand erect before the dinner-table, as an Englishman would feel if, when he drank the health of the Queen, the band broke out into Tommy make Room for your Uncle, or some other London music-hall medley. But the music was well meant and well received. Major Struder gave the Gen-

eral a luncheon, and made a brief historical speech, recalling Shiloh, and there were drives around the country to tapioca plantations, and so on. The Chinese consul, Whampoa, gave a luncheon. This gentleman lives in a quaint and curious house, just outside of Singapore, filled with all manner of curiosities, a house in the Chinese style, where we were entertained with splendor. The consul recalled the visit made to him by Captain Perry, when on his way to Japan, a quarter of a century ago or more, and showed the General a tinned can of green corn, hermetically sealed, which the captain had left as a souvenir of his visit, and which the consul keeps as a sacred memento.

There was also a visit to the Maharajah of Johore. The Maharajah lives in Singapore, in a pretty house, where we dined, and is waiting the building of his palace in Johore. Commander Edwards of the British gun-boat "Kestrel" placed his vessel at the disposal of General Grant, and just as the sun was up the party embarked for Johore. The trip is only four hours by sea, and the Maharajah had gone ahead to meet the General. There was no circular from Secretary Beach, and so there were guns and troops, the firing of salutes and royal honors when, about ten in the morning, General Grant landed at Johore. The state of Johore is said to contain ten thousand square miles. The town was settled by the Malays when expelled from Malacca by the Portuguese under Albuquerque. The country is a jungle; but in later years, under the rule of the Maharajah, has made a good deal of progress. The people are Malays, and speak the same language. The forest abounds in game, and if we had time, or were ambitious of distinction as sportsmen, we might have found tigers, elephants, the tapir, the hog, the rhinoceros, and the ox. There has been a good deal of emigration into Johore from China, and it is said that coffee and gamboge could be made profitable crops, and that gold and tin could be found. The policy of the present governor seems to be to act in hearty sympathy with the British. The Singapore government exercises a tutelage over him. There is no difficulty in asserting this claim, as the English have proclaimed it as a sort of Monroe doctrine for Asia that

their duty is to see that neighboring native states give their subjects good government. This is the position of absolute responsibility and semi-independence occupied by the Maharajah of Johore.

Singapore is the center, the heart of the whole Malay archipelago. It is an island, the most northerly of the numerous islands that cluster about the southern shores of Asia. It was a forest sixty years ago—a dense jungle. It is distant about thirty miles from the southern coast of the continent,



SINGAPORE.

and separated by a strait which varies from a mile to three furlongs in width. This was known to the old navigators as the Singapore Straits, and the passage into the China Sea. The island is about two hundred and six square miles, or seventy miles larger than the Isle of Wight. The surface is undulatory, the highest point being five hundred and nineteen feet above the level of the sea. The formation is granite, with the sedimentary ores of slate, sandstone, and iron. There is a blue clay, which makes good brick and tiles, and a decomposed

feldspar of granite useful for porcelain. The climate, although almost under the equator, is never very warm. One of the reports showed an average of about eighty-two degrees all the year round, and this average covers the range of from four to five degrees. There are frequent rains, but never with the violence seen in our own tropics. It rained every day that we were in Singapore; but only on one occasion—the time fixed for embarking to Siam—did the shower become a respectable summer shower as seen at home. This constant rain takes away from the hardness and intensity of the atmosphere, and we walked about when necessary with an impunity which would never have been dared in India.

While the vegetation of Singapore is luxuriant, and the unending summer clothes the island with undying green, the land is not useful in growing articles of food. Although in the tropics, cotton, sugar, indigo, and rice do not flourish. The soil is not good, and the only crops which flourish are palms and spices, which depend upon heat and moisture more than upon soil. Pepper is a valuable crop, and tapioca likewise. But both have to be nursed. The pineapple is better than anywhere else. Agriculture runs to shade trees and gardening. The town is really a commercial emporium, a house of call for all the world. The Acheen war in Java has been a source of prosperity to Singapore in the way of the purchase of supplies. The town is a free port, and the revenues are mainly from opium, wine, and spirits. The sale of the opium is controlled by the government. The interest in Singapore is purely modern and commercial. It is said that a colony of Malays settled here in 1160, but there is no evidence of its truth. Colonies of Javanese and Malays came and went, but I am afraid the burden of evidence goes to show that Singapore was in ancient times a haven for pirates. The British came here in 1818. The shrewd eyes of the East India Company fell upon Singapore as an available site for a port. Lord Hastings was governor of India, and he sent Sir Stamford Ruffles to acquire and found the colony. The Malay prince was induced to cede to Sir Stamford a section of land ten miles along the shore, and a

cannon-shot from the beach. This was the first step. In a short time the company induced the prince to give up the whole island; and from this beginning has grown the Straits Settlements Colony, one of the most promising provinces in the empire of Great Britain. The law of British domination is the same in Malay countries as in the Hindoo lands. Beginning as a trading post, the end is always the same—the possession of the country nominally or really, either actual occupation and government, or the recognition of the British as a paramount power. The Paramount Power is the set phrase in Asiatic politics. The policy of her rulers is that no door should be closed to the Englishman, and that once he is admitted he should be recognized as a Paramount Power. There seems to be no end to such a policy but absorption, and the will that governs Singapore to-day will be the master of the Malay peninsula in a few years.



TROPICAL FOLIAGE

The two races you meet at Singapore are the Chinese and the Malays. Of the Chinese I shall have to speak when we come within the limits of that vast and teeming empire. We have seen the Chinaman ever since we arrived in Rangoon, and his influence is the most useful in Asia, in the development of industry and commerce. The testimony on this point was unvarying. The Malay gives way to the Chinaman, and becomes a bearer of burdens. There are three classes of Malays—the fishermen, who I suppose were pirates in the free days; the savages, who live in the jungle; and the civilized class, which has a literature and a language. The civilized Malays are to be found in the islands, in Sumatra and Borneo for instance. I met the Maharajah of Johore and some of his court, but these were the only representatives of the higher class I met in Singapore. The Chinese have many representatives, merchants of character and fortune, who take their air in the afternoon, and grow in prosperity and influence.

There is no better gauge of the genius of a people than their proverbial literature, and I have been interested in the researches of W. E. Maxwell on the subject of Malay proverbs. These researches, and others into kindred subjects, result from the Straits Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, whose headquarters are in Singapore, and whose studies are among the inhabitants of the Malay peninsula. The society issues semi-annually a report of its transactions; and although but two numbers have been issued, the field of the society seems to be full of interest and value. Societies like these study the resources of the countries, and in that direct private and public enterprise. Their real value is in science, history, religion, customs, and more than all in comparative philology. The Malay language is terse; "and the genius of the people," says Mr. Maxwell, "runs to neat, pithy sentences." A Malay clinches an argument with a proverb. Some of these are very curious, not alone as showing a resemblance to proverbs in our own and other languages, but as an expression of the peculiar genius of the people. "If you have rice, put it away under the unhusked grain." This is an injunction to secrecy. "Now it is

THE SACRED JUMNA.

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THE SACRED JUMNA.

wet, now it is fine," is the Malay way for intimating that a day of revenge will come. When a Malay wishes to intimate his idea of throwing pearls before swine, he asks, "What is the use of the peacock strutting in the jungle?" When he wishes to say that an offer will not be refused, he asks, "Will the crocodile reject the carcass?" I suppose every language has a proverb about the impossibility of changing human nature. The Bible asks if the leopard can change his spots; the Malay says: "Though you may feed a jungle-fowl out of a gold plate it will make for the jungle nevertheless." Here is a more ambitious expression of a similar idea: "You may plant the bitter cucumber in a bed of sago, and manure it with honey, and water it with molasses, and train it over sugar-canes, but when it is cooked it will still be bitter." Fate is recognized as sternly as by the Greek: "Even the fish which inhabit the seventh depth of the sea come into the net sooner or later." Greediness is thus expressed: "Of course the boa-constrictor wants the fowl." The Malay shows how useless to elevate the worthless by asking, "Can the earth become grain?" The tendency of our poor human nature to sin is thus expressed: "Where is the spot on the earth that does not get moistened by rain?" "To grind pepper for a bird on the wing," is the Malay way of saying, "First catch your hare before you cook it." "To fight in a dream," is to take trouble for nothing. Here is a proverb that might have been written by La Rochefoucauld: "Do good in moderation; do not do evil at all." This means that excessive goodness will exasperate others, and excite jealousy and envy and martyrdom. "Make the monkey judge," which means that the judge will eat all the bananas. "To plant sugar-cane on the lips," means that you are all things to all men. "The plantain does not bear fruit twice," shows that even the Malay knows the misfortune of missing one's chance in the world. Here also is a suggestion as to the power of mind over animal life, a recognition of the superiority of man: "Does not the elephant, whose size is so great, and which inhabits the recesses of the forest, fall into the hands of man at last?" A man of expedients and enterprise is the "Hand chopping wood

while the shoulder bears a load." There is an ironical force in this: "Muddy enough when there is no rain, but now it is raining." "Covetousness," we are told, "begets loss of shame; avarice results in destruction." Out of the frying-pan into the fire becomes, "Freed from the mouth of the crocodile only to fall into the jaws of the tiger;" while the kitchen proverb about the kettle calling the pot black is expressed with more delicacy in Malay: "The creel says that the basket is coarsely plaited." There is a sardonic idea in this: "For fear of the ghost to clasp the corpse." There is a homely Saxon sense in the following: "Do not suppose, my masters, that because a sugar-cane is crooked its sweet juice is equally crooked." The American thinks it an ill wind that blows no one any good. The Malay is not so much accustomed to winds, and his thought is that "When the junk is wrecked the shark has his fill." Dickens would have rejoiced in this: "The last degree of stinginess is to leave the mildew undisturbed." There is wisdom in the thought that "The yam remains still and increases in bulk, iron lies quiet and wastes away the more."



CHINESE FRUIT GIRL.

The Malay seems to be a good-humored, happy-go-lucky creature, whom it would not be difficult to convert into a pirate. The Malays looked after the boats in the harbor and drove the hackney coaches, and their disposition seemed to be to take as much time as possible over their employments and sleep in the

sun. But this should not be regarded as a severe criticism, for nobody is in a hurry in the tropics. Society has a languid, drowsy air, as though whatever really had to be done should be done to-morrow. Then a race which has run into a groove of submission, which has learned to be the burden-bearing race, which has not only passed under the rule of the Englishman, but of the Chinaman, will not abound in the higher virtues. I have been told that there is as much difference in the Malay character as in the character of other races. Archdeacon Hose, the president of the Singapore Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, alludes to this in a recent address, in which he compares the Malay of Johore with his brother in Singapore. "One is lively, courteous, and communicative; the other is dull, boorish, and shy. The one is idle and fond of sport, the other is plodding and methodical; the one is very fond of talking and little given to reading; the other has not much to say, even to his own people, but keeps his master awake at night by reading or reciting in a loud monotonous voice long poems or stories, or chanting chapters from the Koran, which as a child he learned to read, but of which he does not understand a word." The Malay is a Mohammedan, but rather a feeble, washed-out offshoot of the stern and mighty faith of Islam. The faith of Mohammed needs a strong soil and keen air for its development, and not the enervating atmosphere of the equator. Religion has always seemed to be a good deal affected by climate, and it will never grow where it cannot take hold of the imagination. Consequently you are not surprised when you learn that the Malay Mohammedan has been sliding away from the faith of Mecca; that his luxurious, imaginative nature breaks out into traditions and legends, and an awe of nature. The god whom he sees in the jungle, in the volcano, in the capricious and cruel sea, in the torrent, in the unpitying and unpausing sun, is much more of a deity than the Supreme One whose glories are in the Koran. Of the morals and manners and customs of the Malay I have heard a good deal that it would be hardly useful to print. The race is an inferior one, and its fate seems to be to give way to the stronger nations of

the north, the Tartar and the Englishman. His fate will most likely be the same as that of our own Indian; without the fierce and unbending courage which adds dignity to the savage character. Whenever another civilization touches that of the Malay it absorbs it, and the Malay in a generation or two loses his individuality and becomes a parasite of the stronger race. They have an insect here called the white ant, one of the most destructive animals that can infest a household, the dread of



STREET COBBLER.

the housewife, which comes and fastens on household goods, food, furniture, or raiment, and destroys it. The process is a slow one, but the end is destruction. The white man may be compared to the white ant in his influence upon Malay civilization. He has come. You cannot drive him away. Whatever he may do for the development of the rich and fertile lands will be at the expense of the aboriginal inhabitants, and many generations will not elapse before they will be as thoroughly eradicated as the Indians who once ruled in Massachusetts and Virginia.

"Life in the tropics is so new, so fresh, so warm, so full of color and animation, that it must be a constant charm." I fancy that some of my readers will say this, impatient with their gray, cold north, and full of memories of Robinson Crusoe and Swiss Family Robinson. I question if it has any compensations for what the north gives, and what the south takes away. The eye is always satisfied, and you never weary of seeking out green groves, and stretches of palm, and the overwhelming wealth of nature all around you. I am living, for instance, in the house of the colonial secretary at Singapore, in the government park, and from my window I have as pretty a view as I have seen in Asia. The grounds are in perfect order, and the eye of the Englishman is seen in the trim walks, and the closely-clipped lawns. Singapore lies beneath you, almost hidden in the foliage. We are on a hill, and beyond us, on another hill, is a fort, and on the fort a flag-staff, and from the staff signal flags are flying. These flags tell you the news of the day; and when you are curious about information, you take your telescope, which lies handy, and read the designs on the flags, and compare them with a painted diagram on the wall, and you know what all the town knows, that a ship has gone out carrying your wishes to China, or that a ship is coming in bringing you news from loved ones at home. If there should be a fire, or an outbreak, or a mutiny, or any extraordinary incident, I would know it by the flags and the guns, and I would know the duty it imposed. It seems like a Providence, this overhanging fort, with its fresh and everchanging signals, and I fancy if one lived here, he would come to have a certain feeling akin to devotion, as every morning and every noon and every going down of the sun he turned to the tower to see what message it had for him. Beyond the range of foliage are the spires of modest temples, where Christians worship, and beyond the spires are the masts of ships in the harbor, and the shining lines of the sea. You cannot grow weary of the scene, and when you remember that there are raw spring days at home, that blustering March may be teasing you with his storms, that you may still have frost and snow, you are

grateful and wish that these warm breezes might carry sunshine and spring to shivering ones at home.

It is so pleasant in the morning—and in the tropics you rise with the sun—to throw open the windows, and look out upon the beautiful landscape. You worship the sun. You worship him for the joy and life he brings, and you feel that there is something to be considered in the devotion of the Parsee, who prays to the sun. This is the land of summer. The sun is



A CHINESE HOME, SINGAPORE.

always with you. But while his presence is grateful to voyagers who only a few weeks since were under the snows of northern Ireland, or hurrying over the frost-bound plains of France, to those who live here this constant summer becomes an oppression. After the second or third summer you yield to it, and you feel your life parching out of you. You have no communion with summer as at home. You cannot go into the fields and splash through the clover, or creep into the bosom of mother earth with security and sweet content. Nature is against you. The fields are full of serpents and creeping

things. The only hours you can venture out are in the early morning, or after the sun goes down. And even then miasma and malarial influences are to be dreaded. A hasty walk in the morning, or an hour or two at lawn tennis, are all that you can take for exercise, and when the rain comes, and there is rain nearly every day, even this is denied you.

If you live in this land of summer, you must pay a severe tribute to the sun. You become torpid and listless. Society is narrow. There are no amusements. A colony of Europeans, like what you see in Singapore, is a good deal like a large boarding-house at a summer resort, or a company of travelers at sea. You are thrown upon one another. Everybody's business is your business. Your life is not your own, but a part of other peoples' lives. You are in a state of attrition. If you choose to be nervous or petulant, it is at the expense of everybody around you. Then you are not living, only sojourning. Life is tinctured by gossip, and the smallest things become scandals. One part of the settlement is quarreling with the other. Nor are your associations those that ennoble and develop. Around you are races which in your heart you despise and look down upon, with whom you have no sympathy, whose customs are barbarism, whose religion is heathenism, who serve you because you have your hand on their throat. "Whenever I am with my monkey," said a European to me, "I always look him in the eye and hold a rope in my hand. If I turned my eye he might tear my arm." This is about the attitude of the European towards the Malay or the Chinaman. Those races do not respect or love, they only fear you. You are usurpers, and you are ruling them and directing their energies and their resources not for their good but for your gain. This generates indifference towards others, a tendency to tyranny in the governing, and the vices of the slave in the governed race. Human nature is not strengthened. You are in a rush to grow rich and go home. The ties of home associations are loosened, and there is a freedom of living in these Asiatic colonies that, among young men especially, produces bad results. As this is a subject of which I have seen little,

and know nothing, I will not dwell upon it, except to recall the regret with which I have heard it alluded to by those familiar with colonial life.

It was while journeying in these Indian waters that we resumed our conversations. "I had a letter from Mosby," said the General, "some time ago, deprecating some attack I had made upon Stonewall Jackson. I wrote him there must be some mistake, as I had never attacked Jackson."

General Grant was asked how he ranked Jackson among soldiers. "I knew Stonewall Jackson," said the General, "at West Point and in Mexico. At West Point he came into the school at an older age than the average, and began with a low grade. But he had so much courage and energy, worked so hard, and governed his life by a discipline so stern that he steadily worked his way along and rose far above others who had more advantages. Stonewall Jackson, at West Point, was in a state of constant improvement. He was a religious man then, and some of us regarded him as a fanatic. Sometimes his religion took strange forms—hypochondria—fancies that an evil spirit had taken possession of him. But he never relaxed in his studies or his Christian duties. I knew him in Mexico. He was always a brave and trustworthy officer, none more so in the army. I never knew him or encountered him in the rebellion. I question whether his campaigns in Virginia justify his reputation as a great commander. He was killed too soon, and before his rank allowed him a great command. It would have been a test of generalship if Jackson had met Sheridan in the Valley, instead of some of the men he did meet. From all I know of Jackson, and all I see of his campaigns, I have little doubt of the result. If Jackson had attempted on Sheridan the tactics he attempted so successfully upon others he would not only have been beaten but destroyed. Sudden, daring raids, under a fine general like Jackson, might do against raw troops and inexperienced commanders, such as we had in the beginning of the war, but not against drilled troops and a commander like Sheridan. The tactics for which Jackson is famous, and which achieved such remarkable results, belonged

entirely to the beginning of the war and to the peculiar conditions under which the earlier battles were fought. They would have insured destruction to any commander who tried them upon Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan, Meade, or, in fact,



ON THE MALAY PENINSULA.

any of our great generals. Consequently Jackson's fame as a general depends upon achievements gained before his generalship was tested, before he had a chance of matching himself with a really great commander. No doubt so able and patient a man as Jackson, who worked so hard at anything he attempted,

would have adapted himself to new conditions and risen with them. He died before his opportunity. I always respected Jackson personally, and esteemed his sincere and manly character. He impressed me always as a man of the Cromwell stamp, a Puritan—much more of the New Englander than the Virginian. If any man believed in the rebellion he did. And his nature was such that whatever he believed in became a deep religious duty, a duty he would discharge at any cost. It is a mistake to suppose that I ever had any feeling for Stonewall Jackson but respect. Personally we were always good friends; his character had rare points of merit, and although he made the mistake of fighting against his country, if ever a man did so conscientiously he was the man."

An allusion was made by one of our party to Albert Sidney Johnson, and the General said: "I knew Albert Sidney Johnson before the war. When he was sent to Utah I had a high opinion of his talents. When the war broke out he was regarded as the coming man of the Confederacy. I shared that opinion, because I knew and esteemed him, and because I felt, as we all did, in the old army, where there was a public opinion among the officers as to who would come out ahead. In many cases, in most cases, our public opinion was in error. Bragg had a great reputation in the South. Bragg was the most contentious of men, and there was a story in Mexico that he put every one in arrest under him, and then put himself in arrest. Albert Sidney Johnson might have risen in fame, and we all had confidence in his doing so; but he died too soon—as Stonewall Jackson died too soon—for us to say what he would have done under the later and altered conditions of the war. The Southern army had many good generals. Lee, of course, was a good soldier, and so was Longstreet. I knew Longstreet in Mexico. He was a fine fellow, and one of the best of the young officers. I do not know that there was any better than Joe Johnston. I have had nearly all of the Southern generals in high command in front of me, and Joe Johnston gave me more anxiety than any of the others. I was never half so anxious about Lee. By the

way, I saw in Joe Johnston's book that when I was asking Pemberton to surrender Vicksburg, he was on his way to raise the siege. I was very sorry. If I had known Johnston was coming, I would have told Pemberton to wait in Vicksburg until I wanted him, awaited Johnston's advance, and given him battle. He could never have beaten that Vicksburg army, and thus I would have destroyed two armies perhaps. Pemberton's was already gone, and I was quite sure of Johnston's. I was



AN ORCHESTRA.

sorry I did not know Johnston was coming until it was too late. Take it all in all, the South, in my opinion, had no better soldier than Joe Johnston—none at least that gave me more trouble."

No features of General Grant's conversation possessed more interest than his remembrances of the war. A story was found in an American journal in reference to the General having in the beginning of his career made an unsuccessful attempt to gain a position on the staff of General McClellan, then holding

a high command in the West with head-quarters at Cincinnati. "The real story," said General Grant, is this: "The war, when it broke out, found me retired from the army and engaged in my father's business in Galena, Illinois. A company of volunteers were formed under the first call of the President. I had no position in the company, but having had military experience I agreed to go with the company to Springfield, the capital of the State, and assist it in drill. When I reached Springfield I was assigned to duty in the adjutant's department, and did a good share of the detail work. I had had experience in Mexico. As soon as the work of mustering in was over, I asked Governor Yates for a week's leave of absence to visit my parents in Covington. The governor gave me the leave. While I wanted to pay a visit home, I was also anxious to see McClellan. McClellan was then in Cincinnati in command. He had been appointed major-general in the regular army. I was delighted with the appointment. I knew McClellan, and had great confidence in him. I have, for that matter, never lost my respect for McClellan's character, nor my confidence in his loyalty and ability. I saw in him the man who was to pilot us through, and I wanted to be on his staff. I thought that if he would make me a major, or a lieutenant-colonel, I could be of use, and I wanted to be with him. So when I came to Cincinnati I went to the head-quarters. Several of the staff officers were friends I had known in the army. I asked one of them if the general was in. I was told he had just gone out, and was asked to take a seat. Everybody was so busy that they could not say a word. I waited a couple of hours. I never saw such a busy crowd—so many men at an army head-quarters with quills behind their ears. But I supposed it was all right, and was much encouraged by their industry. It was a great comfort to see the men so busy with the quills. Finally, after a long wait, I told an officer that I would come in again next day, and requested him to tell McClellan that I had called. Next day I came in. The same story. The general had just gone out, might be in at any moment. Would I wait? I sat and waited for two hours, watching the officers with their quills, and

left. This is the whole story. McClellan never acknowledged my call, and, of course, after he knew I had been at his head-quarters I was bound to await his acknowledgment. I was older, had ranked him in the army, and could not hang around his head-quarters watching the men with the quills behind their ears. I went over to make a visit to an old army friend, Reynolds, and while there learned that Governor Yates, of Illinois, had made me a colonel of volunteers. Still I should like to have joined McClellan."

"This pomp and ceremony," said the General, "was com-



A STREET CAB.

mon at the beginning of the war. McClellan had three times as many men with quills behind their ears as I had ever found necessary at the head-quarters of a much larger command. Fremont had as much state as a sovereign, and was as difficult to approach. His head-quarters alone required as much transportation as a division of troops. I was under his command a part of the time, and remember how imposing was his manner of doing business. He sat in a room in full uniform, with his maps before him. When you went in, he would point out one line or another in a mysterious manner, never asking you to take a seat. You left without the least idea of what he meant or what he wanted you to do. Halleck had the same fondness

for mystery, but he was in addition a very able military man. Halleck had intellect, and great acquirements outside of his military education. He was at the head of the California bar when the war broke out, and his appointment to the major-generalcy was a gratification to all who knew the old army. When I was made Lieutenant-General, General Halleck became chief of staff to the army. He was very useful, and was loyal and industrious, sincerely anxious for the success of the country, and without any feeling of soreness at being superseded. In this respect Halleck was a contrast to other officers of equal ability, who felt that unless they had the commands they craved they were not needed. Halleck's immense knowledge of military science was of great use in the War Office to those of us in the field. His fault—and this prevented his being a successful commander in the field—was timidity in taking responsibilities. I do not mean timid personally, because no one ever doubted his courage, but timid in reaching conclusions. He would never take a chance in a battle. A general who will never take a chance in a battle will never fight one. When I was in the field, I had on two or three occasions to come to Washington to see that Halleck carried out my orders. I found that there was some panic about the rebels coming between our army and the capitol, and Halleck had changed or amended my orders to avoid some such danger. I would say, 'I don't care anything about that. I do not care if the rebels do get between my troops and Washington, so that they get into a place where I can find them.'"

A question was asked as to how the General ranked McClellan. In answer he said: "McClellan is to me one of the mysteries of the war. As a young man he was always a mystery. He had the way of inspiring you with the idea of immense capacity, if he would only have a chance. Then he is a man of unusual accomplishments, a student, and a well-read man. I have never studied his campaigns enough to make up my mind as to his military skill, but all my impressions are in his favor. I have entire confidence in McClellan's loyalty and patriotism. But the test which was applied to him would be terrible to any

man, being made a major-general at the beginning of the war. It has always seemed to me that the critics of McClellan do not consider this vast and cruel responsibility—the war, a new thing to all of us, the army new, everything to do from the outset, with a restless people and Congress. McClellan was a young man when this devolved upon him, and if he did not succeed, it was because the conditions of success were so trying. If McClellan had gone into the war as Sherman, Thomas, or Meade, had fought his way along and up, I have no reason to suppose that he would not have won as high a distinction as any of us. McClellan's main blunder was in allowing himself political sympathies, and in permitting himself to become the critic of the President, and in time his rival. This is shown in his letter to Mr. Lincoln on his return to Harrison's Landing, when he sat down and wrote out a policy for the government. He was forced into this by his associations, and that led to his nomination for the Presidency. I remember how disappointed I was about this letter, and also in his failure to destroy Lee at Antietam. His friends say that he failed because of the interference from Washington. I am afraid the interference from Washington was not from Mr. Lincoln so much as from the enemies of the administration, who believed they could carry their point through the army of the Potomac. My own experience with Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton, both in the western and eastern armies, was the reverse. I was never interfered with. I had the fullest support of the President and Secretary of War. No general could want better backing, for the President was a man of great wisdom and moderation, the Secretary a man of enormous character and will. Very often when Lincoln would want to say Yes, his Secretary would make him say No; and more frequently when the Secretary was driving on in a violent course, the President would check him. United, Lincoln and Stanton made about as perfect a combination as I believe could, by any possibility, govern a great nation in time of war."



BANGKOK

CHAPTER XXXII.

SIAM

THE principal topic of discussion during our leisure hours at Singapore was whether or not we should visit Siam. It was out of the regular route to China, and the means of communication with Singapore were irregular, and none of us, I am afraid, took any special interest in Siam, our ostensible knowledge of the country being confined to school-day recollections of the once famous Siamese twins. Moreover—and this fact I cannot as a conscientious historian suppress—there was a feeling of homesickness among some of the members of the party which found relief in studying the map and drawing the shortest lines between Singapore and San Francisco and Philadelphia. Any suggestion of a departure from these lines was received with gloom. At the same time, the burden of advice we met in Singapore was that a journey around the world would be in-

complete unless it included Siam. Finally the American Consul at Singapore, Major Struder, who had met General Grant on his landing, came with a letter from the King of Siam, enclosed in an envelope of blue satin, inviting him to his capital. The text of this letter was as follows:

"THE GRAND PALACE, BANGKOK, 4th Feb., 1879.

"MY DEAR SIR: Having heard from my Minister for Foreign Affairs, on the authority of the United States Consul, that you are expected in Singapore on your way to Bangkok, I beg to express the pleasure I shall have in making your acquaintance. Possibly you may arrive in Bangkok during my absence at my country residence, Bang Pa In, in which case a steamer will be placed at your disposal to bring you to me. On arrival I beg you to communicate with His Excellency my Minister of Foreign Affairs, who will arrange for your reception and entertainment. Very truly yours,

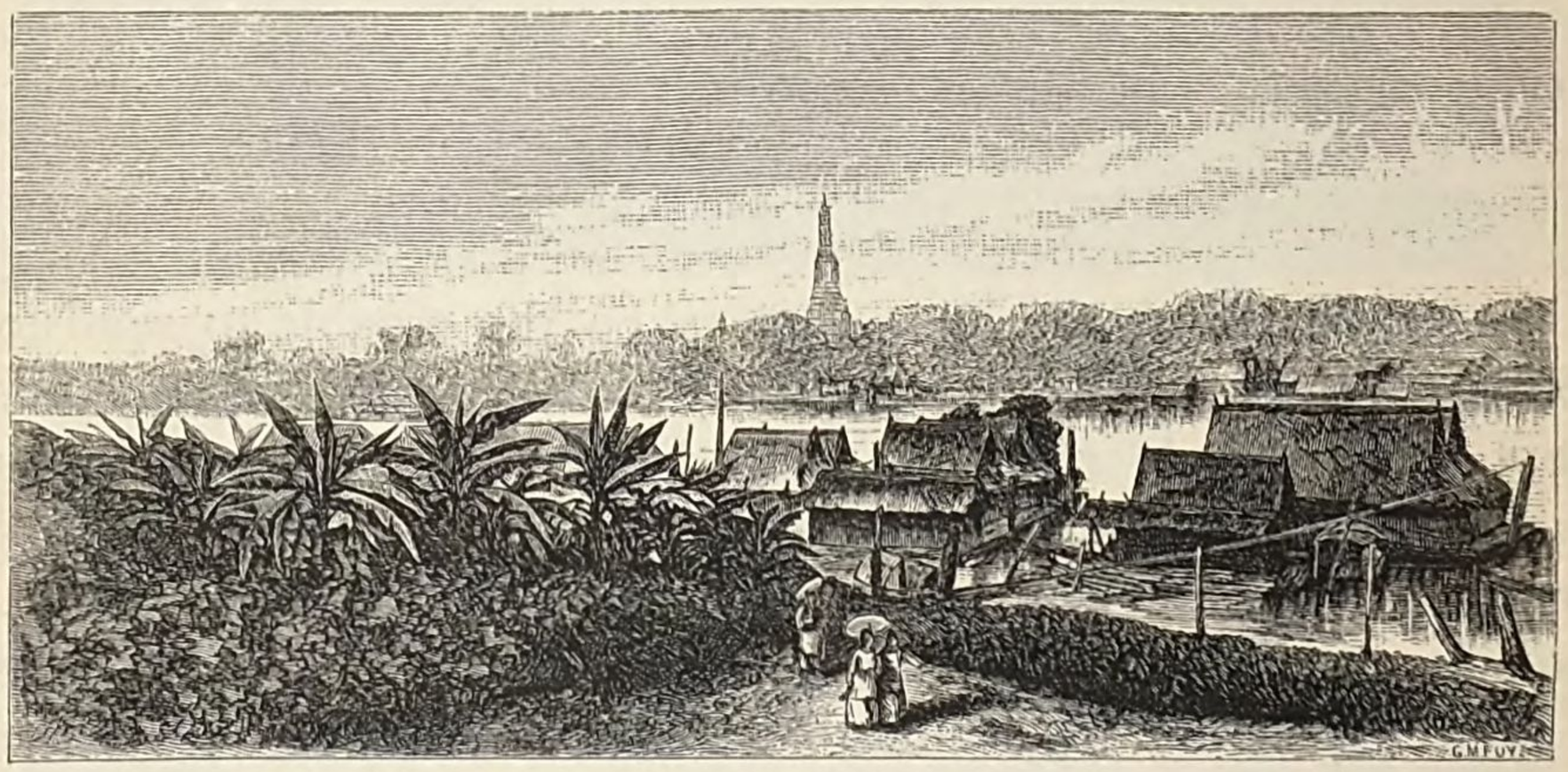
"CHULAHLONGKORN, R. S.

To GENERAL GRANT, late President of the United States."

This letter—which the King had taken the trouble to send to Singapore, reinforced by an opinion expressed by the General, that when people really go around the world they might as well see what can be seen—decided the visit to Siam. Furthermore, a dispatch had been received from Captain Benham, commanding the "Richmond," that he would be at Galle on the 12th of April, and he estimated that he would be able to reach Singapore about the time we would return from Siam. This was a consideration, especially to the homesick members of our party, who felt that even in the tropics there would be compensation in meeting Americans, in being once more among fellow-citizens with whom you could talk intelligently on sensible subjects—Philadelphia butter, the depravity of the Democratic party, terrapin, green corn, saddle-rock oysters, and other themes to which the mind of the home-sick American always reverts in his lonely, moaning hours in far foreign lands.

A heavy tropical rain! How it rained, and rained, and rained, and swept over Singapore as we embarked on the small steamer "Kong-See" about nine in the morning of the 9th of April. Our friends—Colonel Anson, the Governor; Mr. Smith, the Colonial Secretary; Major Struder, the American Consul

(who had been with the General at Shiloh)—accompanied us to the vessel, where they took leave, and at once we went to sea. The rain remained with the Singapore hills as we parted from them, and a smooth sea was at our bidding. The run to Bangkok is set down at four days, and sometimes there are severe storms in the Gulf of Siam; but fortune was with us in this, as it has, indeed, been with us, so far as weather at sea is concerned, ever since we left Marseilles. We sat on the deck at night and looked at the Southern Cross, which is a disappointment as a constellation, and not to be compared, as some of our Philadelphia friends remarked, with our old-fash-



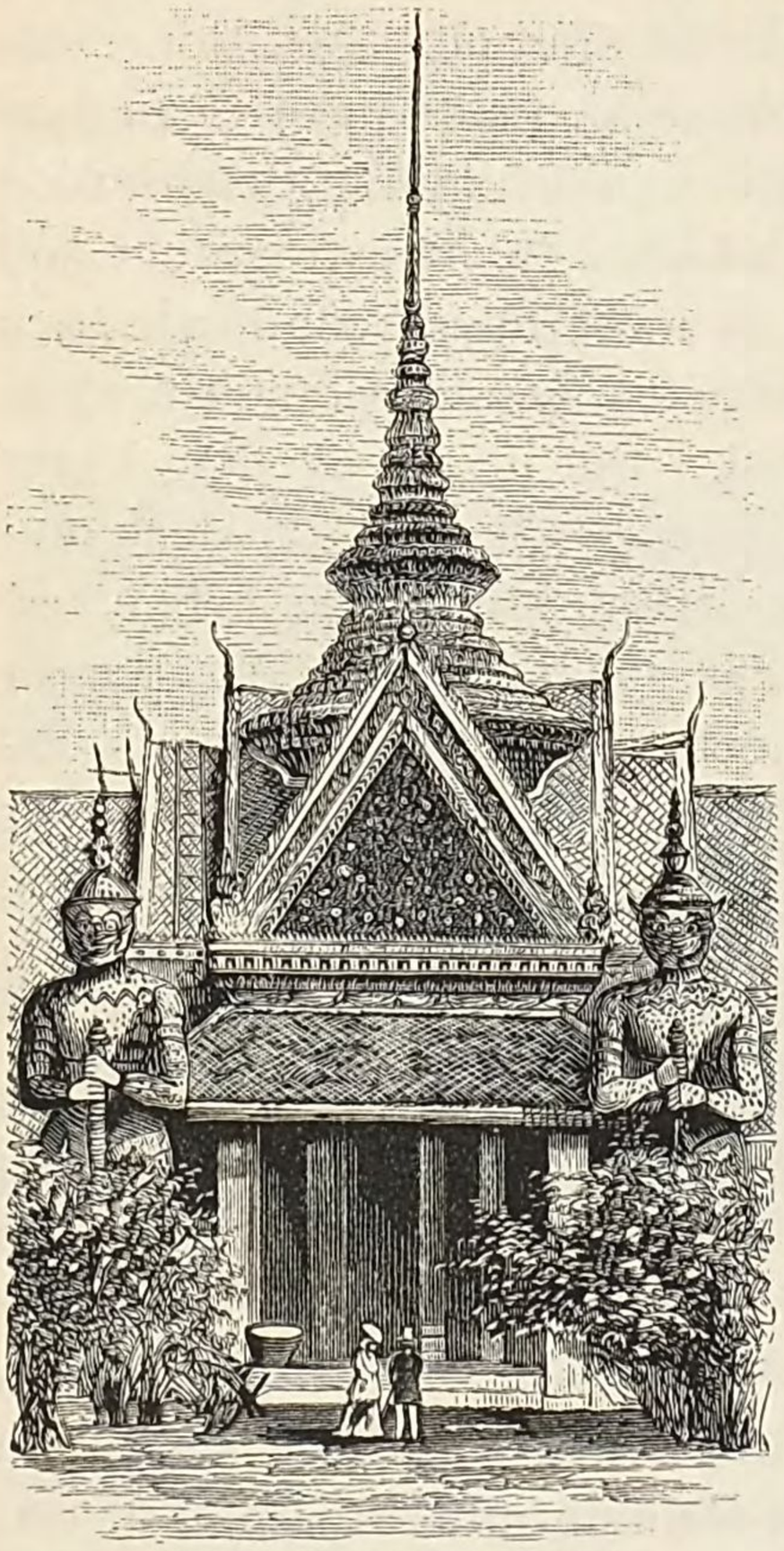
THE MENAM RIVER.

ioned home constellations, which shine down upon you and abash you with their glory, and do not have to be picked out after a careful search and made into a cross by a vivid imagination. The evening of our sailing, some one happened to remember, was the anniversary of the surrender of Lee—fourteen years ago to-day—and the hero of the surrender was sitting on the deck of a small steamer, smoking and looking at the clouds, and gravely arguing Mr. Borie out of a purpose which some one has wickedly charged him with entertaining—the purpose of visiting Australia and New Zealand and New Guinea, and spending the summer and winter in the Pacific Ocean.

The weather in the Gulf of Siam, which I have just been praising, is capricious. The days, as a general thing, were

pleasant, but squalls and storms came up without warning, and sent movable commodities, books, and newspapers flying about the deck. In these equatorial regions one of the comforts of existence is to sleep on deck, and shortly after the sun goes down your servant pitches your bed in some corner of the deck, near the wheel or against a coil of rope. Mr. Borie was induced to buy an extraordinary machine, made in the Rangoon jail, called a portable bed, which is unlike anything civilization has ever known in the shape of a bed. It comes together and unfolds, and is so intricate that it must have been made by a Chinaman. I do not think any of us really understand the principles upon which it is constructed. But in the evening Peter and Kassim and other servants parade the bed on deck and chatter over it a little while, and it becomes sleepable. The rest of the party take the floor. The General and Mrs. Grant bivouac on the right of the wheel; the Colonel has his encampment near the gangway; the Doctor lies cosily under the binnacle, and my own quarters are in the stern, where the ropes are coiled. But sleeping on deck in the Gulf of Siam is not as pleasant as we found it in the Bay of Bengal. On our first night out, being after midnight, Kassim came with the news that it was going to rain! Kassim has a terror of the sea —the Hindoo fear of the black water—and ever since he has been on board ship his bearing is that of one who lives in fear of some overwhelming and immediate peril. So when Kassim woke me up with news of the rain, I was not quite sure from his manner whether we were not running into a cyclone or one of those tremendous gales that so often sweep around the coasts of Asia. The clouds looked black and the stars had gone, and a few drops of rain came over the face, and the sea was in a light, easy, waltzing humor. Some of the party had already left the deck. The Doctor had fled on the first rumor, and Mrs. Grant was in refuge in the cabin. The captain was leaning over the traffrail looking at the skies. We took his counsel, and his assurance was that it was only the wind and there would be no rain. So we resumed our quarters, and Mr. Borie, who was already in retreat, with Peter in the rear, in command

of his wonderful bed, returned. For what could be more grateful than the winds, the cooling winds, that sweep through the rigging and toss your hair, and make you draw the folds of your shawl around you? And there was a disposition to scoff at those who at the note of alarm from a frightened Hindoo had left the comfortable deck to sweat and toss in a stifling cabin. But in an instant, so treacherous are these southern skies, the rain came in torrents, sweeping over the deck, streaming and pouring — a fierce, incessant rain, with lightning. So our retreat became a rout, Mr. Borie abandoning his bed in great disorder; the rest of us leaving blankets, shawls, and cushions to the mercy of the tempest, and reaching the cabin in a drenched condition. This experience, or variations of it, came every evening of our trip, and the nights, which began with fresh and cooling airs, ended in rain; all of which tended to confirm some of the homesick members of the expedition that the nearest way to California was the most pleasant, and that Providence did not smile on our trip to Siam.



THE AUDIENCE HALL, BANGKOK.

On the morning of the 14th of April land was before us, and there was a calm, smooth sea. At ten we came to the bar, where we were to expect a steamer—or a tug. We all doffed our ship garments and came out in ceremonious attire to meet our friends the Siamese. But there was no crossing the bar, and for hours and hours we waited and no steamer came. It seems that we had made so rapid a trip that no one was expect-

ing us, and there we were in the mud, on a bar, within an hour of Paknam. The day passed and the night came, and at ten the tide would be high and we would slip over the mud and be at our anchorage at eleven, and up to Bangkok in the cool of the morning, always so precious an advantage in Eastern travel. At nine we began to move, under the guidance of a pilot, and after moving about for an hour or so, to the disappointment of those of us on deck, who watched the lights on shore and were impatient for Paknam, we heard the engines reverse, we felt the ship turn back with thrilling speed, and in a few minutes heard the grumbling of the cable as the anchor leaped into the water. There was no Paknam, no Siam, for that night. The pilot had lost his way, and instead of a channel we were rapidly going on the shore, when the captain discovered the error and stopped his ship. Well, this was a disappointment, and largely confirmatory of the views shared by some of us that Providence never would smile on our trip to Siam; but the rain came, and the sea became angry and chopping, and rain and sea came into the berths, and all we could do was to cluster into the small cabin. We found then that our foolish pilot had taken us away out of our course, that we were on a mud bank, that it was a mercy we had not gone ashore, and that unless the royal yacht came for us, there we would remain another day.

About nine in the morning the news was passed by the lookout at the mast-head that the royal yacht was coming. About ten o'clock she anchored within a cable's length—a long, stately craft, with the American colors at the fore, and the royal standard of Siam at the main. A boat came to us with our Consul, Mr. Sickels, an aide of the King, representing his Majesty, and the son of the Foreign Minister, who spoke English. The King's aide handed General Grant an autograph letter of welcome from the King, enclosed in an envelope of yellow satin, the text of his Majesty's letter being as follows:

"THE GRAND PALACE, BANGKOK, April 11th, 1879.

"SIR: I have very great pleasure in welcoming you to Siam. It is, I am informed, your pleasure that your reception should be a private one; but you

must permit me to show, as far as I can, the high esteem in which I hold the most eminent citizen of that great nation which has been so friendly to Siam, and so kind and just in all its intercourse with the nations of the far East.

"That you may be near me during your stay I have commanded my brother, his Royal Highness the Celestial Prince Bhanurangsi Swanguongse, to prepare rooms for you and your party in the Suranrom Palace, close to my palace, and I most cordially invite you, Mrs. Grant, and your party at once to take up your residence there, and my brother will represent me as your host.

"Your friend,

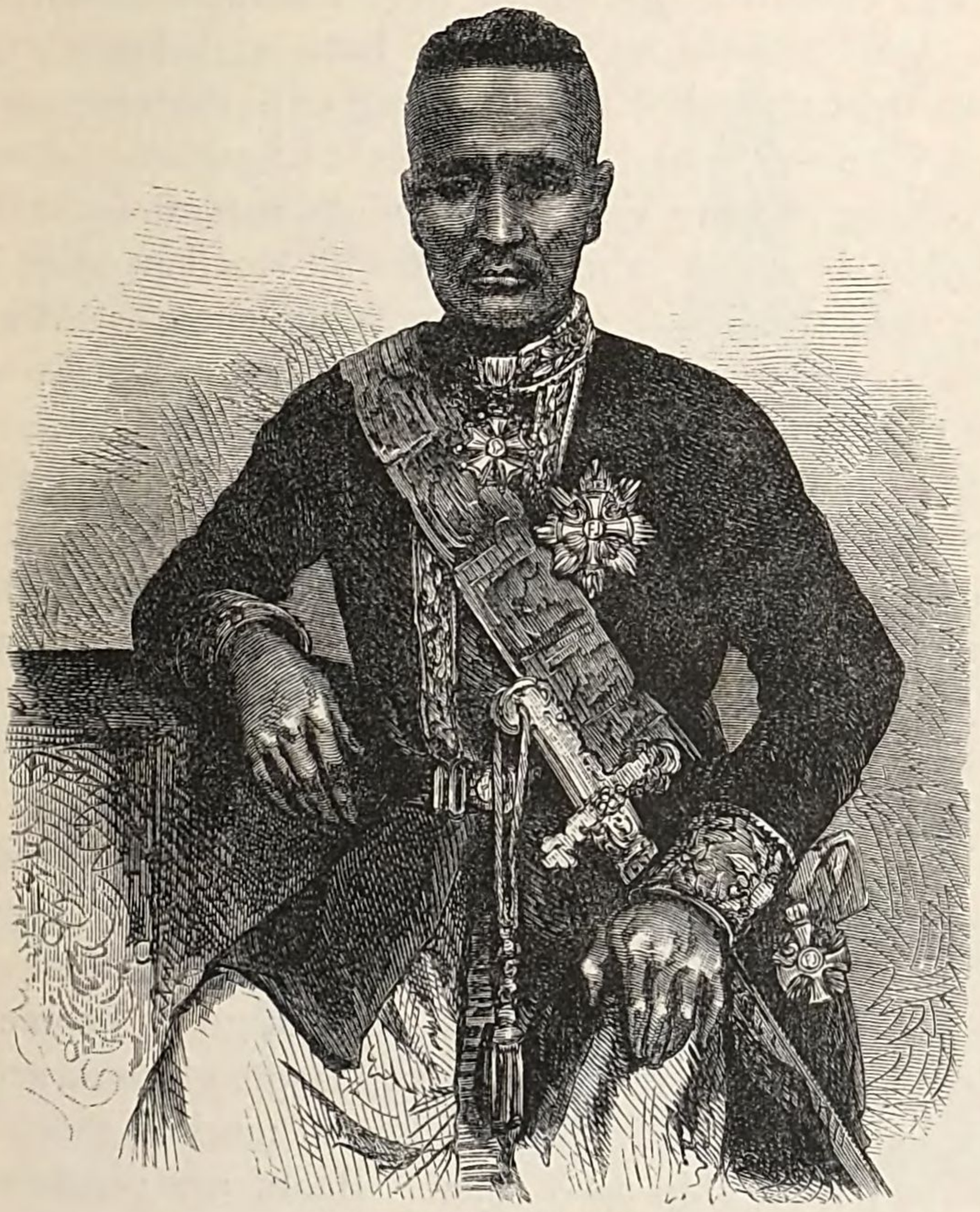
"CHULAHLONGKORN, R. S.

His Excellency GENERAL GRANT, late President of the United States."

We went on board the royal yacht in a fierce sea and under a piercing rain. There was almost an accident as the boat containing the General, Mrs. Grant, and Mr. Borie came alongside. The high sea dashed the boat against the paddle-wheel of the yacht, which was in motion. The movement of the paddle pressed the boat under the water, the efforts of the boatmen to extricate it were unavailing, and it seemed for a few minutes as if it would founder. But it righted, and the members were taken on deck drenched with the sea and rain. This verging upon an accident had enough of the spirit of adventure about it to make it a theme of the day's conversation, and we complimented Mrs. Grant upon her calmness and fortitude at a time when it seemed inevitable that she would be plunged into the sea under the moving paddle of a steamer. Even the rain was tolerable after so serious an experience, and it rained all the way up the river. Paknam was the first point at which we stopped, and then only long enough to send a dispatch to the King that the General had arrived and was now on his way to Bangkok. Paknam is a collection of small huts or bamboo houses built on logs. The river on which it is built is called the Menam, and it rises so high, especially in the rainy season when the floods come, that houses become islands, and there is no way of moving except in boats. Opposite the town is a small island containing a pagoda in which is buried the ashes of some of the ancient kings of Siam. The rain obscured our view of the river as we slowly steamed up, the distance from Bangkok to the mouth being about eight

leagues from the sea. The banks were low, the vegetation dense and green, and running down into the water. The land seemed to overhang the water, and the foliage to droop and trail in it, very much as in the bayous of Louisiana.

We came to Bangkok late in the afternoon. The rain lulled enough to allow us to see at its best this curious city. Our



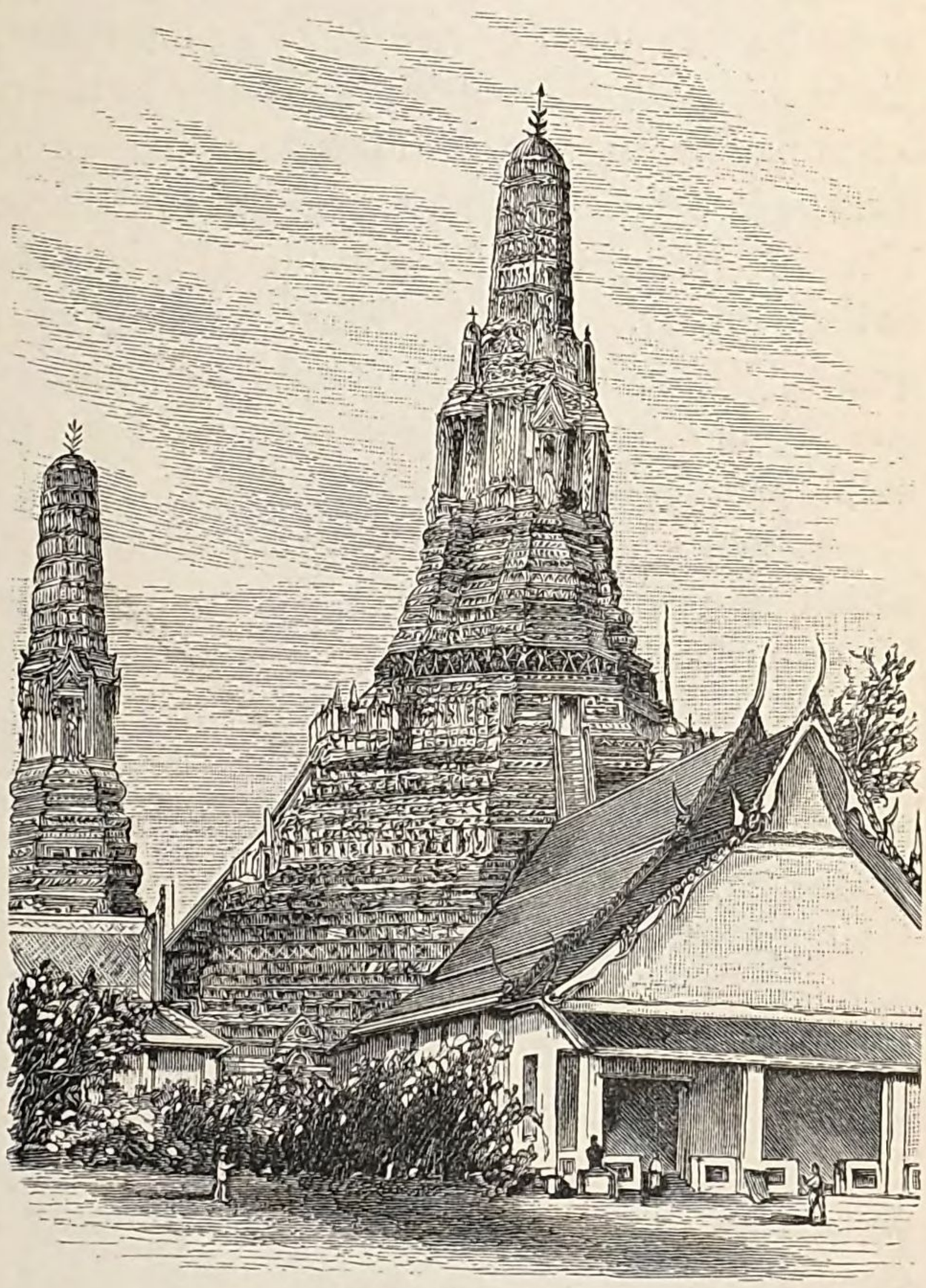
THE SIAMESE PRIME MINISTER.

first view was of the houses of the consuls. The Siamese government provides houses for the foreign consuls, and they all front on the river, with large and pleasant grounds about them, and flagstaffs from which flags are floating. We stopped in front of the American Consulate long enough to allow Miss Struder, who had been a fellow-passenger from Singapore, to go on shore, and the Vice-Consul, Mr. Torrey, to come on board

and pay his respects to the General. Then we kept on for two or three miles, until we came to our landing in front of the International Court-House. Bangkok seems to be a city composed of houses lining two banks of a river. It contains, according to some authorities, half a million of people, but census statistics in the East are not to be depended upon. It would not have surprised me if I had been told that there were a million of souls housed on that long, shambling bank of huts and houses through which we kept steaming and steaming until it seemed as if the town would never end. All varieties of huts lined the shore. Small vessels, like the Venetian gondola, moved up and down, propelled by boatmen, who paddled with small paddles, accompanying their work with a short, gasping shout—"Wah, wah, wah." Close to the water's edge were floating houses—houses built on rafts—meant to rise and fall with the tide, and which the owner could unship and take away if his neighbors became disagreeable. Most of the floating houses were occupied by Chinese merchants, who had their vases, crockery, cloths, pottery, bamboo chairs, and fruits arrayed, while they sat squatted on the floor smoking small pipes, with no garments but loosely fitting trousers, smoking opium, I suppose, and looking out for customers. Each house has an inscription, on tinted paper, generally scarlet printed with gold—a legend, or a proverb, or a compliment. Chinese junks are at anchor, and, as you look at the huge, misshapen craft, you have a renewed sense of the providence of God that such machines can go and come on the sea. The prow of each vessel has two large, glaring, grotesque eyes—it being a legend of the Chinese mariner that eyes are as necessary to a ship as a man. Boats are paddled slowly along, in which are persons clothed in yellow, with closely shaven crowns. These are priests of the Buddhist faith, who wear yellow as a sacred color, and who are now on their way to some temple, or more likely to beg. Above these dense lines of huts and floating houses you see the towers of the city, notably the Great Pagoda, one of the wonders of the East, a mass of mosaic, marble, and precious stones, from which the three-headed elephant sacred to Siam and the transmigration

of the Lord Buddha looks down upon the city, keeping watch and ward over the faithful.

You are told that Bangkok is the Venice of the East, which means that it is a city of canals. When the tides are high you go in all directions in boats. Your Broadway is a canal. You go shopping in a boat. You stroll in your covered gondola, lying prone on your back, sheltered from the sun, dozing the fierce, warm hours away, while your boatmen and other boatmen, passing and repassing, shout their plaintive "Wah, wah." You see the house of the Foreign Minister, a palace with a terrace, a veranda, and a covered way sloping toward the river. You see a mass of towers and roofs surrounded by a wall. This is the palace of the first King, the supreme King of Siam. Beyond is another mass of towers and roofs, where resides the second King. Happy Siam has two sovereigns—a first king who does everything, whose power is absolute, and a second king who does nothing except draw a large income. This second King, oddly enough, is named George Washington, having

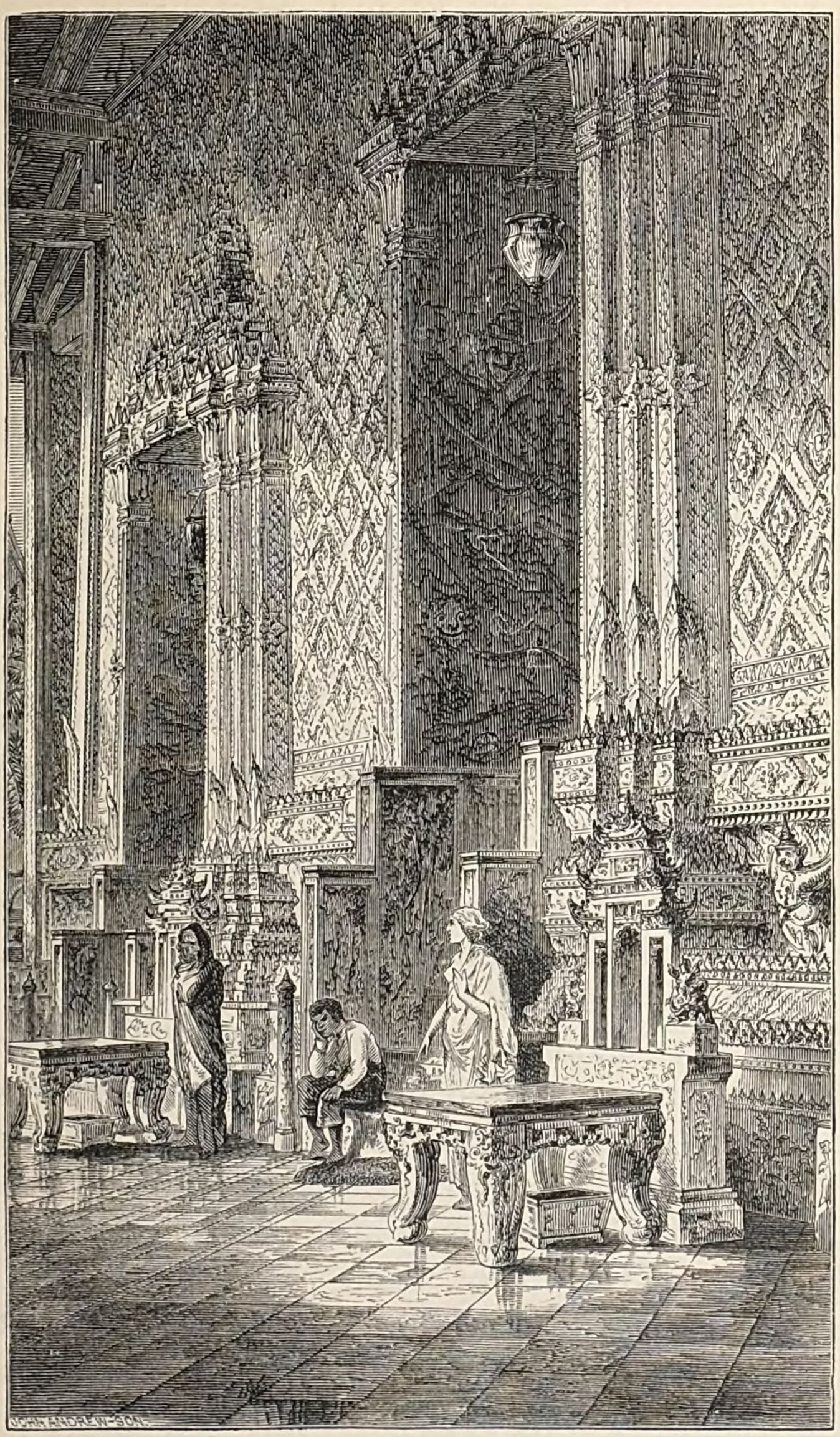


THE FAMOUS PAGODA.

been so named by his father, who admired Americans. Finally we come to the royal landing, and we note that the banks are lined with soldiers. We learn from our consul that his Majesty has taken the deepest interest in the coming of General Grant. It is customary in Siam to entertain all distinguished visitors in a building known as the Ambassador's Palace, a fine building near the European quarter. It was here the King entertained Sir William Robinson, the Governor of the Straits Settlements, when he came last November to confer upon the King the English order of the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George. The reception was famous for the hospitality shown to the British envoy. But the King, wishing to do General Grant greater honor, gave our party a palace, and assigned his brother, one of the Celestial Princes, with a retinue of other princes and noblemen, as our hosts.

At four o'clock the General embarked on a royal gondola, which in the programme was said to be seven fathoms long. He was slowly pulled ashore. The guard presented arms, the cavalry escort wheeled into line, the band played "Hail Columbia." On ascending the stairs Mr. Alabaster, the royal interpreter; Captain Bush, an English officer commanding the Siamese Navy, and a brilliant retinue were in waiting. The Foreign Minister advanced and welcomed the General to Siam and presented him to the other members of the suite. Then, entering carriages, the General and party were driven to the Palace of Suranrom, the home of his Royal Highness the Celestial Prince. As we drove past the barracks the artillery were drawn up in battery and the cannon rolled out a salute of twenty-one guns. On reaching the palace a guard was drawn up, and another band played the American national air. At the gate of the palace the Foreign Minister met the General and escorted him to the door of the palace. Here he was met by the king's private secretary, a nobleman of rank corresponding to that of an English earl. At the head of the marble steps was his Royal Highness the Celestial Prince, wearing the decorations of the Siamese orders of nobility, surrounded by other princes of a lesser rank and the members of his house-

hold. Advancing, the Prince shook hands with the General, and, offering his arm to Mrs. Grant, led the party to the grand



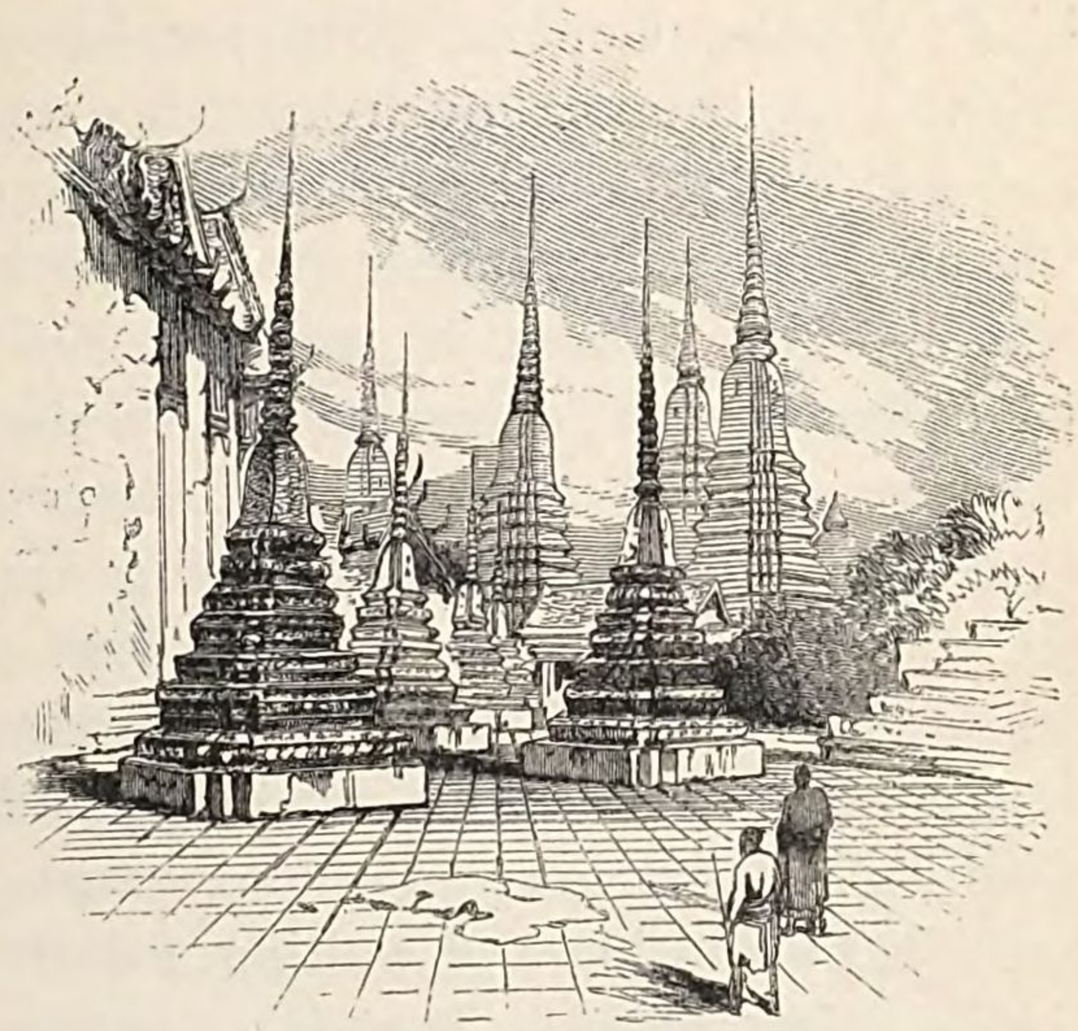
THE BEAUTIFUL GATE OF THE TEMPLE.

audience chamber. Here all the party were presented to the Prince, and there was a short conversation. The Celestial Prince

is a young man, about twenty, with a clear, expressive face, who speaks English fairly well, but during our interview, spoke Siamese, through Mr. Alabaster, who acted as interpreter. The Prince lamented the weather, which was untimely and severe. However, it would be a blessing to the country and the people, and his Royal Highness added a compliment that was Oriental in its delicacy when he said that the blessing of the rain was a blessing which General Grant had brought with him to Siam. The Prince then said that this palace was the General's home, and he had been commanded by the King, his brother, to say that anything in the kingdom that would contribute to the happiness, comfort, or the honor of General Grant was at his disposal. The Prince entered into conversation with Mrs. Grant and the members of the General's party. The General expressed himself delighted with the cordiality of his welcome, and said he had been anxious to see Siam and he would have regretted his inability to do so. The Prince offered his arm to Mrs. Grant and escorted her and the General to their apartments, while the members of his suite assigned the remainder of the party to the quarters we were to occupy while we lived in the capital of Siam.

The evening of our arrival was passed quietly at the palace, the General and party dining with the Celestial Prince. The programme that had been arranged for our entertainment was discussed, and as we only had five days for Bangkok, one or two dinners were omitted, and visits to the temples and white elephants were massed into one day. The rain—the severe and incessant rain—streamed into the courtyard of the palace, and beat in at the windows, giving our apartments a humid, mildewed sensation. The morning after our arrival we received a visit from the ex-Regent of Siam. This venerable nobleman is a foremost man in the realm in influence and authority. He was the friend and the counselor of the late King, and governed the kingdom during the minority of the present sovereign. It was through his influence that the accession of his Majesty was secured without question or mutiny. He is now the chief of the Council of State, and governs several provinces of Siam,

with the power of life and death. His will in council is potent, partly because of his rank and experience, partly because of his old age, which is always respected in Siam. Our journey to the Regent's was in boats, in Venetian fashion, and after a half hour's pulling down one canal and up another, and across the river to a third canal, and up that to a fourth, we came to a large and roomy palace shaded with trees. I observed as we passed that there were few boatmen in the river—none of that business life and animation which we had observed on landing. I was told that orders had been given by the King that the canals and river should be kept free from trading craft and other vessels at the hours set down in the programme for the official visits. As a consequence whenever we took to our boats we pulled along at a rapid pace with no chance of collision. At the same time the river life was so bright and new and varied that we should almost have preferred it, at the risk of a collision, to the silence which reigned over everything whenever we went forth on the water.



THE TOMBS OF WAT-CHANG.

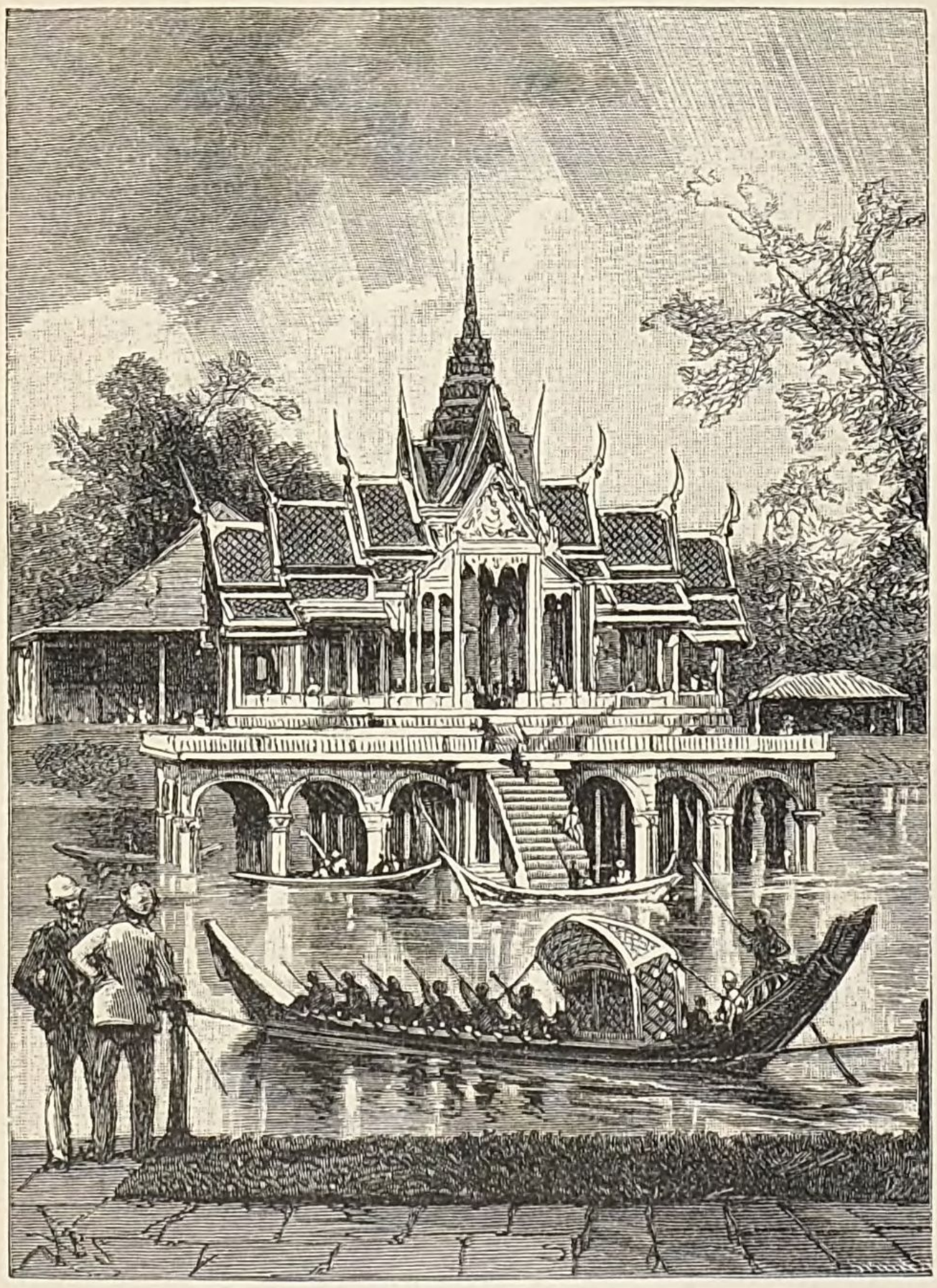
As our boat pulled up to the foot of the palace the ex-Regent, his breast bearing many orders, was waiting to receive the General. He was accompanied by Mr. Chandler, an American gentleman who has spent many years in Siam, and knows the language perfectly. The ex-Regent is a small, spare man, with a clean cut, well-shaped head, and a face reminding you, in its outlines and the general set of the countenance, of the late M. Thiers. It lacked the vivacity which was the characteristic of M. Thiers, and was a grave and serious face. His

Highness advanced, shook hands with the General, and, taking his hand, led him up stairs to the audience-room of the palace. A guard of honor presented arms, the band played the "Star-Spangled Banner," which was the first time we had heard that air in the East, all the other bands we had encountered laboring under the delusion that our national air was "Hail Columbia." As the General does not know the one tune from the other, it never made much difference as far as he was concerned, and I attributed the better knowledge on the subject in Siam to the prevalence of American ideas, which, thanks to our missionary friends, and in spite of some wretched consuls who have disgraced our service and dishonored the national fame, is more marked than we had supposed. The Regent led us into his audience-hall, and placing General Grant on his right we all ranged ourselves about him on chairs. An audience with an Eastern prince is a serious and a solemn matter. It reminded me somewhat of the Friends' meetings I used to attend in Philadelphia years and years ago, when the brethren were in meditation and waiting for the influence of the Holy Spirit. The Siamese is a grave person. He shows you honor by speaking slowly, saying little, and making pauses between his speeches. He eschews rapid and flippant speech, and a gay, easy talker would give offense. I need not say that this custom placed the General in an advantageous position. After you take your seat servants begin to float around. They bring you tea in small china cups—tea of a delicate and pure flavor, and unlike our own attempts in that direction. They bring you cigars, and in the tobacco way we noted a cigarette with a leaf made out of the banana plant, which felt like velvet between the lips, and is an improvement which even the ripe culture of America on the tobacco question could with advantage accept. In Siam you can smoke in every place and before every presence except in the presence of the King—another custom which, I need hardly add, gave the General an advantage. The Regent, after some meditation, spoke of the great pleasure it had given him to meet General Grant in Siam. He had long known and valued the friendship of the United

States, and he was sensible of the good that had been done to Siam by the counsel and the enterprise of the Americans who had lived there. The General thanked the Regent, and was glad to know that his country was so much esteemed in the East. There was a pause, and a cup of the enticing tea, and an observation on the weather. The General expressed a desire to know whether the unusual rain would affect the crops throughout the country. The Regent said there was no such apprehension, and there was another pause, while the velvet-coated cigarettes passed into general circulation. The General spoke of the value to Siam, and to all countries in the East, of the widest commercial intercourse with nations of the entire world, and that from all he could learn of the Siamese and the character of their resources any extension of relations with other nations would be a gain to them. His Highness listened to this speech, as Mr. Chandler translated it in a slow, deliberate way, standing in front of the Regent, and intoning it almost as though it were a lesson from the Morning Service. Then there was another pause, and some of us found further comfort in the tea. Then the Regent responded: "Siam," he said, "was a peculiar country. It was away from sympathy and communion with the greater nations. It was not in one of the great highways of commerce. Its people were not warlike nor aggressive. It had no desire to share in the strifes and wars of other nations. It existed by the friendship of the Great Powers. His policy had always been to cultivate that friendship, to do nothing to offend any foreign Power, to avoid controversy or pretexts for intervention by making every concession. This might look like timidity, but it was policy. Siam alone could do nothing against the Great Powers. She valued her independence and her institutions and the position she had maintained, therefore she was always willing to meet every nation in a friendly spirit. Nor should the outside nations expect too much from Siam, nor be impatient with her for not adopting their ideas rapidly enough. Siam had her own ideas, and they had come down to the present generation from many generations. He was himself con-

servative on the subject. What he valued in the relations of Siam with America was the unvarying sense of justice on the part of America, and as the hopes of Siam rested wholly on the good-will of foreign Powers, she was especially drawn to America."

All this was spoken slowly, deliberately, as if every sentence were weighed, the old minister speaking like one in meditation. I have endeavored to give it as accurately as I can remember, because it seemed to have unusual significance and made a deep impression upon our party —the impression that he who spoke was one in authority and a statesman. After further talk the Regent addressed himself to Mr. Borie, and asked him his age. Mr. Borie answered that he was sixty-nine. "I am seventy-two," said the Regent; "but you look much older." It is a custom in Siamese, when you wish to pay a compliment to an elderly person, to tell him how old he looks, to compliment him on his gray hairs and the lines on his brow. It may have been a friendly estimate on our part, but Mr. Borie certainly looked

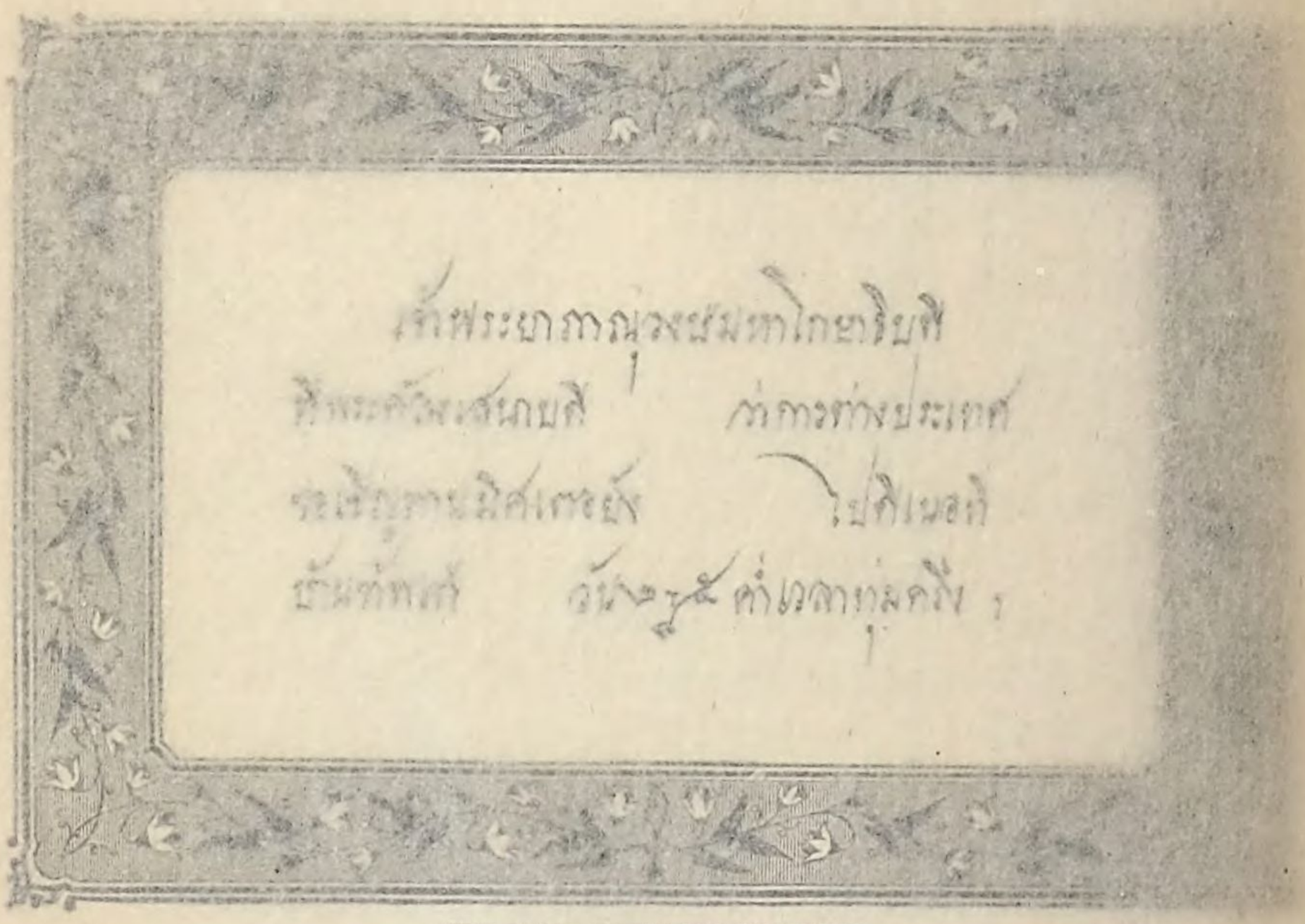


OUR RESIDENCE AT BANGKOK.

ten years younger than the Regent. In speaking with Mr. Borie the Regent became almost playful. "You must not bear the trouble of a navy in another war." Mr. Borie expressed his horror of war, and added that America had had enough of it. "At our time of life," said the Regent, putting his hand on Mr. Borie's shoulder in a half-playful, half-affectionate manner, "we need repose, and that our lives should be made smooth and free from care, and we should not be burdened with authority or grave responsibilities. That belongs to the others. I hope you will be spared any cares." This practically closed the interview, and the Regent, taking the hand of the General in his own, in Oriental fashion, led him down stairs and across the entrance-way to the boat, the troops saluting and the band playing. Then he took a cordial farewell of Mr. Borie, telling him he was a brave man to venture around the world with the burden of so many years upon him.

The government of Siam is an absolute monarchy, perhaps the most absolute in the world. All power comes from the King. He commands the army, the navy, the treasury, and can dispose as he pleases of the lives and property of his subjects. He administers the government by the advice of a Council of Ministers, at the head of whom is the Regent. Custom goes far in government; and in absolute monarchies, where there is a religion of custom like Buddhism, there grows up a kind of common law, as much regarded by king, priest, and people as the common law of England by the English people. Therefore, while in theory, and, if he so choose, in fact, the King, in the exercise of his sovereign rights, could do what he pleased, if he did anything displeasing to the high nobles and the council there would be trouble. The power of the King has also been limited by the creation of the Council of Ministers, which was the work of the Regent, and was intended to advise and restrain the King during his minority. Its influence has not died away with the growth of the King in years and wisdom. Every important measure in government goes to the council, and the King finds, as has been found in other monarchical nations, the great value of a body of experi-

ented advisers upon whose wisdom and loyalty he ... There exists also in Siam another institution, the ... King. This is a curious fact. The office of king, ... suppose, implied in itself the impossibility of a rival. ... the second King is a person and an authority, ... forces, living in a palace, with troops, a court, a ... foreign minister. He has an income from the ... 000 a year. Of authority he has none beyond ... ment of his household and the command of troops.



THE ROYAL INVITATION TO DINNER.

the provinces. I supposed that the real value of the ... the value that we give to the Vice-Presidency, that in the ... of the sudden death of the King the power would pass ... second, and the functions of State would go on, the ... King becoming the first, and another prince succeeding ... station. It has not proved so in Siam.

The first King has, as a general thing, survived the second ... in every case thus far, and the struggle between the two sove... reignties is one of the incidents in the politics of Siam. I was told of the first King's party and the second King's party, and

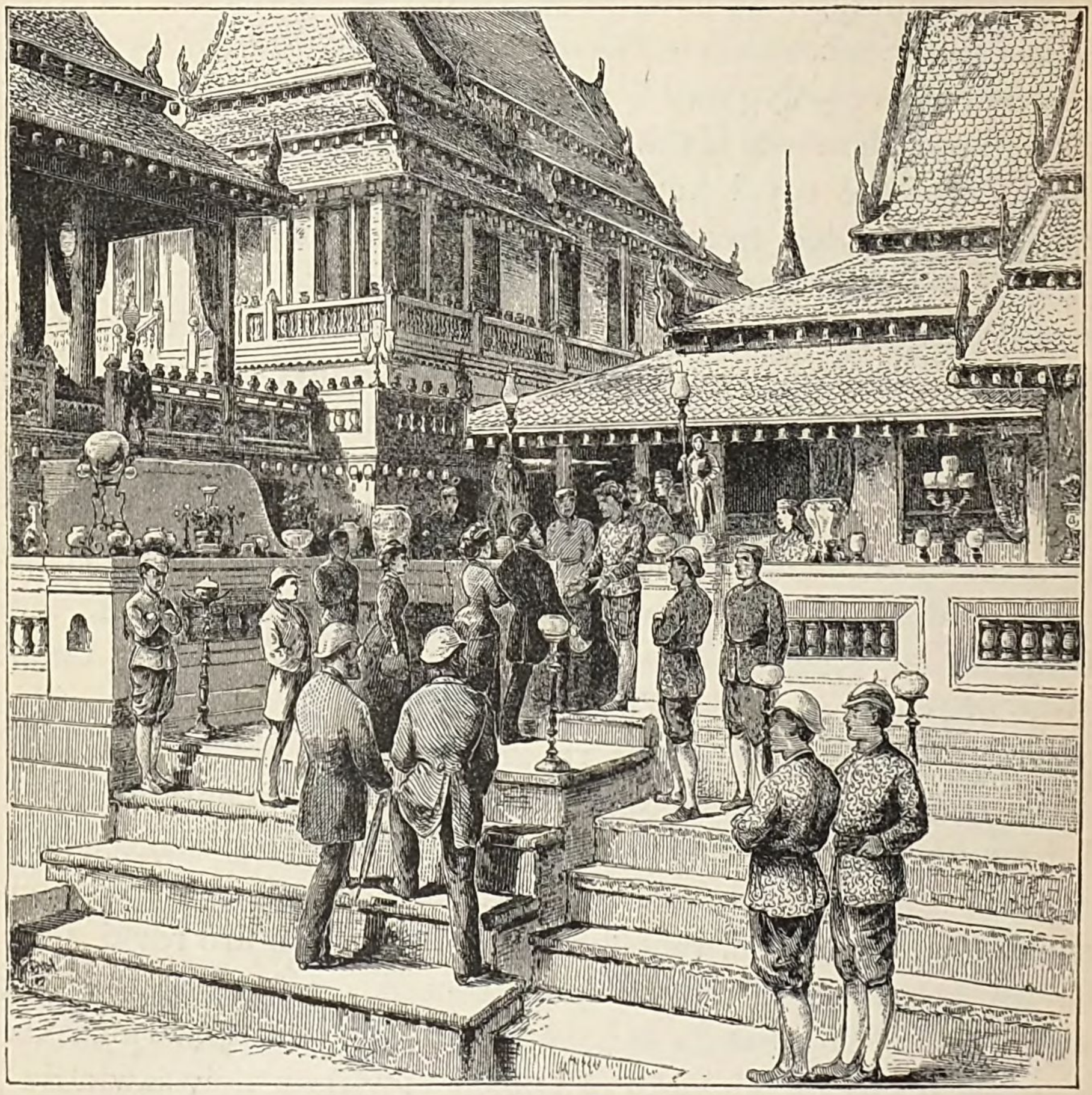


CASTLE OF BARWA SÂGUR.

people took sides, just as at home they do in politics. How there could be a party for the second King, that did not mean the deposition of the first and treason to the crown, was a problem, and the fact that there was such a party gave me a favorable opinion of the toleration of the Siamese rule.

What militates against the second King's authority and his claims to the succession is that he is not a Celestial Prince. In a nation where polygamy is the custom, and where a nobleman feels himself honored if the sovereign accepts his daughter as a member of the royal household, there will naturally be many princes descended from the kings. There is a difference in princes. The ordinary prince is the King's son by any mother he selects. The Celestial Prince must have a mother of royal descent, and no one can be sovereign who is not celestial. The present King's wife is a Celestial Princess, his own half-sister; and of Celestial Princes there are, I believe, only four—the King's uncle, his two brothers, and his son. The difference between a Celestial Prince and one of ordinary sinews is as great as the difference between the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of St. Albans. The Siamese lay as much stress upon these distinctions as the European nations, the difficulty being that not having a series of royal families to select from, the sovereigns are compelled to marry in close ties of consanguinity. It happens that the second King is not a Celestial Prince, only one of ordinary tissue, and the fact that he holds the position next to the sovereign, that the honors paid him are royal, that on all occasions of ceremony he precedes every one but the sovereign, is as great an annoyance to the Celestial Princes as it would be to the children of Queen Victoria if they saw a descendant of Nell Gwynne preceding the Prince of Wales. I suppose there would be no difficulty in allaying the ambition of the second King, and adjusting his office more logically to the royal system, were it not for the support given him by the British Consul-General. Some one told me in Siam that there were four monarchs—the first King, the second King, the Regent, and the British Consul-General. It so happens that the British Consul-General is an active supporter of the second King, and

no sovereign in Siam cares to put his hand upon an institution protected by the authority of England. Why it should be in any way the business of the British as to which sovereign ruled Siam, or why a consular representative should become an aggressive power in the internal affairs of a State to which he is



RECEPTION OF GENERAL GRANT BY THE KING.

accredited, are questions which, under ordinary circumstances would be puzzling; but in traveling through India, and the British possessions in Asia, you learn a great many things about how to govern Oriental nations.

The second King, therefore, is a political influence in Siam —great, because behind him is the supposed power of England. Take that power away and I presume his Majesty would be

ranked among the nobles, allowed the position of a duke, given his place after the royal family, and his present awkward and useless office would be eliminated altogether from the government of Siam. It certainly seems to be an expensive function, one that might readily be absorbed into the royal office with a gain to the treasury and no loss to the State. The prince who holds the position of second King is in his fortieth year, and a gentleman of intelligence. Colonel Grant and myself made an informal call upon him at his palace after our party had made and received visits of ceremony. We drove over late in the afternoon, and were received by an officer of the household and ushered into a covered room, which was really a marble platform with pillars and a roof. Here was a table with tea. Here, we are told, his Majesty came to sit and converse with his friends when they visited him informally. The palace is a series of houses, gardens, grottos, fish-ponds, and walks, not in the best state of repair, and looking like an old-fashioned mansion. It occurred to us that there was not much money expended by the government upon the palace of the second King, and it bore an aspect of decay. In a few moments his Majesty appeared and gave us a cordial greeting. An illness in his limbs gives him a slow, shuffling gait, and he told us he had not been in the upper story of his palace for a year. We sat under the canopy and talked about only America and Siam. No allusion was made to any political question, the King saying that he gave most of his time to science and study. Having a nominal authority in the State he has time enough for the most abstruse calculations. He took us to his chemical laboratory and showed us a large and valuable collection of minerals, ores, and preparations. From what we saw in the way of minerals Siam must be a rich country. In another room were the electrical instruments. In another was a turning wheel and some unfinished work in ivory. There were furnaces for baking clay, and the King showed us some ceramic work which had been done in the palace, the designs painted by Siamese artists, and illustrating Siamese subjects. Then we were shown a curious museum of Siamese and Chinese antiquities that had come down from vari-

ous dynasties, some of rare beauty. On all of the subjects connected with the development of the arts and sciences his Majesty conversed with great freedom and intelligence. His life would seem to be a happy one, away from the cares of State, with the pageantry, without the perils, of power, following the pursuits of culture, devoting himself to the material development of the nation. But from all I could learn there was a fever in Siamese politics —a fever arising from ambition—that took away from the comfort of this auxiliary throne. The King seemed sad and tired in his manner, as if he would like really to be employed, as if he felt that when one is a king he should be at more stable occupations than turning ivory boxes on a wheel, or mixing potter's clay. On our taking leave he asked us to come again and see him, wished us a happy journey home, and requested us to accept a couple of the ivory boxes and a cup and saucer, as made by the royal hands, as souvenirs of our visit.



THE KING OF SIAM.

His Majesty the first King of Siam, and absolute sovereign, is named Chulahlongkorn. This, at least, is the name which he attaches to the royal signet. His name, as given in the books, is Phrabat Somdetch Phra Paramendo Mahah Chulahlongkorn Klow. He is now in the twenty-fifth year of his age, and ascended the throne eleven years ago, on the death of his father. His father was a distinguished and able man. He first opened Siam to the outside world by his treaties with other

powers. There had been earlier treaties, but none that really opened the doors of the kingdom until the accession of the present King's father, in 1851. This sovereign learned the English language and wrote it with fluency. He taught his sons English, sent embassies to France and England, and also sent young Siamese noblemen to be educated in England. The effect of this policy was seen in the fact that most of the noblemen who attended on General Grant spoke English. The King himself and the princes always spoke Siamese at the royal audiences; but in private conversations the King spoke English as fluently as his interpreter. English and American ideas have taken root in the country, and there was no one with whom we spoke—and many and frequent were our conversations with the leading members of the government—who did not look forward with pleasure to the advancement of American and English ideas as the best for the country. The nations which were only tolerated fifty years ago are welcomed to-day.

On the afternoon of April 14th, at three o'clock, General Grant and party had their audience with the King of Siam. Our palace of Suranrom, in which we are living, is next to the Grand Palace; but so vast are these royal homes that it was quite a drive to the house of our next-door neighbor. The General and party went in state carriages, and at the door of the palace were met by an officer. Troops were drawn up all the way from the gate to the door of the audience hall, and it was quite a walk before—having passed temples, shrines, outhouses, pavilions, and statelier mansions—we came to the door of a modest building and were met by aides of the King. A wide pair of marble steps led to the audience-room, and on each side of the steps were pots with blooming flowers and rare shrubs. The band in the courtyard played the national air, and as the General came to the head of the stairs the King, who was waiting, and wore a magnificent jeweled decoration, advanced and shook the hands of the General in the warmest manner. Then, shaking hands with Mrs. Grant, he offered her his arm, and walked into the audience hall. The audience hall is composed of two large, gorgeously decorated saloons, that

would not be out of place in any palace. The decorations are French, and reminded you of the Louvre. In the first hall was a series of busts of contemporary sovereigns and rulers of States. The place of honor was given to the bust of General Grant, a work of art in dark bronze which did not look much like the General, and seems to have been made by a French or English artist from photographs. From here the King passed on to a smaller room, beautifully furnished in yellow satin. Here the King took a seat on a sofa, with Mrs. Grant and the General on either side, the members of the party on chairs near him, officers of the court in the background standing, and servants at the doors kneeling in attitudes of submission. The King is



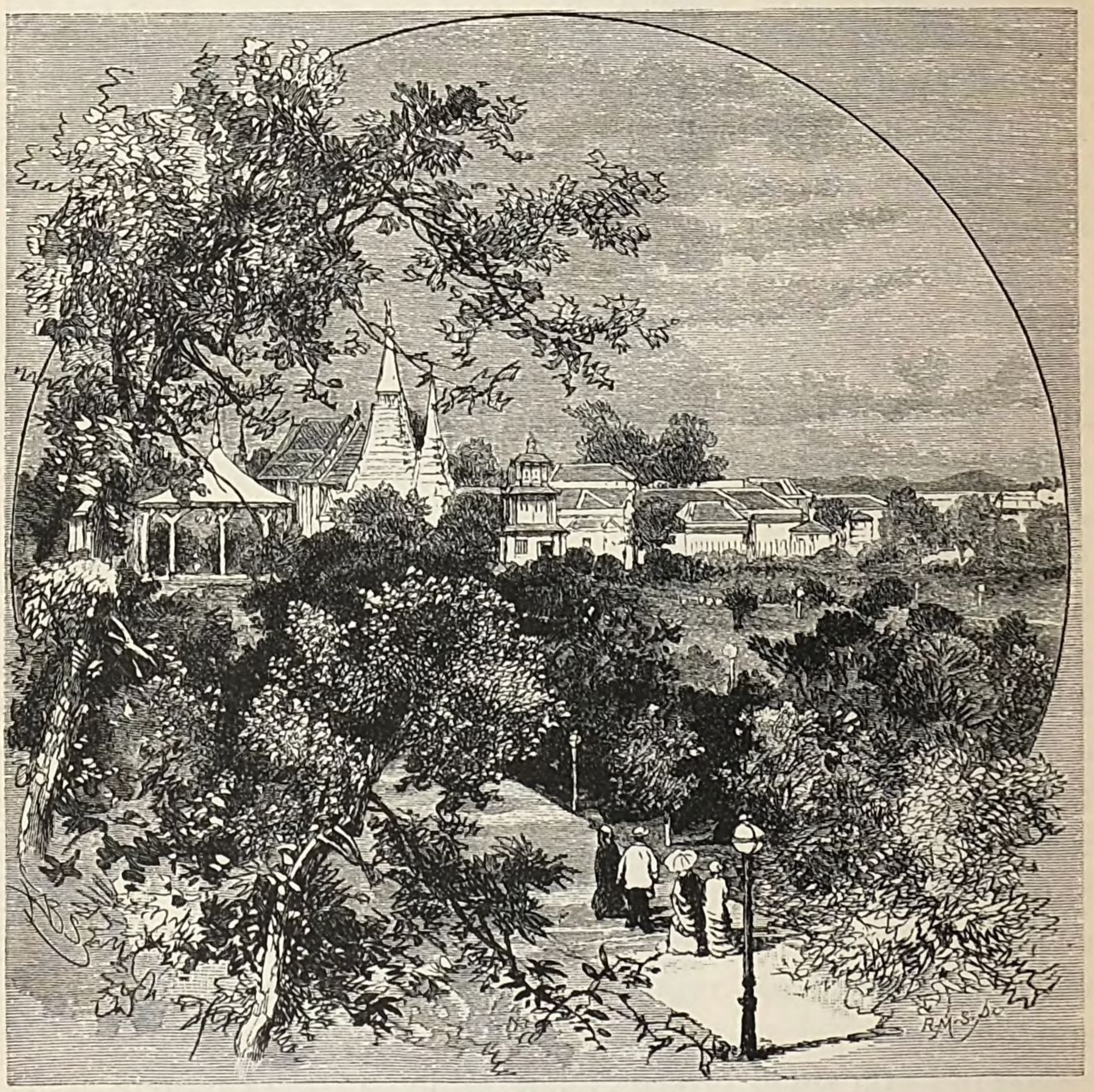
SIAMESE LADY OF RANK.

a spare young man, active and nervous in his movements, with a full, clear, almost glittering black eye, which moved about restlessly from one to the other, and while he talked his fingers seemed to be keeping unconscious time to musical measures. When any of his court

approached him or were addressed by him they responded by a gesture or salute of adoration. Everything about the King betokened a high and quick intelligence, and although the audience was a formal one, and the conversation did not go beyond words of courtesy and welcome from the King to the General and his party, he gave you the impression of a resolute and able man, full of resources, and quite equal to the cares of his station. This impression, I may add, was confirmed by all that we heard and saw in Siam. The audience at an end, the King led Mrs. Grant and the General to the head of the stairs, and we took our leave.

At three o'clock on the 15th of April the King returned the General's visit by coming in state to see him at our palace of Suranrom. This we were told was a most unusual honor, and was intended as the highest compliment it was in his Majesty's power to bestow. A state call from a king is evidently an event in Bangkok, and long before the hour the space in front of the palace was filled with curious Siamese and Chinese, heedless of the rain, waiting to gaze upon the celestial countenance. As the hour came, there was the bustle of preparation. First came a guard, which formed in front of the palace; then a smaller guard, which formed in the palace yard, from the gate to the porch; then a band of music, which stood at the rear of the inner guard; then came attendants carrying staves in their hands to clear the street and give warning that the King was coming, that the street should be abandoned by all, so that majesty should have unquestioned way. Then came a squadron of the royal body-guard, in a scarlet uniform, under the command of a royal prince. The King sat in a carriage alone, on the back seat, with two princes with him, who sat on front seats. His Royal Highness our host, and the members of the household arrayed themselves in state garments, the Prince wearing a coat of purple silk. The General and his party wore evening dress, as worn at home on occasions of ceremony. When the trumpets announced the coming of the King, the General, accompanied by the Prince, the members of his household and our party, came to the foot of the stairs. Colonel Grant,

wearing the uniform of a lieutenant-colonel, waited at the gate to receive the King in his father's name. The General, as I have said, waited at the foot of the marble steps, and, as the King advanced, shook hands with him cordially and led him to the reception-room. The King was dressed in simple Siamese



THE ROYAL GARDENS, SIAM.

costume, wearing the decoration of Siam, but not in uniform. Mr. Alabaster, the interpreter, stood behind the King and the General. The conversation continued for an hour—the King and the General discussing, among other subjects, the opium question and the emigration of the Chinese to America. The King lamented the fact that the opium habit was spreading among his people. General Grant urged the King, among

other things, to send young men to America to study in our schools, and his Majesty announced that he thought of sending a special embassy to the American government. At the close of the conversation the King rose, General Grant walked hand in hand with him to the foot of the stairs, the band played the national air, the cavalry escort formed in line, the princes and high officers walked to the carriage-door, and the King drove home to his palace.

On the next morning there was a state dinner at the royal palace. The party consisted of the King, his Royal Highness the Celestial Prince, several princes, members of the royal family of lower rank, General Grant and party, the American Consul Mr. Sickles, Miss Struder, daughter of the consul at Singapore, Mr. Torrey the American Vice-Consul, and Mrs. Torrey, the Foreign Minister, his son, the King's private secretary Mr. Alabaster, the members of the Foreign Office, and the aides of the king who had been attending the General. The Siamese all wore state dresses—coats of gold cloth richly embroidered—and the King wore the family decoration, a star of nine points, the center a diamond, and the other points with a rich jewel of different character, embracing the precious stones found in Siam. The General was received in the audience hall, and the dinner was served in the lower hall or dining-room. There were forty guests present, and the service of the table was silver, the prevailing design being the three-headed elephant, which belongs to the arms of Siam. This service alone cost ten thousand pounds in England. There were two bands in attendance, one playing Siamese, the other European music alternately. The Celestial Prince escorted Mrs. Grant to dinner and sat opposite the King at the center of the table. General Grant sat next the King. The dinner was long, elaborate, and in the European style, with the exception of some dishes of curry dressed in Siamese fashion, which we were not brave enough to do more than taste. The night was warm, but the room was kept moderately cool by a system of penekahs or large fans swinging from the ceiling, which kept the air in circulation.

After we had been at table about three hours there was a pause and a signal. The fans stopped, the music paused, and Mr. Alabaster, as interpreter, took his place behind the King. His Majesty then arose and the company with him, and, in a clear accent, heard all over the saloon, made the following speech in Siamese:

"YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN NOW ASSEMBLED: I beg you to bear the expression of the pleasure which I have felt in receiving as my guest a President of the United States of America. Siam has for many years past derived great advantages from America, whose citizens have introduced to my kingdom many arts and sciences, much medical knowledge and many valuable books, to the great advantage of the country. Even before our countries were joined in treaty alliance, citizens of America came here and benefited us. Since then our relations have greatly improved, and to the great advantage of Siam; and recently the improvement has been still more marked. Therefore it is natural that we should be exceedingly gratified by the visit paid to us by a President of the United States. General Grant has a grand fame, that has reached even to Siam, that has been known here for several years. We are well aware that as a true soldier he first saw glory as a leader in war, and, thereafter accepting the office of President, earned the admiration of all men as being a statesman of the highest rank. It is a great gratification to all of us to meet one thus eminent both in the government of war and of peace. We see him and are charmed by his gracious manner, and feel sure that his visit will inaugurate friendly relations with the United States of a still closer nature than before, and of the most enduring character. Therefore I ask you all to join with me in drinking the health of General Grant and wishing him every blessing."

When the King finished, Mr. Alabaster translated the speech into English, the company all the time remaining on their feet. Then the toast was drunk with cheers, the band playing the American national air.

General Grant then arose, and in a low but clear and perfectly distinct voice said:

"YOUR MAJESTY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am very much obliged to your Majesty for the kind and complimentary manner in which you have welcomed me to Siam. I am glad that it has been my good fortune to visit this country and to thank your Majesty in person for your letters inviting me to Siam, and to see with my own eyes your country and your people. I feel that it would have been a misfortune if the programme of my journey had not included Siam. I have now been absent from home nearly two years, and

during that time I have seen every capital and nearly every large city in Europe, as well as the principal cities in India, Burmah, and the Malay Peninsula. I have seen nothing that has interested me more than Siam, and every hour of my visit here has been agreeable and instructive. For the welcome I have received from your Majesty, the princes and members of the Siamese government, and the people generally I am very grateful. I accept it, not as personal to myself alone, but as a mark of the friendship felt for my country by your Majesty and the people of Siam. I am glad to see that feeling, because I believe that the best interests of the two countries can be benefited by nothing so much as the establishment of the most cordial relations between them. On my return to America I shall do what I can to cement those relations. I hope that in America we shall see more of the Siamese, that we shall have embassies and diplomatic relations, that our commerce and manufactures will increase with Siam, and that your young men will visit our country and attend our colleges as they now go to colleges in Germany and England. I can assure them all a kind reception, and I feel that the visits would be interesting and advantageous. I again thank your Majesty for the splendid hospitality which has been shown to myself and my party, and I trust that your reign will be happy and prosperous, and that Siam will continue to advance in the arts of civilization."

General Grant, after a pause, added:

"I hope you will allow me to ask you to drink the health of his Majesty the King of Siam. I am honored by the opportunity of proposing that toast in his own capital and his own palace, and of saying how much I have been impressed with his enlightened rule. I now ask you to drink the health of his Majesty the King, and prosperity and peace to the people of Siam."

This toast was drunk with cheers, the company rising and the band playing the national air of Siam. The King then led the way to the upper audience chamber, the saloon of the statues. Here ensued a long conversation between the King and the General and the various members of the party. Mrs. Grant, in the inner room, had a conversation with the Queen, who had not been at table. In conversing with the General the King became warm and almost affectionate. He was proud of having made the acquaintance of the General, and he wanted to know more of the American people. He wished Americans to know that he was a friend of their country. As to the General himself, the King hoped when the General returned to the United States that he would write the King and allow the King to write to him, and always be his friend and cor-

respondent. The General said he would always remember his visit to Siam; that it would afford him pleasure to know that he was the friend of the King; that he would write to the King and always be glad to hear from him, and if he ever could be of service to the King it would be a pleasure. With Mr. Borie the King also had a long conversation. It was midnight before the party came to an end.

Heavy rains attended us during our stay in Bangkok. The thought so kindly expressed by his Highness the Celestial Prince, on the occasion of General Grant's arrival—that Siam needed rain, and that perhaps General Grant had brought rain with him—was more than verified. There was a good deal to be done, however, in the way of receiving calls, and one morning, about six o'clock, we were astonished by a call from the ex-Regent. None of us had expected his Highness, and it turned out that he was in the habit of calling on his guests at this early hour. The ex-Regent had taken a great fancy to Mr. Borie, and if our friend had shown the least disposition to enter the Siamese service, he could have begun his oriental career in an exalted position. Among the visits of ceremony which General Grant received was that of the second King. His Majesty came in great pomp, riding in a chair and carried by bearers. Before him walked guards holding bamboo poles, warning all the world that there was a king on the way, and to go some other way. Behind him came his attendants bearing his special insignia of rank. One carried his teapot, another his betel-box, another his cigar-case, an-



SIAMESE LADIES AT DINNER.

other his sword, another his umbrella. There may have been other elements of rank, but these were all that I observed. The teapot is a very high emblem. These insignia are all of pure gold—a brown copper gold—studded with diamonds, and are marks of the most exalted rank. When the second King came to the palace and was seated, his insignia bearers took their positions near him, he who bore the sword being most prominent. I suppose that each of the insignia has a special rank—that the teapot bearer, for instance, would precede the betel-nut bearer, and that the one who had attained the supreme felicity of carrying the umbrella would disdain the cigar-case carrier. I suppose there are jealousies and ambitions and rivalries, and that these humble offices that attach one to a king's person are much desired. There was the element of the true royal quality in this service, what you read of in ancient days, and although it seemed odd that a prince should find it necessary to his rank to have a nobleman carrying a teapot around in his train, it was just as proper as that other sovereigns should have grooms of the stable and masters of hounds. It is all a part of the royal system which came from the East. These customs are those of reigning houses of an ancient civilization, for the best we have been able to do in the arrangement of our royal systems is to copy the manners of sovereignties as old as Siam.

There were other features of interest—even more so—apart from the pageantry of the occasion, than the royal visits and the feasts. Our palace of Suranrom, in which the General resides, does not give you a home idea of a palace. It is a series of buildings, and not one. When you speak of a palace in Siam you should say, to make your meaning clear, a town. In these warm countries architecture serves the sun. When you go to the grand palace, where the King resides, you feel as if you were in a private park or enclosure, with buildings in different styles of architecture. Suranrom is not so vast as the home of the King or the second King; but it has a beautiful garden, which we can see as we drive in and out, but which the rain has debarred to us. Suranrom means, as nearly as possible,

"No Bother," and I suppose the name arose in imitation of Frederick's favorite palace of "Sans Souci." Suranrom covers a good deal of ground. In the front there is a courtyard where the guard sits all day. There is a modest archway and an entrance of marble steps. At the top of this way you come to the reception-room, a saloon furnished in the French fashion, with pictures on the walls of the king and his ancestors. There are rooms adjoining where aides and ministers can wait in attendance on the sovereign. The walls are high and the floors covered with a gray marble. After you leave this wing of the palace you pass across a corridor into an open space—colonnades of marble, with chambers on either side. There is a cloister around this square, under which you can walk when it rains. The General's party are lodged here—Mr. Borie and the Doctor in one corner, the Colonel next, and my own room opposite. In another corner is a drawing-room, library, and other rooms for the use of the party, and a large dining-room, where the Prince and suite, and the General and party all take their meals. You pass another corridor and come to a further suite of rooms, sumptuously furnished, where the General and Mrs. Grant are quartered. These are the private apartments of the Prince, who has given them up to the General. There are rooms and suites of rooms beyond for the members of the household, as well as for the officers of the Siamese government appointed by the King to attend the General. As in all parts of the East where we have visited, the palace swarms with servants. You seem to be in a cloud of attendants, who float about you like insects at all hours of the day and night. Kassim and Peter, who have never been in Siam before, do not speak the language, and seem lost. Kassim has his doubts as to the integrity of the Siamese nation, and whenever I come into my room I find him unpacking the portmanteau to see if anything has been taken. I have never shared Kassim's apprehensions, because there is nothing in the bag that even a Siamese would care to take, and partly because Kassim is of a suspicious nature, and has been suspecting every one he met since he left Calcutta, especially Malays and Chinamen. And

as his predisposition is for a kind of employment that will enable him to sit cross-legged on the floor, the portmanteau is a great comfort to him, and gives him the pretext for employment and the opportunity for displaying boundless industry.



SIAMESE ACTOR AND ACTRESS.

None of the servants talk English, which is not without advantages, as you learn how little use language is in this world and how much can be done with pantomime.

Sometimes even language fails, as I observed one morning when, on strolling into Mr. Borie's room, I found our venerable

friend holding a Siamese levee, and endeavoring to impress his wishes upon a group of the royal servants. Mr. Borie had exhausted his English and French and Spanish, and the few words of Hindustanee, and was trying to express his anxieties for eggs and ice. By the aid of Mr. Alabaster these wishes were made intelligible, and the eggs came, but there was no ice. Ever since we left Rangoon we have been suffering from an ice famine, and our learned friend has given forcible voice to views on the ice question that would insure him a large vote in Alaska, or Minnesota, or Northern New Jersey, or some other region of eternal snow. Ice is like a good many other things in this uncertain world—like boot-blacking, caper sauce, a morning newspaper, religion, or the right of suffrage—you never know how much you want it until you cannot get it. I am ashamed to say, so human are we, much of our conversation ran upon ice in Siam. The temples were marvelous, the city was picturesque, the hospitality was royal, if there were only ice. The Doctor evolved out of his scientific knowledge a method of cooling wine in saltpeter, and although we were all charmed with the experiment, not wishing to wound the feelings of our professor of chemistry, the result was not a success. So we used to draw pictures of grateful cooling drinks at home, and how in ice, as in other things, America was the pinnacle of civilization. Our hosts, in the excess of their kindness, gave us specimens of Siamese cooking. There was a Siamese breakfast and a Siamese dinner, which I tried to comprehend by picking at it, but it was beyond me. It requires a higher faith than the fates have given me to pass through this new world of the kitchen. The larder of Siamese cookery is sweetmeats and hot sauces for curry. Everything seemed to run to sugar and red pepper, and we kept as closely as we could to the rice.

Among other incidents of our stay in Siam was a reception by the Celestial Prince in honor of the General. To this party every one in the town was invited, and every one came but the British Consul-General. That gentleman happens to be in difficulties with the Siamese government. It seems his daughter has married a Siamese nobleman, and as the nobleman did not

ask the King's permission, as prescribed in the laws, he has been flogged. Now to flog a man in Siam is a small matter, really a forcible reprimand; but to flog the son-in-law of a Consul-General is something that the majesty of England will not stand, and so a British gun-boat has been sent for to blow the town into the air if the King does not apologize. The American Consul has also sent for a gun-boat, but he did not tell me what he proposed to do with it. We are told that if we could only remain a month or two we would have some fun. All we know is, that while the British-Consul General would be glad to see the General, he cannot do so in the house of a Celestial Prince of a kingdom whose sovereign has insulted him by flogging his son-in-law. The reception was brilliant. There were two bands—a very good European band and a Siamese band, which I have no doubt was very good, but it was beyond me. After the General and party had been presented to the guests they were taken into another building and shown a dance or pantomime. The dancers were young women, dressed in heavily gilded garments, tight fitting, with conical-shaped bands. The dance was a slow, measured movement, with a great deal of gesticulation and wriggling of the body and little movement. The theme was a semi-sacred one. There was one dancer in a black mask who skipped about a good deal and seemed to be an evil influence—an imp, or a devil like Mephistopheles. I gave him this reputation because he had a way of kicking up his feet as though he were shutting and unshutting a case-knife, and making a rush at the others, whose faces were whitened, and who screamed and huddled together whenever he did so, always emerging out of the chaos into a stately measured dance. The time was good, but the music had a way of breaking into an unearthly din, something like a hundred thousand anvils beating to the accompaniment of a railway train. For a half hour or so this dance was interesting, but it had no variety and became inexpressibly wearisome.

The reception at the palace was brilliant in every way, but with the exception of the music and the costumes of the princes and noblemen it might have been a reception at home. The

Siamese preserves a part of the old costume. He wears an evening dress of black cloth and vest, but instead of pantaloons a fold of thick China silk, which girds around his loins and falls to the knee. The legs are covered with the old-fashioned silk stockings. As the silk is of any color—blue, green, pink, or purple—the effect of the varied colors is pleasant. A Siamese in full dress is one-half European, one-half Oriental, and one could hardly help feeling that it would have been better to have been all Oriental, and to have thrown aside the indefensible vanity of a black cloth coat. So far as comfort is concerned



A SIAMESE HOME.

the Siamese costume is more agreeable than our own. Some of the party had themselves photographed in Siamese dress, at the request of the Prince, who wished such a group as a souvenir of the General's visit to Bangkok. One of the King's brothers is an amateur photographer, and the photographing took place in front of the palace. In addition to the reception there was a special exhibition of Siamese athletes. Our Siamese friends have utilized every hour of our stay in the way of interest and amusement, and all that has interfered has been the rain. The athletic exhibition took place in the courtyard in front of the palace. All the spaces in front of the building were filled with the people, who have almost democratic freedom

in this country in the way of seeing all that is to be seen and taking part in public entertainments. There was just a burst of sunshine for an hour or two, but the wet ground put the athletes at a disadvantage. The General sat on the piazza, accompanied by several of the foreign consuls, the Celestial Prince, and other members of the household. The difficulty with these entertainments is that the combatants lose their temper and sometimes wound each other. I am afraid this losing temper is a bid for popularity, as the people prefer highly seasoned performances, and extol a performer who leaves his opponent senseless and bleeding. Strict orders had been given that there should be nothing more than violent horse play, and beyond a severe blow or two with a stick or the fist there was nothing, to use a showman's phrase, "that would offend the most fastidious taste."

There were visits to the temples and the museum. There is, perhaps, no more beautiful pagoda in the range of Buddhist architecture than the famous pagoda in Bangkok known as Wat-Chang. The idea of the pagoda is the same as in Burmah, with the exception that in Burmah the people cover their temples with gold-leaf, in Siam with precious stones. The Burmah idea is a mass of glowing color, in Siam there is architectural pretension. The Bangkok pagoda is a stupendous mass of mosaic, with an infinite and bewildering variety of decoration. Two thoughts seem to have been turned over and over again in the minds of the makers—the sleeping Buddha and the three-headed elephant. The sleeping Buddha is a reclining figure of the Lord Buddha, the face bearing an expression of meekness and resignation strikingly like the expression given to the pre-Raphaelite portraits of our Saviour. The three-headed elephant is to Siam what the dragon is to England. There is a legend that the Lord Buddha, in the course of his transmigrations, passed into the form of an elephant, and the animal has become sacred, for who knows but that the Divine Presence may even now be in the form of an elephant. This uncertainty of where you may see God, or in what form you may strike him, establishes almost a reverential relation

between the Siamese Buddhists and nature. We visited various temples, the private temple of the King being especially magnificent. It is not large, but a marvel of patient and minute and costly decoration. In worshiping Buddha it is the practice to bring offerings. As these offerings are according to the tastes and wealth of the worshiper—the widow's mite having as much place in the piety of the Buddhist as in that of the Christian—these offerings, lying at the foot of the altars, give them the look of a bric-à-brac shop. From the flower to a handful of rice, from an English print to a diamond, all are accepted in the house of the Lord Buddha. Some of the images of Buddha flashed with jewels, and in what is known as the emerald temple there is a small figure of the founder of the faith carved out of an emerald of great value. The wealth in these temples must be very great, and it increases, because whenever a Siamese grows rich he shows his gratitude to the Lord Buddha by decorating or building a temple.

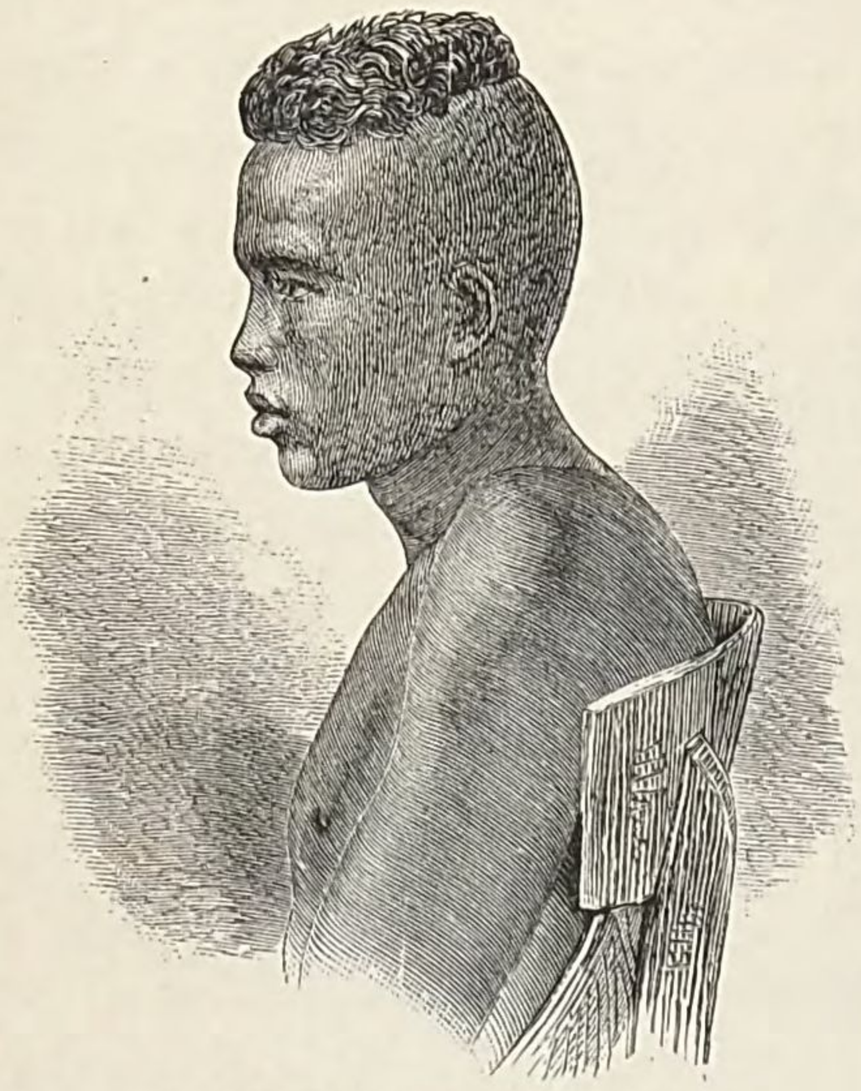


RUINS OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF AYUTHIA.

Another interesting visit was to the uncle of the King, a prince whose function is that of keeper of the royal elephants,

and who entertained us with a special view of the white elephants sacred to Siam, and the war elephants which defend her from her enemies. The white elephant is regarded now very much as the ancient Egyptians regarded the bull. He is almost worshiped. He has a special home and attendants, and his life is one of pampered luxury. What I remarked more especially about the white elephant was, that it was not white, only a gray, dun color, without any special feature to distinguish it from my old friends the menagerie elephants. The holiest elephant of all was not in a genial mood, and the security of the State was provided for by chaining him. He had one attendant, a weird old woman, who threw him bananas and sugar-cane; but he was in a restless condition when we visited him, and our Siamese friends took pains to keep us out of the reach of his trunk. The war elephants were homelier and more sensible beasts. The Prince gave General Grant a review, which would have been impressive but for the rain. The reviewing post was a covered place where there were chairs looking out on a field. About fifty yards below was a heap of cut grass, tied up in bundles, for the elephants' accommodation. I suppose the supply of food was to put the elephants in good humor just before the supreme moment of passing in review. At a signal from the Prince the animals began to move. Each one carried a group of armed soldiers. The warlike animals logged and walked along, and when they came to the grass buried their trunks in it, and would have remained and finished the whole supply but for the energy of the mahouts, who drove the spikes into their heads and urged them on. After the ordinary war elephants had passed we were shown the king's own elephant. This is also a majestic and petted brute, who never comes out without an attending elephant to go ahead and clear the way. The king's elephant is really a magnificent beast, and quite justifies his fame. His tusks were so long as to reach the ground and bend over so that the points crossed. I suppose we should have had some maneuvers with the elephants, but the clouds, which had been growing blacker and blacker, came upon us in a shower, and the review came to a summary end.

There was a visit to the city of Ayuthia, the ancient capital of Siam, and to the King's country palace. This was to close our visit to Siam, as from Ayuthia we should go to the mouth of the river and embark for China. Early in the morning we drove from the palace to the river and embarked on the king's yacht, the "Vesatu." The farewell of the General was as splendid as the arrival. Troops were paraded, guns were fired, and we were escorted on board the yacht by the officers of the palace. It was late in the afternoon before we reached the ancient capital. The General and party landed and strolled about for an hour and looked at the moldering walls, the abandoned audience chambers, where kings were wont to sit, the temples, where priests have forgotten to pray, and returned to the yacht.



A SIAMESE OF THE LOWER CLASS.

Ayuthia was sacked by a Burmese army a century or so ago, and the government, feeling that it was in too exposed a position, made another capital out of Bangkok. From here we sailed to the king's summer palace, where we passed the night. This is a country place in the Swiss style, and is, I suppose, the nucleus of another town which the king proposes to build. In fact, the palace is a small town already, with buildings and temples on both sides of the little stream—notably one temple in a European Gothic style of architecture.

Early in the morning we steamed down to Bangkok again, and stopped for luncheon at the house of D. B. Sickles, our Consul. Mr. Sickles has a commodious house on the river, and his party was composed of Americans and the consular body. A band played American national airs, and the bill of fare was as American in its inspiration as the genius of the consular household could suggest. The modern invention of cans ena-

bles you to do a great deal in that way, and patriotic wanderers like Mr. Borie, who believed in the country, had their faith stimulated by reading on the *menu* of salmon from Oregon and corned beef from Chicago. Mr. Sickles, in a neat and brief speech, proposed the health of General Grant. The General thanked the Consul, and asked the company to drink the health of the King of Siam. The king's secretary acknowledged this, and proposed the President of the United States. We then walked down to the water's edge, and embarked from the consular landing in the yacht which was to carry us to our own vessel. The Celestial Prince and the members of his household were there to say farewell. We took leave of his Royal Highness, General Grant expressing his great sense of the honor that had been done him, and hoping he might have the chance of returning Siamese hospitalities in America. The Prince went into his launch and steamed twice around our vessel at full speed. This is the Siamese way of wishing you a pleasant voyage. On reaching Bangkok we embarked, but the vessel could not cross the bar. Our Siamese friends who had been in attendance on the General took their leave at Paknam, the little town at the mouth of the river, and before the sun was up we were out at sea. Just before leaving Siam General Grant sent the King the following dispatch:

"To His Majesty the King of Siam, *Bangkok:*

"On my departure from your territory allow me to renew my thanks for your many acts of courtesy during my brief visit to Siam. I shall ever remember it with pleasure, and entertain the hope that I may be able some day to return it in part by receiving and entertaining in my own country some of those near and dear to you. U. S. GRANT.

"Paknam, April 18, 1879."

This closed our visit to Siam,—one of the most interesting episodes in the General's journey, not so much because of the royal attentions, which were extraordinary and entirely unprecedented in Siamese history, as it was in the study of the people. There were political advantages, too, which in time will be seen in a closer relation between America and Siam. Americans should be encouraged to take service in Siam and

other Eastern countries. The government should do it, and see that good men are sent, and not a dismal lot of vagabonds and adventurers, like so many of those quartered on the poor Khedive. How many bright men there are at home—officers of the army and navy—going to seed at some Indian fort, who would be of the greatest possible use to our own government and to these States if allowed to serve, as Colonel Gordon served the Chinese, and now serves the Khedive, without losing their rank at home, and having a double moral accountability in their service, to the government at home and the princes here. I do not think there are any appointments in the gift of the President more important, so far as the well-being of the country is concerned, than our appointments in the East, and especially in a country like Siam. The moral influence of America would have an impulse for good which would be felt in many ways in our commerce at home, in the advancement of these nations, in the widening of Asia more and more to Western civilization. Siam has met America more than half-way. The welcome given to General Grant was something more than a personal tribute. It was an appeal to the friendship and the generosity of the American government, and nothing would be more advantageous to civilization than for America to accept this in the spirit in which it is offered, and to strengthen her just influence in the East.



A NURSE AND BABY.

The following correspondence between the King of Siam and General Grant may not be without interest:

"GRAND PALACE, BANGKOK, April 20, 1879.

"MY DEAR GENERAL GRANT: I received your kind telegram on leaving Siam and was very much pleased to hear that you were satisfied with your reception.

"Your reception was not all I could have wished, for I had not sufficient notice to enable me to prepare much that I desired to prepare, but the good nature of your Excellency and Mrs. Grant has made you excuse the deficiencies.

"You will now pass on to wealthier cities and more powerful nations, but I depend on your not forgetting Siam, and from time to time I shall write to you and hope to receive a few words in return.

"I shall certainly never forget the pleasure your visit has given me, and shall highly prize the friendships thus inaugurated with your Excellency and Mrs. Grant.

"I send my kind regards to Mr. Borie, wishing him long life, health, and happiness, and with the same wish to yourself and Mrs. Grant and your family, I am, your faithful friend,

"CHULAHLONGKORN, King of Siam.

"To General Grant."

"United States Steamer 'Ashuelot,'
near Shanghai, May 16, 1879.

"To His Majesty the King of Siam:

"Dear Sir: Just before leaving Hong-Kong for Shanghai I received your very welcome letter of the 20th of April, and avail myself of the first opportunity of replying. I can assure you that nothing more could have been done by your Majesty and all those about you to make the visit of myself and party pleasant and agreeable. Every one of us will retain the most pleasant recollections of our visit to Siam and of the cordial reception we received from yourself and all with whom we were thrown in contact.

"I shall always be glad to hear from you and to hear of the prosperity and progress of the beautiful country over which you rule with so much justice and thought for the ruled.

"My party are all well, and join me in expression of highest regards for yourself and Cabinet, and wishes for long life, health, and happiness to all of you, and peace and prosperity to Siam. Your friend,

"U. S. GRANT."



A WEDDING CEREMONY.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

COCHIN-CHINA—CONVERSATIONS WITH GENERAL GRANT.

GENERAL GRANT, after his visit to the King of Siam, returned to Singapore, in the hopes of finding the "Richmond." We reached Singapore on the evening of the 22d of April. A dispatch was awaiting us from Captain Benham, to the effect that he hoped to be in Singapore on the 28th. But General Grant had made his visit, and not wishing to trespass further on the hospitalities of Colonel Enson, the Acting Governor of the Straits Settlements, resolved to continue on, by a French steamer then in port, to Hong-Kong. So, early on the morning of the 23d of April, in a heavy, pouring rain, without having time to go ashore and pay our respects to our kind friends Colonel Enson and Secretary Smith, we pushed out to sea. Our vessel was the "Irrawaddy," commanded by Captain Gauvain, a good type of the

French sailor and gentleman. After having been cramped up in coasting yachts, doomed to our own society, and yearning for ice, it was pleasant to be able to sweep along the broad decks of an ocean steamer, to be again a part of the world, to enter into the gossip of the ship, to unravel the mysteries of our fellow-passengers, to find out people, to discover that this was a bride and the other a duke, to meet the singing person, and the young lady with an album, and the young gentleman who had never been to sea before, and believes everything that is told him, and the idle, wicked young men who tell him everything—about whales obstructing the ship's course, about tigers springing on the deck from the Saigon Hills, and the terrors of Asia. Mr. Borie's satisfaction became enthusiasm when he learned there was ice on board, and ice enough to make an iceberg. So we settled down into a condition of comfort, for the sea was smooth and we were rapidly leaving the tropics for the north, and through northern latitudes for home.

I take the occasion of this trip to recall again some memoranda of my conversations with General Grant. I trust the reader will pardon any intrusion in my narrative of mere matters of talk, because most of our talk was in the idle hours of sea-travel. I note especially one conversation on home politics, particularly on the point so much discussed at home, as to the honesty of men in our public life. "Men in public life," said the General, "are like men in other spheres of life. It would be very hard for me to say that I knew six men in public position that I know to be dishonest of absolute moral certainty. Men will do things who are senators or members that reformers call corrupt. They will ask for patronage, and govern themselves in their dealings with the administration by their success in the matter of patronage. This is a custom, and if the reformer's theory is correct, it is corruption. And yet the men who were reformers, who turned their eyes at the sins of others, I generally found as anxious for patronage as others. Mr. Sumner, for instance, who is the idol of the reformers, was among the first senators to ask offices for his friends. He

expected offices as a right. Of course he spoke as a senator. He had no consideration except as a senator. If he had been a private man in Boston he would never have named a minister to London. As our public men go, as our forms of government go, Mr. Sumner and other senators were perfectly honest. There was no corruption in his asking me to appoint this man and the other. They regarded executive appointments for their friends as the rewards of public life. Mr. Edmunds asked me to keep Marsh in Italy. The whole Vermont delegation joined in the request. Yet no senator was more independent than Edmunds, more ready to oppose the administration if he disagreed with it—and so down the whole list. It was a rule. In a government where there are senators and members, where senators and members depend upon politics for success, there will be applications for patronage. You cannot call it corruption—it is a condition of our representative form of government—and yet if you read the newspapers, and hear the stories of the reformers, you will be told that any asking for place is corruption. My experience of men makes me very charitable in my criticism of public officers. I think our government is honestly and economically managed, that our civil service is as good as any in the world that I have seen, and the men in office are men who, as a rule, do their best for the country and the government. There is no man in the country," continued the General, "so anxious for civil service reform as the President of the United States for the time being. He is the one per-

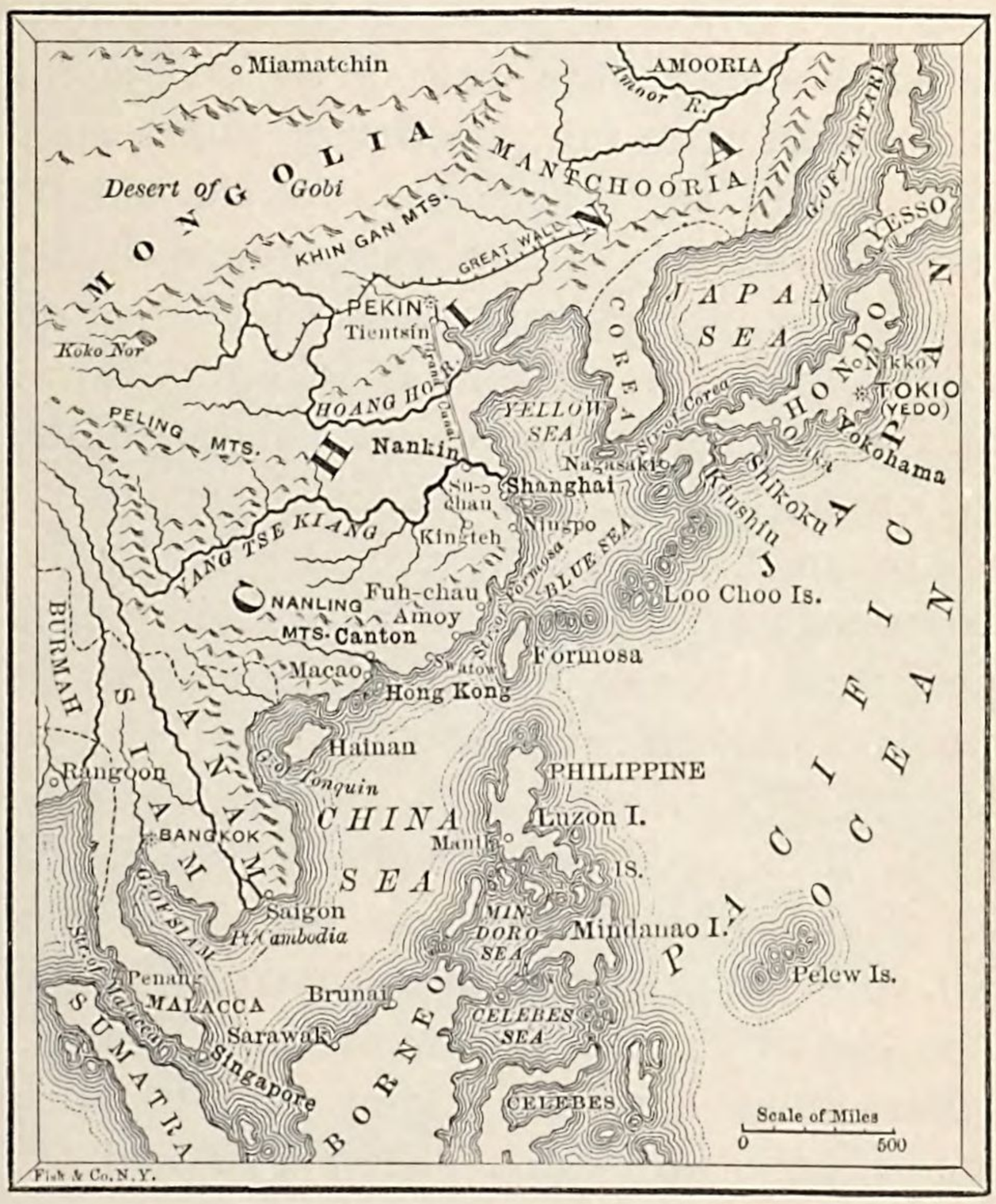


A BUFFALO CART.

son most interested. Patronage is the bane of the Presidential office. A large share of the vexations and cares of the Executive come from patronage. He is necessarily a civil service reformer, because he wants peace of mind. Even apart from this, I was anxious when I became President to have a civil service reform broad enough to include all that its most earnest friends desired. I gave it an honest and fair trial, although George William Curtis thinks I did not. One reason, perhaps, for Mr. Curtis's opinion may be that he does not know as much about the facts as I do. There is a good deal of cant about civil service reform, which throws doubt upon the sincerity of the movement. The impression is given by the advocates of civil service reform that most of the executive appointments are made out of the penitentiary. Writers who have reached years of discretion, like John Jay, gravely assert that one-fourth of the revenue collected at the New York Custom House is lost in process of collection. Of course, no reform can be sound when it is sustained by such wild and astounding declarations. Then many of those who talk civil service reform in public are the most persistent in seeking offices for their friends. Civil service reform rests entirely with Congress. If members and senators will give up claiming patronage, that will be a step gained. But there is an immense amount of human nature in members of Congress, and it is in human nature to seek power and use it and to help friends. An Executive must consider Congress. A government machine must run, and an Executive depends on Congress. The members have their rights as well as himself. If he wants to get along with Congress, have the government go smoothly, and secure wholesome legislation, he must be in sympathy with Congress. It has become the habit of Congressmen to share with the Executive in the responsibility of appointments. It is unjust to say that this habit is necessarily corrupt. It is simply a custom that has grown up, a fact that cannot be ignored. The President very rarely appoints, he merely registers the appointments of members of Congress. In a country as vast as ours the advice of Con-

gressmen as to persons to be appointed is useful, and generally for the best interests of the country. The long continuance of the Republican party in power really assures us a civil service reform. Mr. Hayes's administration will close the twentieth year of Republican rule. These twenty years have built up a large body of experienced servants in all departments of the government. The only break was when Mr. Johnson was at enmity with his party, and filled many offices with incompetent men. I suffered from that. Most of my early removals and appointments were to weed out the bad men appointed by Johnson. Mr. Hayes has had no such trouble. I made some removals in the beginning that I should not have done, by the mere exercise of the executive power, without adequate reason. But as soon as I came to know the politicians this ceased. I was always resisting this pressure from Congressmen, and I could recall many cases where nothing but resistance, my own determined resistance, saved good men. Take, for instance, General Andrews, former Minister to Sweden. General Andrews made an admirable minister, with a brilliant record. When I was in Sweden the king told me that he had been the best minister we had ever sent there. His record confirmed this. Pressure came to remove him, even from men who had asked his original appointment. He had been away, he was out of politics, a new man would help the party in Minnesota, and so on. I did not think the Republican party in Minnesota required much help, and I said that I did not see how, in the face of his record, I could fail to recommission General Andrews. If it had been my first term I could not have stood the pressure. These two incidents occur to me as showing how Congressional influence gave us so good a man as Marsh, and took away so good a man as Andrews. They illustrate my meaning when I say that the Executive does not appoint, but register appointments. Moreover, the Republican party has never been proscriptive. Mr. Lincoln had to make many removals and appointments, but this came from the Secession movement. Mr. Lincoln was always glad to recognize loyal Democrats, and in all the departments in Washington a loyal

Democrat was certain to remain. As a consequence of this policy, I suppose it is not too much to say that one-fourth, if not more, of the officers of the government in Washington are Democrats. Some of the best men in the service are Democrats. They were never disturbed. I never removed men because they were Democrats, if they were otherwise fit. I never thought of such a thing, nor does Mr. Hayes. This shows that civil service reform is growing in America, in the only way it can grow naturally—through time, through the long continuance of one party in power, and the consequent education of an experienced class of public servants. That is the only way. As for censuring a President because there is no civil service reform written in rules and books, it is absurd, for, as I have said, the President, whoever he is, is the one man in the country most anxious for the reform. Notwithstanding all that is said by the newspapers, I am convinced that our civil service, take it all and all throughout the country, is in as high a state of efficiency, and, I think, higher than that of any other nation in the world."

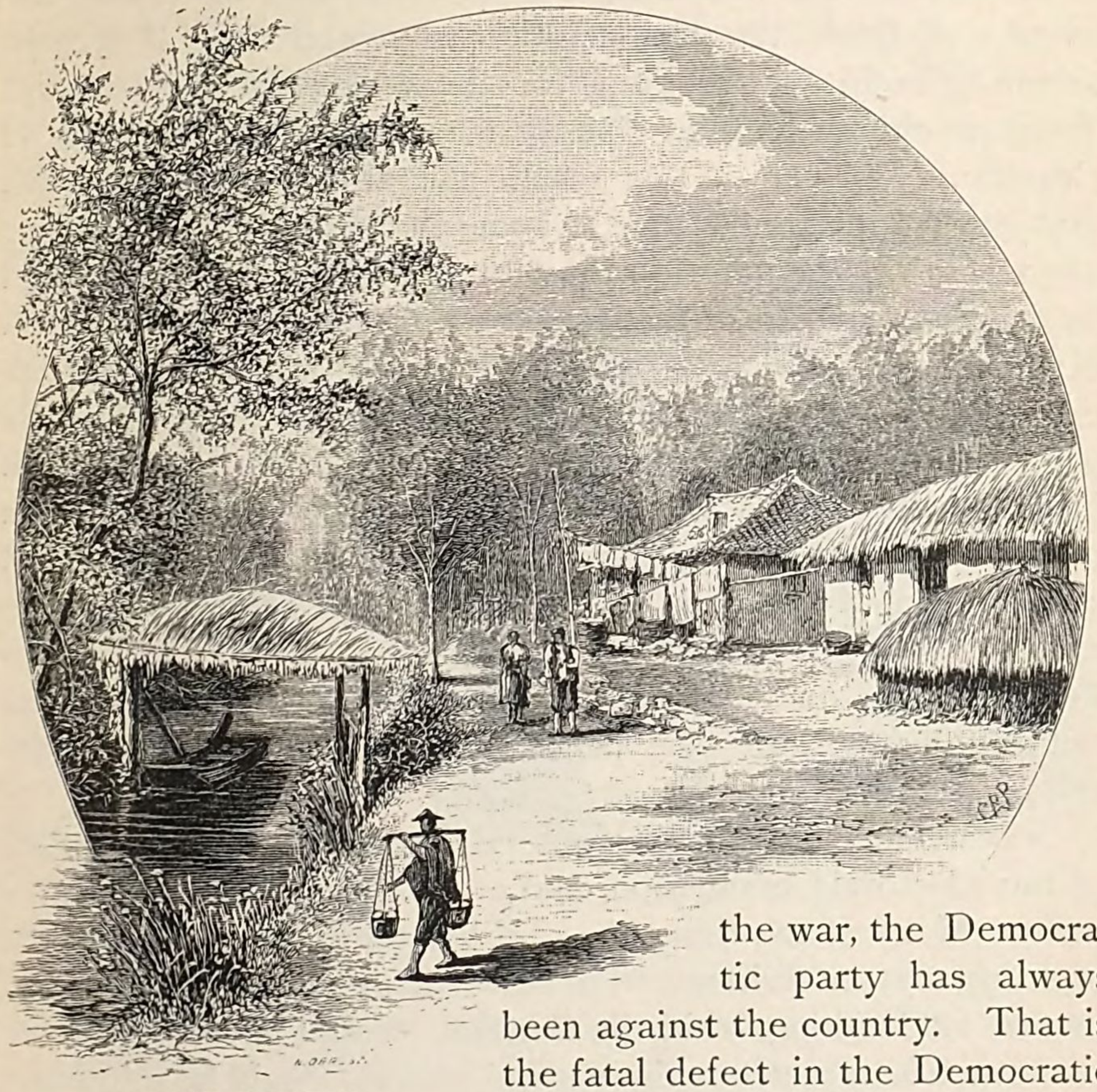


THE MAP OF CHINA.

Out of this arose a question as to the abuse which had crept into our elections, the abuse of assessing public officials for funds to carry on elections. "I see," said the General, "in some of the newspapers, that under Mr. Hayes it is a subject for congratulation that office-holders are no longer removed because they will not pay assessments for political campaigns. I never removed a man for such a refusal, never knew one of my Cabinet to do so, and if I had ever known it, I would have dismissed the officer who had made such removals. Statements like this belong to the cant of the civil service discussion, and throw doubt upon the sincerity of those who advocate the reform. I can see where our service can be amended. But every day the Republican party remains in power amends it. As to competitive examinations, they are of questionable utility. One of the most brilliant candidates before the civil service board was in jail very soon after his appointment, for robbery. The way to achieve the best civil service is, first to influence Congressmen, and induce them to refrain from pressure upon the Executive; then pass laws giving each office a special tenure; then keep the Republican party in power until the process of education is complete. As it is now, the only danger I see to civil service reform is in the triumph of the Democratic party. As it is, if our friends at home would only be candid and see it, civil service reform has been going on ever since 1861, with the exception of the end of Johnson's term. During those years there has grown up an educated, tried, and trusty body of public servants. They cannot be displaced without injury. There are black sheep now and then, failures from time to time. But the great body of the public service could not be improved.

"There is nothing I have longed for so much," said the General, "as a period of repose in our politics, that would make it a matter of indifference to patriotic men which party is in power. I long for that. I am accused, I see, as having a special aversion to democracy. People used to remind me that I voted for Buchanan, and call me a renegade. The reason I voted for Buchanan was that I knew Fremont. That

was the only vote I ever cast. If I had ever had any political sympathies they would have been with the Whigs. I was raised in that school. I have no objection to the Democratic party as it existed before the war. I hope again to see the time when I will have no objection to it. Before the war, whether a man was Whig or Democrat, he was always for the country. Since



A CHINESE FARM-HOUSE.

the war, the Democratic party has always been against the country. That is the fatal defect in the Democratic organization, and why I would see with alarm its advent to power. There are men in that organization, men like Bayard, McClellan, Hancock, and others whom I know. They are as loyal and patriotic as any men. Bayard, for instance, would make a splendid President. I would not be afraid of the others in that office; but, behind the President thus elected, what would you have? The first

element would be the solid South, a South only solid through the disfranchisement of the negroes. The second would be the foreign element in the North, an element which has not been long enough with us to acquire the education or experience necessary to true citizenship. Neither of these elements has any love for the Union. The first made war to destroy it, the second has not learned what the Union is. These elements constitute the Democratic party, and once they gain power I should be concerned for the welfare of the country. They would sway their President, no matter how able or patriotic. My fear of this result has always made me wish that some issue would arise at home that would divide parties upon some other question than the war. I hoped that would be one of the results of the Greenback agitation. The triumph of a Democratic party as it was before the war, of an opposition party to the Republicans as patriotic as the Democratic party before the war, would be a matter to be viewed with indifference so far as the country is concerned. The triumph of the Democratic party as now organized I would regard as a calamity. I wish it were otherwise. I hope every year to see it otherwise. But as yet I am disappointed. I am a Republican because I am an American, and because I believe the first duty of an American—the paramount duty—is to save the results of the war, and save our credit."

I remember hearing the General describe the inside history of the Electoral Commission, and of his own part in that movement. Many of the things he said belong to the history which one day may be written. To write them now would be premature. "Nothing," said the General, "could have been wiser than the Electoral Commission, and nothing could be more unpatriotic than the attempt to impair the title of Mr. Hayes as fraudulent. There was a good deal of cowardice and knavery in that effort. Mr. Hayes is just as much President as any of his predecessors. The country cannot too highly honor the men who devised and carried through the Electoral Commission. Mr. Conkling, especially, did grand service in that. He showed himself brave enough to rise above party. The crisis was a

serious one, and for me one of peculiar annoyance. There is something radically wrong about our manner of attaining and declaring the results of a presidential election which I am surprised has not been amended. It used to worry Morton a great deal, and on previous occasions we had trouble about it. The simple duty of declaring who has the largest number of votes should be easily done. We should never go through another Electoral Commission excitement. This is a question which should be decided free from politics, and yet it is delayed and paralyzed from purely political considerations. History, however, will justify the Electoral Commission as a fine bit of self-government on the part of the people. I say this without regard to its decision. I would have thought the same if Tilden had been elected."

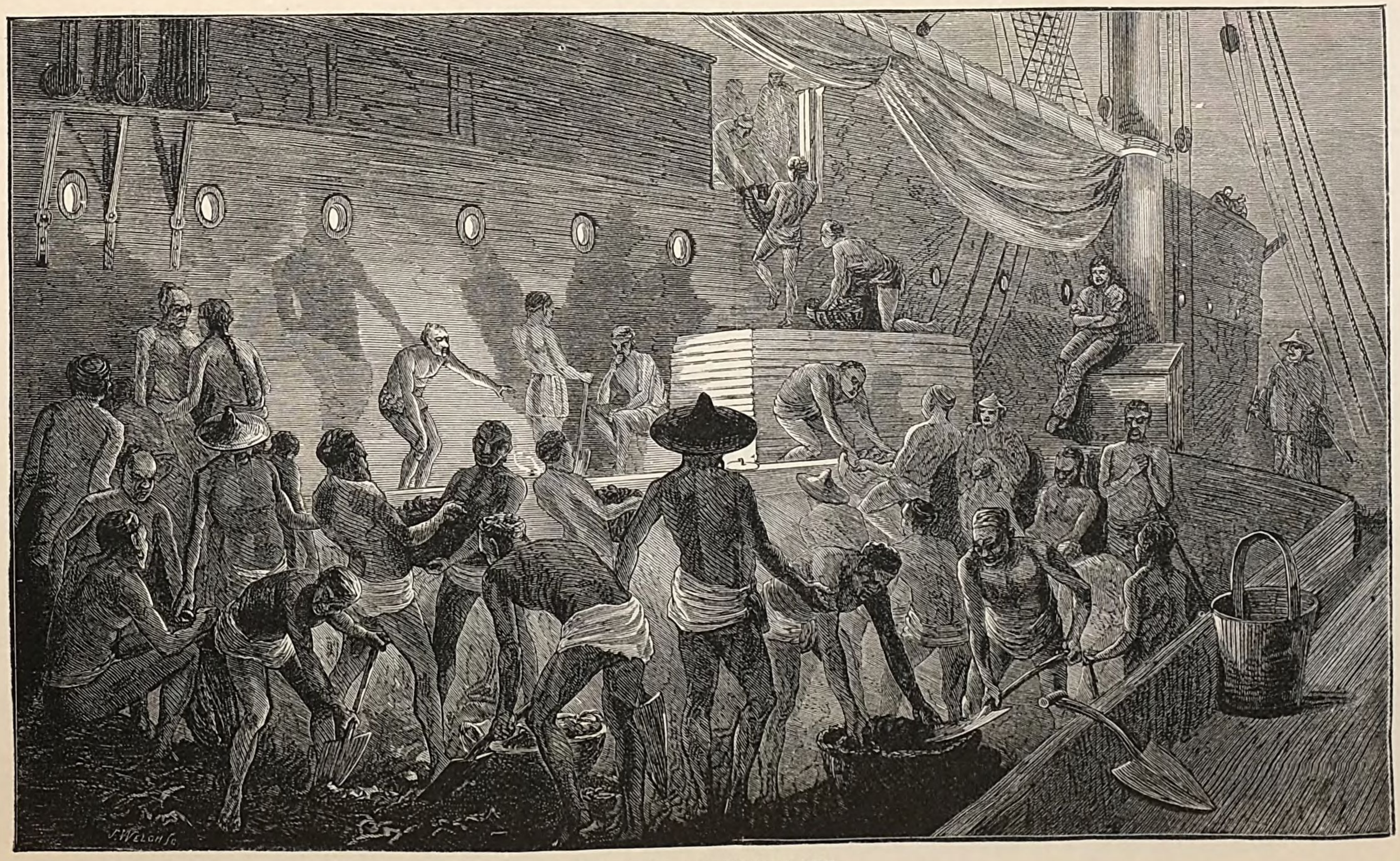


A WOMAN AND CHILD.

A question was asked as to whether the General had any fear of an outbreak as the result of the Commission. "That was the least of my fears," said the General. "I never believed there would be a blow, but I had so many warnings that I made all my preparations. I knew all about the rifle clubs of South Carolina, for instance, the extent of whose organization has never been made known. I was quite prepared for any contingency. Any outbreak would have been suddenly and summarily stopped. So far as that was concerned my course was clear, and my mind was made up. I did not intend to have two governments, nor any South American pronunciamentos. I did not intend to receive 'commissioners from sovereign States'

as Buchanan did. If Tilden was declared elected I intended to hand him over the reins, and see him peacefully installed. I should have treated him as cordially as I did Hayes, for the question of the Presidency was then neither personal nor political but national. I tried to act with the utmost impartiality between the two. I would not have raised my finger to have put Hayes in, if in so doing I did Tilden the slightest injustice. All I wanted was for the legal powers to declare a President, to keep the machine running, to allay the passions of the canvass, and allow the country peace. I am profoundly grateful that the thing ended as it did without devolving upon me new responsibilities. The day that brought about the result and enabled me to leave the White House as I did, I regard as one of the happiest in my life. I felt, personally, that I had been vouchsafed a special deliverance. It was a great blessing to the country—the peaceful solution I mean. I cannot see how any patriotic man can think otherwise. We had peace, and order, and observance of the law, and the world had a new illustration of the dignity and efficiency of the Republic. This we owe to the wisdom and foresight of the men who formed the Electoral Commission, Democrats as well as Republicans.

"At the same time, I think," said the General, continuing the conversation, "that we should revise our electoral laws, and prevent the renewal of such a crisis. I have thought a good deal over this subject of the duration of the presidential office. I always read with interest the discussions arising out of it. These discussions have done good, and our people, with their great common sense, will come to a solution. My own mind is not clear as to which would be the best plan. The one-term idea has many arguments in its favor. Perhaps one term, without re-election, for six or seven years would be as good as any other. The argument against a second term that a president is tempted to use his patronage to re-elect himself, is not sound. The moment a president used his office for such a purpose he would fail. It would be the suicide of his administration. It would disgust the people, and array against him the public men,



COALING AT SINGAPORE.

most of whom are dreaming of the succession for themselves, and would resent a policy they deemed to be an invasion of their own rights. There is nothing in that argument. Patronage does not strengthen a president. When you take up the question of second or third terms, and propose permanent ineligibility afterward, you are encountered with the argument that in a free government a people have a right to elect whomsoever they please, and that because a man has served the country well he should not at the end of his term be in the position of an officer cashiered from the army. What you want to avoid, it seems to me, is not re-elections but frequent elections. I think the best plan, one that would go farther to satisfy all opinions, would be one term for six or seven years, and ineligibility to re-election. Practically this would settle the question. Eligibility after an intervening term would not be of much value, for, in our country, most of the men who served one term would be past the age for election by the time another had intervened. The Swiss plan of short terms would not do for a country as large and new as ours. It is well enough for a small, ancient, populous, and highly-developed republic."

Speaking of the canvass of 1876, the General said one day: "I had only one candidate for the presidency as my successor, and that was the Republican candidate who could be elected. I took no part in the discussions antecedent to the Cincinnati Convention, because the candidates were friends, and any one, except Mr. Bristow, would have been satisfactory to me, would have had my heartiest support. Mr. Bristow I never would have supported, for reasons that I may give at some other time in a more formal manner than mere conversation. Mr. Blaine would have made a good president. My only fear about him was that the attacks made upon him at the time would injure his canvass. To me personally Blaine would have been acceptable. He is a very able man, I think a perfectly honest man, fit for any place; but his enemies had opened a line of attack which would have made his canvass difficult. Mr. Morton was a man of great parts, who did a grand work during the war. His course as the Governor of Indiana has, I think, never

been properly appreciated. He saved Indiana to the Union. As a speaker he was most persuasive. He had the art of saying everything possible on a subject, and from that became a most effective debater. Morton would have been as good in the presidency as in the governorship. But there were two objections: his health, and his opinions on finance. It would have been difficult, I am afraid impossible, to have elected Morton. Conkling would have satisfied me, as I am fond of him and hold his great character and genius in profound respect; and,



CELESTIAL THEATRICALS.

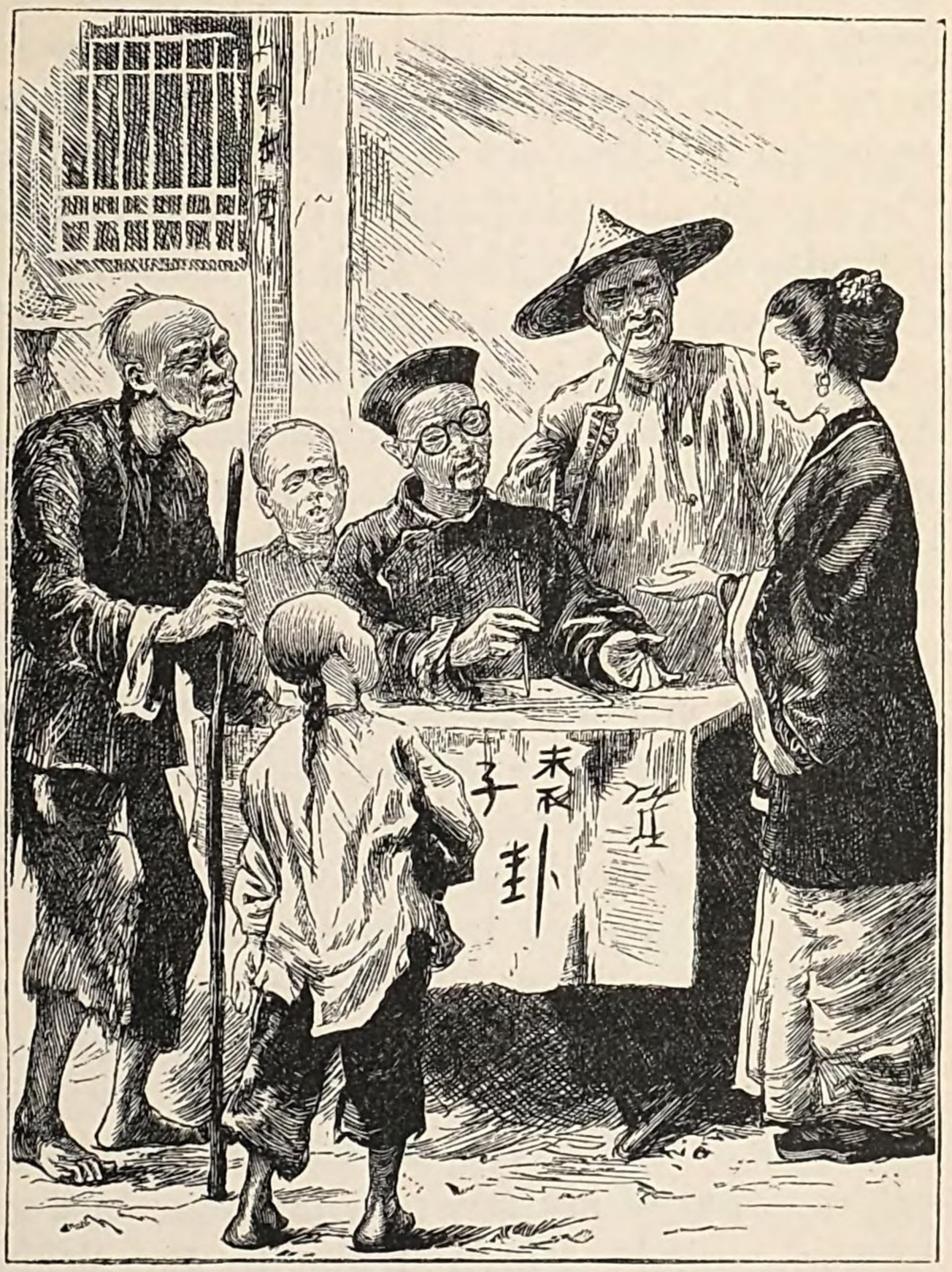
if nominated, he would have had elements of strength which neither of the others possessed. He would have been better as a candidate before the people than before the convention. Internal dissensions in New York defeated him, as internal dissensions in Illinois defeated Washburne. It looked for a time as if Washburne would be the dark horse instead of Hayes. But his friends were unwise in their antagonisms, especially to Logan. I used to reason with them about it, and try to make peace and smooth Washburne's way. Logan is a man who will pout and get cross, and become unreasonable; but when

the time comes for action—when the party or the country needs his services—he is first at the front, and no man is more trustworthy. I never could see why Logan's temper should interfere with his career, especially because he was at heart, and in every trial, as true as steel. These dissensions in Illinois defeated Washburne. I should have been delighted to have had Washburne as my successor. Apart from our personal relations, which are of the closest nature, I have a great admiration for Washburne. He has been my friend always, and I am grateful for his friendship. He is a true, high-minded, patriotic man, of great force and ability. While he was in France, some of our enemies tried to make mischief between us, but it had no result. I have entire faith in Washburne, and if I could have cleared the way for him in Cincinnati I would have done so. But his Illinois friends made that impossible. I saw he could not be nominated. I did not see any nomination for Blaine, Morton, or Conkling. Bristow was never a serious candidate, never even a probability. Looking around for a dark horse, in my own mind, I fixed on Fish. Governor Fish seemed to me the man to run. Bayard Taylor said to me in Berlin that the three greatest statesmen of this age were Cavour, Gortchakoff, and Bismarck. I told him I thought there were four; that the fourth was Fish, and that he was worthy to rank with the others. This was the estimate I formed of Fish after eight years of Cabinet service, in which every year increased him in my esteem. So I wrote a letter to be used at the proper time—after the chances of Blaine, Morton, and Conkling were exhausted—expressing my belief that the nomination of Governor Fish would be a wise thing for the party, and his election, if elected, for the best interests of the country. The time never came to use it. Fish never knew anything about this letter until after the whole convention was over. Hayes was, under the circumstances, a good nomination. I knew Hayes as Congressman fairly well, and was very glad to support him. I think he is doing as well as he can, especially considering the difficulties which surrounded him at the outset, difficulties which would embarrass any administration, and

which our friends should consider before they are impatient. The financial views of Mr. Hayes, at a time like this, are a blessing to the country. For that reason alone he should be made as strong as possible.

"Hamilton Fish," said General Grant, "is, I think, the best Secretary of State we have had in fifty years, unless it may have been Marcy. This will be the opinion of those who study the records of the State Department. He differed from Marcy and excelled him in this, that he never did anything for effect, while Marcy would often do things for effect. In this—his aversion to anything that looked like striving for an effect—Fish was so straight that I sometimes thought he leaned backwards. When I formed my Cabinet I consulted no one. The only member of it whom I informed in advance was A. T. Stewart. Mr. Stewart had so many vast and stupendous private interests, that I did not think it would be fair to offer him such a place without first knowing whether he could accept. I thought his genius for business would be the quality required in the Treasury, and I wanted the Treasury conducted on strict business principles. When I spoke to Mr. Stewart he was pleased. My first choice for the State Department was James F. Wilson of Iowa. I appointed Mr. Washburne under peculiar circumstances. Mr. Washburne knew he was going to France, and wanted to go. I called on him one day when he was ill. I found him in a desponding mood. He said that before going to a country like France, he would like to have the prestige of a Cabinet office, that it would help his mission very much. He suggested the Treasury. I had already spoken to Mr. Stewart on the subject, and said I would make him Secretary of State. So came the appointment. You remember Schofield was retained for a time as Secretary of War. I did this to mark my approval of his course in going into Johnson's Cabinet. As a matter of fact, before Schofield accepted Johnson's offer he consulted with me, and I advised him to accept. But Schofield was in the army, and a general. Of course he could not resign a life position of so high a grade to take a political office that would last four years. And I do not think

it proper that an officer in high rank should be either at the head of the army or the navy. After Rawlins died, I debated for some time between Belknap, whom I did appoint, and Fairchild, now the Consul-General in Paris. What decided between the two were State considerations. I appointed Mr. Borie to the Navy because I knew him to be an exalted character, one of the best types of Americans I have ever known; a merchant who had amassed a large fortune, and perfectly fitted for any place. If Mr. Borie had felt able or willing to undergo the labors of the Navy Department, he would have made an admirable secretary. He declined the place, and only remained for a time at my urgent entreaty. I wanted the Navy Department to go to Pennsylvania, and offered it to George H. Stuart of Philadelphia. He was a business man and could not accept. Then I asked Lindley Smith of Philadelphia. His professional engagements were too absorbing. Mr. Borie mentioned Robeson, and arranged that we should meet on an excursion I was taking to West Point. Here I made Robe-



A STREET FORTUNE-TELLER.

son's acquaintance, and out of it came his appointment to the Navy Department. After I gave the Treasury to Boutwell, of course it would not do to have two Cabinet officers from Massachusetts, and Mr. Hoar retired. I have a great esteem for Mr. Hoar, and was sorry the Senate did not confirm his nomination for the Supreme Bench. I look back upon my Cabinet selections with great pleasure, and am very grateful to the gentlemen associated with me for their assistance. Boutwell went out of the Cabinet to become senator. But I think he regretted it. He told me one day that he felt homesick after leaving the administration. I was sorry to lose him. I had difficulty in inducing Mr. Fish to remain eight years. At one time he was so bent on resigning, that I had selected his successor. It would have been President White of Cornell. Under the present administration one thing has been achieved which I admire, namely, the proper position of the General of the army. It is now as it was before Marcy, as Secretary of War, quarreled with Scott. Scott became angry, and retired to Elizabeth, leaving Marcy in command of the army. Secretaries have commanded it ever since, until now. Now it is as it should be, and as I think it will remain.

"I never knew Greeley well," said the General, "and don't think I ever met him until after I was elected President. But I had a great respect for his character. I was raised in an old line Whig family, my father being an active man in the Whig party—attending conventions and writing resolutions. So that all of my earliest predilections were for Mr. Greeley and his principles. I tried very hard to be friendly with Mr. Greeley, and went out of my way to court him; but somehow we never became cordial. I invited him to the White House, and he dined with me. Greeley had strange notions about the kind of men who should take office. He believed that when a man was a helpless creature, who could do nothing but burden his friends, and was drifting between the jail and the poorhouse, he should have an office. For good men to hold office was in his mind a degradation. I remember on one occasion meeting him on the train between Washington and New York. I had

a special car, and sent for him to come in. We talked all the way. He laid down this doctrine. I said laughingly, 'That, Mr. Greeley, accounts for your always pushing so-and-so,' naming one of his herd of worthless men who were always hanging about the Washington hotels with letters of recommendation from him in their pockets. He was much annoyed at my personal application, although I had no idea of offending him. I don't think he ever quite forgave me for my raillery. Greeley was a man of great influence and capacity; but I think that in his latter years, at least when I knew him, he was suffering from the mental disease from which he died. He made suggestions to me, and recommendations to office, of the most extraordinary character, that he never could have conceived in a healthy frame of mind. I should like to have known him earlier when he was himself. If he had been elected President he never could have lived through his term, and the government would really have been in the hands of Gratz Brown.

"By the way," said the General, "the indirect claims case, as presented in our case against England at the time of the Alabama arbitration, was an illustration of what those in authority are compelled sometimes to do as a matter of expediency. I never believed in the presentation of indirect claims against England. I did not think it would do any good. I knew England would not consider them, and that it would complicate our meritorious case by giving her something to complain about. When Mr. Fish prepared our case against England, and brought it to me for approval, I objected to the indirect claim feature. Mr. Fish said he entirely agreed with me, but it was necessary to consider Mr. Sumner. Mr. Sumner was at the head of the committee in the Senate that had charge of foreign affairs. He was not cordial to the treaty: we had overruled one of his suggestions—namely, that our first condition of peace with England should be the withdrawal of her flag from the American continent. That suggestion was a declaration of war, and I wanted peace, not war. Mr. Sumner had also laid great stress upon indirect claims. Not to consider

them in our case, therefore, would offend him. Then if we made a treaty without considering indirect claims, they would exist as an unsettled question, and be used by demagogues as pretexts for embroiling us at some future time with England. The surest way of settling the indirect claim question was to



THE ENVIRONS OF SAIGON.

send it to the Geneva tribunal. The argument of Mr. Fish convinced me, but somewhat against my will. I suppose I consented because I was sincerely anxious to be on terms with Sumner, as I wanted to be with all of our leading Republicans. But neither Mr. Fish nor myself expected any good from the presentation. It really did harm to the treaty, by putting our

government and those in England who were our friends in a false position. It was a mistake, but well intended. It is a mistake ever to say more than you mean, and as we never meant the indirect claims, we should not have presented them, even to please Mr. Sumner."

On the third day of our voyage we came to the shores of Cochin-China and entered the river. Cochin-China is now a French colony, and was among the achievements of Louis Napoleon. The history of the growth of the French power is like that of European power in Asia. It began as a missionary venture, as an opening for trade, and ended in becoming a French colony. Napoleon was anxious, among other dreams, to realize a Latin empire in Asia, as the English had built a Saxon empire in Hindostan. Cochin-China had fallen under French influence in various ways—before the first slice of conquest in 1862, and the second in 1867. A French Vicar Apostolic was in charge of the religion of the country, and the effect of this was to make annexation easy. I have not taken the trouble to inquire into the "grievance" which culminated in the invasion of Cochin-China by the French. There is no investigation more unprofitable than this inquiry into the causes of the invasion of Eastern powers by the Western. The causes are the same. The Western powers want territory and glory, military and naval opportunities, and the rest comes. There is a breathing spell at home, in home affairs, and a raid into the East is practice for the troops, practice and discipline. Behind Napoleon's venture was the overmastering ambition of his house; and I suppose the French would have gone on and on until they had scissored off a good remnant of the Chinese empire, but for the European and American complications. What we know of the Cochin-Chinese before their absorption is, that they were a docile people, of a lower grade than Chinese or Siamese. They seem to have had no delicacy in their lives. Woman was reduced into even a lower scale than that assigned to her in the East. The rich man made her a toy, the poor man a slave. In the arts their knowledge was elementary. Yet their reputation was not always thus. Camoens in the

Lusiad, who wrote from a personal knowledge of the East, makes a complimentary reference to Cochin-China :

> " Chiampa there her fragrant coast extends,
> There Cochin-China's cultured land ascends,
> From Annam Bay begins the ancient reign
> Of China's beauteous art-adorned domain.
> Wide from the burning to the frozen skies,
> O'erflowed with wealth the potent empire lies."

This was written more than three hundred years ago. But those who saw Cochin-China with other than a poet's eyes found the people in the elementary stages of culture. I should think there was about the same difference between a Cochin-Chinaman and a Chinaman proper, as between a Mexican and a Yankee. Chaigneau, a Frenchman who held office under the old government, and was one of the pioneers of French influence, says of the genius of the people : " You find goldsmiths, blacksmiths, carpenters, joiners, but none of their arts have risen above mediocrity. They have some knowledge of the art of tempering iron and steel, but their tools are either too brittle or too soft. They work better in copper, because the metal is always prepared for them by the Chinese." Chinese manners had impressed the country. The calendar was Chinese, and the coin an imitation of Chinese coin. The religion is the same, Buddhism, and the morals of Confucius. There was none of the pomp and barbaric splendor in the temples that we saw in the Buddhist temples of Burmah and Siam. In these Chinese countries the lower classes are Buddhists, the upper classes followers of Confucius—which means orthodoxy tempered with a discreet skepticism. Buddhism in Cochin-China means a moral life as the priests dictate. The gospel of Confucius is a moral life as your conscience dictates. The customs of the people, marriage, funeral ceremonies, the adoration of ancestors, the observance of festivals and eras, are based on the Chinese canons. The King reigned in what was called a patriarchal despotism. He was absolute and supreme. The King lived apart, and made himself sacred and

unapproachable like the Chinese emperor. Torture was allowed in the administration of justice. Flogging was a cherished institution. The police carried their bamboo staffs, and kept order by flogging the people. Christianity made its way during that marvelous movement for the conversion of Asia, begun by Ignatius Loyola in the sixteenth century. A Spanish priest planted the cross in 1583. In a generation or two the French came and strengthened the cross. Then came a prince who persecuted the Christians and drove out the



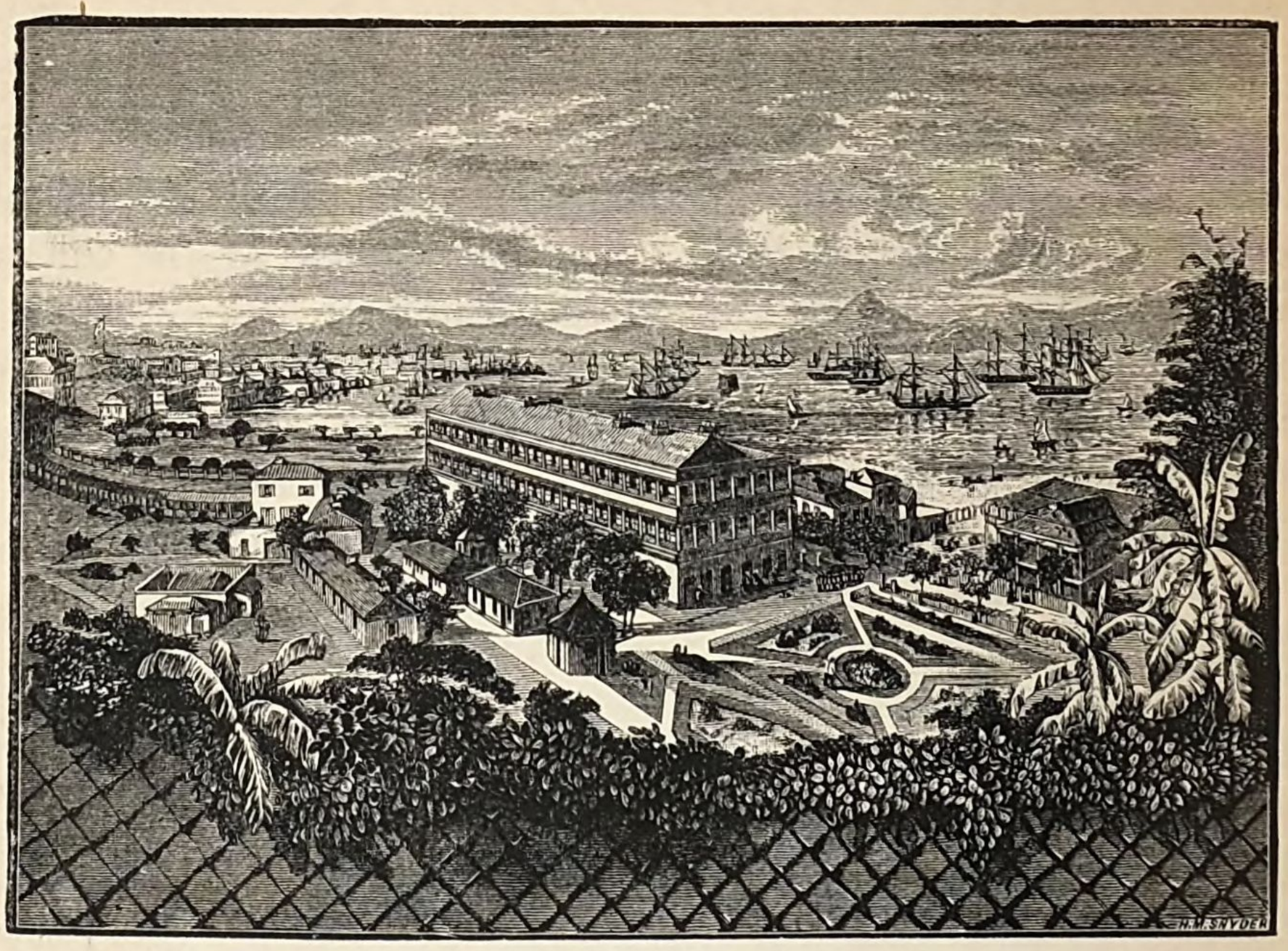
CHINESE BARBERS.

priests. But the cross was succeeded by the sword, and now Cochin-China is as much a province of France as Champagne or Algeria.

Saigon is about forty miles from the sea, and you approach it through a series of rivers, which interlace the soil, and break and twist and bend, until the map looks like a demonstration in anatomy of the alimentary functions of the body. We passed Cape Saint Jacques after luncheon, and a boat came from the shore with a telegram from Admiral Lafond, the Governor-General, to the General, asking him to be his guest at the

Government House. We sailed up the rivers until the sun was going down, and we saw the masts of the shipping at the wharves, and the spires of Saigon. As we were quietly sailing along, sitting on the deck and looking out upon the dense, green tropical landscape, growing richer and denser under the flushing rays of the descending sun, we heard the snapping of a chain, and the vessel began to reel around in the channel as though it had fallen under the influence of liquor, and turned its prow to the shore. In a few minutes the nose of the ship was buried in the soft, black mud, the engines were stopped, and then we knew that the tiller-chains had broken and the helm was helpless. There were hoarse cries of command, and sailors hurrying hither and thither, and the crew became a mob. You note among the French that in times of excitement and danger they lose self-possession. Some of the sailors broke into tears, to the annoyance of the captain, who made the fine philosophical observation, that when you were in danger you should possess yourself with a grand calm, and if you had to go down, go down like gentlemen. There was no denying this dogma, and we were in a position to discuss it calmly, because we were entirely out of danger, and if the worst came to the worst, we could all walk ashore from the side of the vessel. The incident would have been a serious one had our tiller-chains snapped a quarter of an hour later. We should then have been among the shipping, and our heavy vessel would have swung around like a battering-ram, and destroyed the smaller craft. But all is well that ends well. Our chains were mended, and after a couple of hours' delay our vessel was at her wharf, and the General and Mrs. Grant went ashore to the Government House. General Grant remained in Saigon during the stay of the steamer, and was entertained at dinner by the Governor-General. There was a reception in his honor, at which all the European residents attended; and after the reception the General drove back to the steamer, which sailed at daybreak. It was interesting to see in Saigon an illustration of what the French have been doing in Asia. The town does great credit to France, and is

one of the most beautiful we have seen. The streets are arranged in Parisian style, and there was just a touch of Paris that was almost plaintive in the small cafés, before which the residents sat and drank beer. The management of the colony is prosperous and yields a revenue to France.



HONG-KONG.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CONVERSATIONS WITH GENERAL GRANT—HONG-KONG.

ON the 27th of April we left our moorings at Saigon, and reached the open sea at breakfast time. The heat was very severe, and we began—all of us, I think—to feel the effects of continued life in the tropics; but as we approached Hong-Kong a cool breeze from the north gave us great relief. An interesting feature of the trip was the opportunity of meeting that distinguished official in the Chinese service, the Honorable Robert Hart, Inspector of Customs in China. Mr. Hart, although a young man, has gained a world-wide fame, and is perhaps one of the best-informed Europeans living as to the resources of the Chinese Empire, and the manners and customs of the Chinese people. There were many conversations between General Grant and Mr. Hart about China, and we could not but be grateful for the advan-

tage that befell us in the experience and ability of our friend and companion. Our trip to Hong-Kong took us the better part of four days. I will not dwell upon the incidents of sea-life, because it was a calm, tranquil journey; but if my readers will permit me I will take advantage of our voyage to resume the summary of my conversations with General Grant. We were talking one evening of Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War.

"The first time I saw Mr. Stanton," said General Grant, "was in the West. I had come from Cairo, had reached Indianapolis, changed cars for Louisville, and was just on the point of starting, when a messenger informed me that Mr. Stanton and Governor Brough of Ohio had just arrived at the station from another direction. Mr. Stanton immediately joined me, and we went on to Louisville together. He gave me my new command, to take the army and relieve Rosecrans. Stanton being a little fatigued went to bed, while I went to the theater. As I was strolling back messengers began to hail me. Stanton was anxious to see me as something terrible had happened. I hastened to the Secretary, not knowing what had taken place. On the way I reproached myself with having attended the theater, while there was no knowing what terrible things had happened in my absence. When I reached Stanton's room, I found the Secretary in his night garments in great distress. He had received a dispatch from the Assistant Secretary of War telling him that Rosecrans had given orders to his army to retreat, and that such a retreat would be disastrous not only to that campaign but to the Union. I saw the situation at once, and wrote several dispatches. My first was a dispatch to General Rosecrans relieving him of his command and taking command of the army myself. My second dispatch was to General Thomas, directing him to take command of the army until I reached head-quarters, and also ordering General Thomas to hold his position at any and all hazards against any force. A reply came from General Thomas that he would hold his position until he and his whole army starved. I hurried down to the front, and on my way at one of the stations met

Rosecrans. He was very cheerful, and seemed as though a great weight had been lifted off his mind, and showed none of the feeling which might have been expected in meeting the general who had been directed to supersede him. I remember he was very fluent and eager in telling me what I should do when I reached the army. When I arrived at head-quarters, I found the army in a sad condition. The men were badly fed and badly clothed. We had no communications open for supplies. Cattle had to be driven a long way over the mountains, and were so thin when they came into the lines that the soldiers used to call it 'beef dried on the hoof.' I opened communications with our supplies, or, as they called it, opened the 'cracker lines.' Rosecrans's plan, which was checked before put in execution by my order, would have been most disastrous—nothing could have been more fatal. He would have lost his guns and his trains, and Bragg would have taken Nashville. By opening our lines, and feeding our men, and giving them good clothing, our army was put into good condition. Then, when Sherman reached me, I attacked Bragg, and out of that attack came Mission Ridge."

I recall many conversations with General Grant, in reference to the various officers who held high commands in our war, and the surprising changes of fortune in the way of reputation. "There were a few officers," said the General, "when the war broke out, to whom we who had been in the army looked for success and high rank—among them Rosecrans, Buckner, McClellan, Stone, McDowell, Buell. I felt sure that each of these men would gain the highest commands. Rosecrans was a great disappointment to us all—to me especially. Stone's case was always a mystery, and I think a great wrong was committed.

"I knew Stone at school. I have always regarded him as very good, a very able and a perfectly loyal man, but a man who has had three or four severe and surprising reverses of fortune. After the arrest of Stone, and his treatment, his military career in our war was destroyed. I believe if Stone had had a chance he would have made his mark in the war. Mc-

Dowell was also the victim of what I suppose we should call ill luck. You will remember people called him a drunkard and a traitor. Well, he never drank a drop of liquor in his life, and a more loyal man never lived. I have the greatest respect for McDowell's accomplishments and character, and I was glad to make him major-general. The country owed him that, if only as an atonement for its injustice toward him. But McDowell never was what you would call a popular man. He



STREET IN HONG-KONG.

was never so in the army nor at West Point. Yet I could never understand it, for no one could know McDowell without liking him. His career is one of the surprising things in the war. So is Buell's. Buell does not like me, I am afraid, but I have always borne my testimony to his perfect loyalty and his ability. Buell is a man who would have carried out loyally every order he received, and I think he had genius enough for the highest commands; but, somehow, he fell under a cloud.

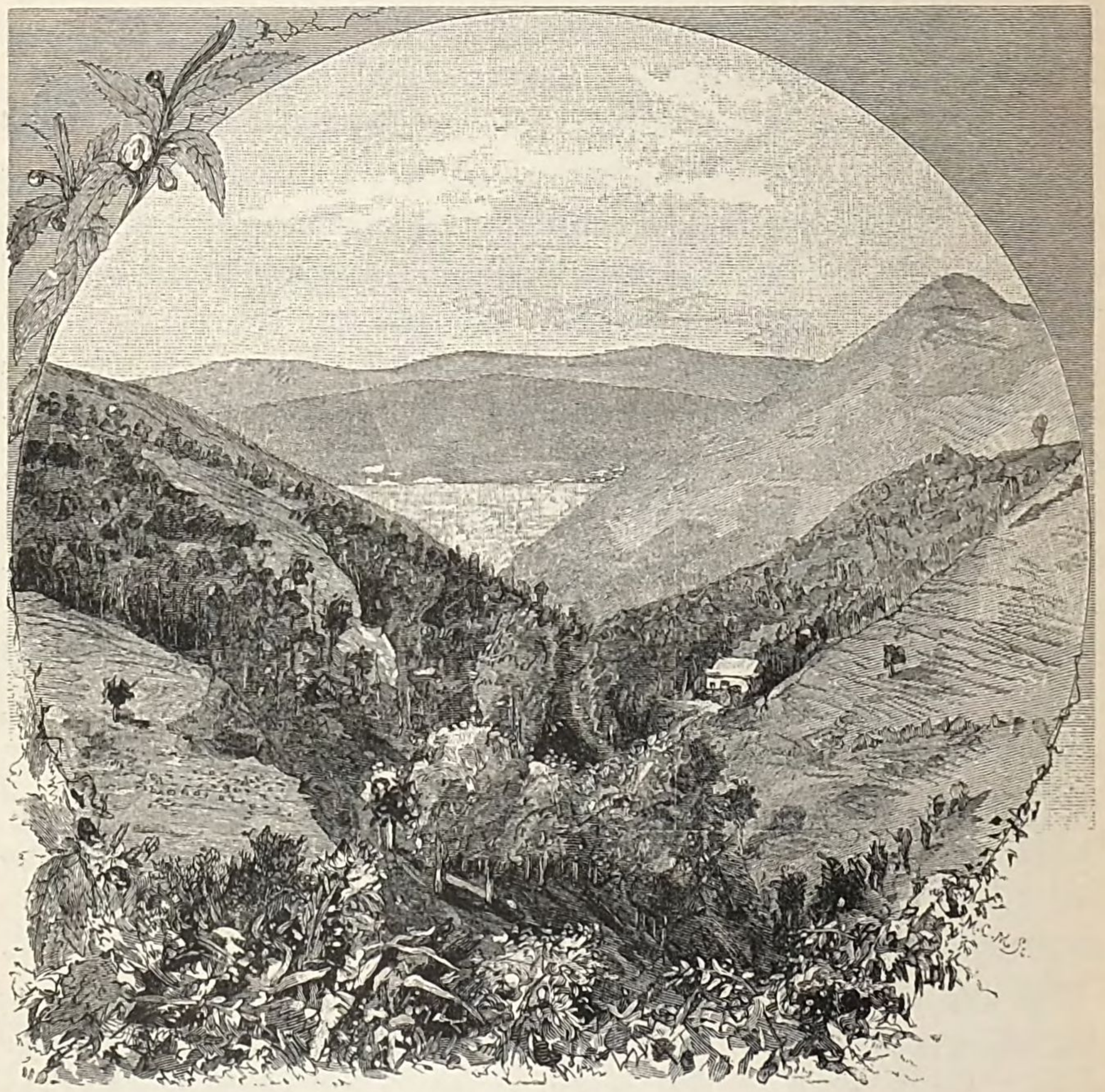
"The trouble with many of our generals in the beginning," said the General, "was that they did not believe in the war.

I mean they did not have that complete assurance in success which belongs to good generalship. They had views about slavery, protecting rebel property, State rights—political views that interfered with their judgments. Now I do not mean to say they were disloyal. A soldier had as good a right to his opinions as any other citizen, and these men were as loyal as any men in the Union—would have died for the Union—but their opinions made them lukewarm, and many failures came from that. In some cases it was temperament. There is Warren, whose case may be regarded as a hard one. Warren had risen to one of the highest commands in the army, and was removed on the field of battle, and in the last battle of the war. Yet it could not be helped. Warren is a good soldier and a good man, trained in the art of war. But, as a general, if you gave him an order he would not act until he knew what the other corps would do. Instead of obeying—and knowing that the power which was guiding him would guide the others—he would hesitate and inquire, and want to debate. It was this quality which led to our disaster at the mine explosion before Petersburg. If Warren had obeyed orders we would have broken Lee's army in two and taken Petersburg. But when he should have been in the works he was worrying over what other corps would do. So the chance was lost. I should have relieved Warren then, but I did not like to injure an officer of so high rank for what was an error of judgment. But at Five Forks it was different. There was no time to think of rank or persons' feelings, and I told Sheridan to relieve Warren if he at all failed him. Sheridan did so, and no one regretted the necessity more than I did.

"So far as the war is concerned," said the General, "I think history will more than approve the places given to Sherman and Sheridan. Sherman I have known for thirty-five years. During that time there never was but one cloud over our friendship, and that," said the General, laughing, "lasted about three weeks. When Sherman's book came out, General Boynton, the correspondent, printed some letters about it. In these Sherman was made to disparage his comrades, and to

disparage me especially. I cannot tell you how much I was shocked. But there were the letters and the extracts. I could not believe it in Sherman, the man whom I had always found so true and knightly, more anxious to honor others than win honor for himself. So I sent for the book and resolved to read it over, with paper and pencil, and make careful notes, and in justice to my comrades and myself prepare a reply. I do not think I ever ventured upon a more painful duty. I was some time about it. I was moving to Long Branch. I had official duties, and I am a slow reader. Then I missed the books when I reached the Branch, and had to send for them. So it was three weeks before I was through. During these weeks," replied the General laughing, "I did not see Sherman, and I am glad I did not. My mind was so set by Boynton's extracts that I should certainly have been cold to him. But when I finished the book, I found that I approved every word; that, apart from a few mistakes that any writer would make in so voluminous a work, it was a true book, an honorable book, creditable to Sherman, just to his companions—to myself particularly so—just such a book as I expected Sherman would write. Then it was accurate, because Sherman keeps a diary, and he compiled the book from notes made at the time. Then he is a very accurate man. You cannot imagine how pleased I was, for my respect and affection for Sherman were so great that I look on these three weeks as among the most painful in my remembrance. I wrote Sherman my opinion of the book. I told him the only points I objected to were his criticisms upon some of our civil soldiers, like Logan and Blair. As a matter of fact, there were in the army no two men more loyal than John A. Logan and Frank Blair. I knew that Sherman did not mean to disparage either of them, and that he wrote hastily. Logan did a great work for the Union in bringing Egypt out of the Confederacy, which he did; and he was an admirable soldier, and is, as he always has been, an honorable, true man—a perfectly just and fair man, whose record in the army was brilliant. Blair also did a work in the war entitling him to the gratitude of every Northern man and the respect of every

soldier. Sherman did not do justice to Burnside; Burnside's fine character has sustained him in the respect and esteem of all who knew him through the most surprising reverses of fortune. There was a mistake in Sherman's book as to the suggestion of the Fort Henry and Donelson campaign coming



TEA FARM NEAR HONG-KONG.

from Halleck. But these are mistakes natural to a large book, which Sherman would be the last to commit and the first to correct. Taking Sherman's book as a whole it is a sound, true, honest work, and a valuable contribution to the history of the war."

The General told his story of the three weeks' cloud as though the recollection amused him. "Sherman," he said, "is

not only a great soldier, but a great man. He is one of the very great men in our country's history. He is a many-sided man. He is an orator with few superiors. As a writer he is among the first. As a general I know of no man I would put above him. Above all, he has a fine character—so frank, so sincere, so outspoken, so genuine. There is not a false line in Sherman's character—nothing to regret. As a soldier, I know his value. I know what he was before Vicksburg. You see we had two lines to maintain. On one side was Pemberton, his army and his works. That I was watching. On our rear was Joe Johnston, who might come at any time and try and raise the siege. I set Sherman to keep that line and watch him. I never had a moment's care while Sherman was there. I don't think Sherman ever went to bed with his clothes off during that campaign, or allowed a night to pass without visiting his pickets in person. His industry was prodigious. He worked all the time, and with an enthusiasm, a patience, and a good humor that gave him great power with his army. There is no man living for whose character I have a higher respect than for that of Sherman. He is not only one of the best men living, but one of the greatest we have had in our history."

Our conversation returned to the march of Sherman to the sea, and allusion was again made to the book of General Boynton. "The march to the sea," said the General, "is told in Sherman's book. Badeau's book will have it more in detail. This whole discussion, however, only shows how often history is warped and mischief made. Men who claim to be admirers of Sherman say that I am robbing him of his honors. Men who claim to be admirers of mine say that Sherman is robbing me. Then men like General Boynton, entirely honorable men, who have been in the war, and know about it, study out dispatches, and reach conclusions which appear sound, and are honestly expressed, but which are unsound in this, that they only know the dispatches, and nothing of conversations and other incidents that might have a material effect upon the truth. Between Sherman and myself there never can be any such discussion, nor could it be between any soldiers. The

march to the sea was proposed by me in a letter to Halleck before I left the Western army; my objective point was Mobile. It was not a sudden inspiration, but a logical move in the game. It was the next thing to be done, and the natural thing to be done. We had gone so far into the South that we had to go to the sea. We could not go anywhere else, for we were certainly not going back. The details of the march, the conduct, the whole glory, belong to Sherman. I never thought much as to the origin of the idea. I presume it grew up in the correspondence and conversations with Sherman; that it took shape as those things always do. Sherman is a man with so many resources, and a mind so fertile, that once an idea takes root it grows rapidly. My objection to Sherman's plan at the time, and my objection now, was his leaving Hood's army in his rear. I always wanted the march to the sea, but at the same time I wanted Hood. If Hood had been an enterprising commander, he would have given us a great deal of trouble. Probably he was controlled from Richmond. As it was he did the very thing I wanted him to do. If I had been in Hood's place I would never have gone near Nashville. I would have gone to Louisville, and on north until I came to Chicago. What was the use of his knocking his head against the stone walls of Nashville? If he had gone north, Thomas never would have caught him. We should have had to raise new levies. I was never so anxious during the war as at that time. I urged Thomas again and again to move.



THE CHINESE CONGUE.

Finally I issued an order relieving him, and not satisfied with that I started west to command his army, and find Hood. So long as Hood was loose the whole West was in danger. When I reached Washington, I learned of the battle of Nashville. The order superseding Thomas was recalled, and I sent Thomas a dispatch of congratulation."

This led to some talk about Thomas. The General said: "I yield to no one in my admiration of Thomas. He was a fine character, all things considered—his relations with the South, his actual sympathies, and his fervent loyalty—one of the finest characters in the war. I was fond of him, and it was a severe trial for me even to think of removing him. I mention that fact to show the extent of my own anxiety about Sherman and Hood. But Thomas was an inert man. It was this slowness that led to the stories that he meant in the beginning to go with the South. When the war was coming, Thomas felt like a Virginian, and talked like one, and had all the sentiment then so prevalent about the rights of slavery and sovereign States and so on. But the more Thomas thought it over, the more he saw the crime of treason behind it all. And to a mind as honest as that of Thomas the crime of treason would soon appear. So by the time Thomas thought it all out, he was as passionate and angry in his love for the Union as any one. So he continued during the war. As a commander he was slow. We used to say laughingly, 'Thomas is too slow to move, and too brave to run away.' The success of his campaign will be his vindication even against my criticisms. That success, and all the fame that came with it belong to Thomas. When I wrote my final report at the close of the war I wrote fourteen or fifteen pages criticising Thomas, and explaining my reasons for removing so distinguished a commander. But I suppressed that part. I have it among my papers, and mean to destroy it. I do not want to write anything that might even be construed into a reflection upon Thomas. We differed about the Nashville campaign, but there could be no difference as to the effects of the battle. Thomas died suddenly—very suddenly. He was sitting in his office, I think at head-quarters, when he fell

back unconscious. He never rallied. I remember Sherman coming into the White House in a state of deep emotion with a dispatch, saying, 'I am afraid old Tom is gone.' The news was a shock and a grief to us both. In an hour we learned of his death. The cause was fatty degeneration of the heart, if I remember. I have often thought that this disease, with him long-seated, may have led to the inertness which affected him as a commander. At West Point, when he was commanding cadets in cavalry drill, he would never go beyond a slow trot.



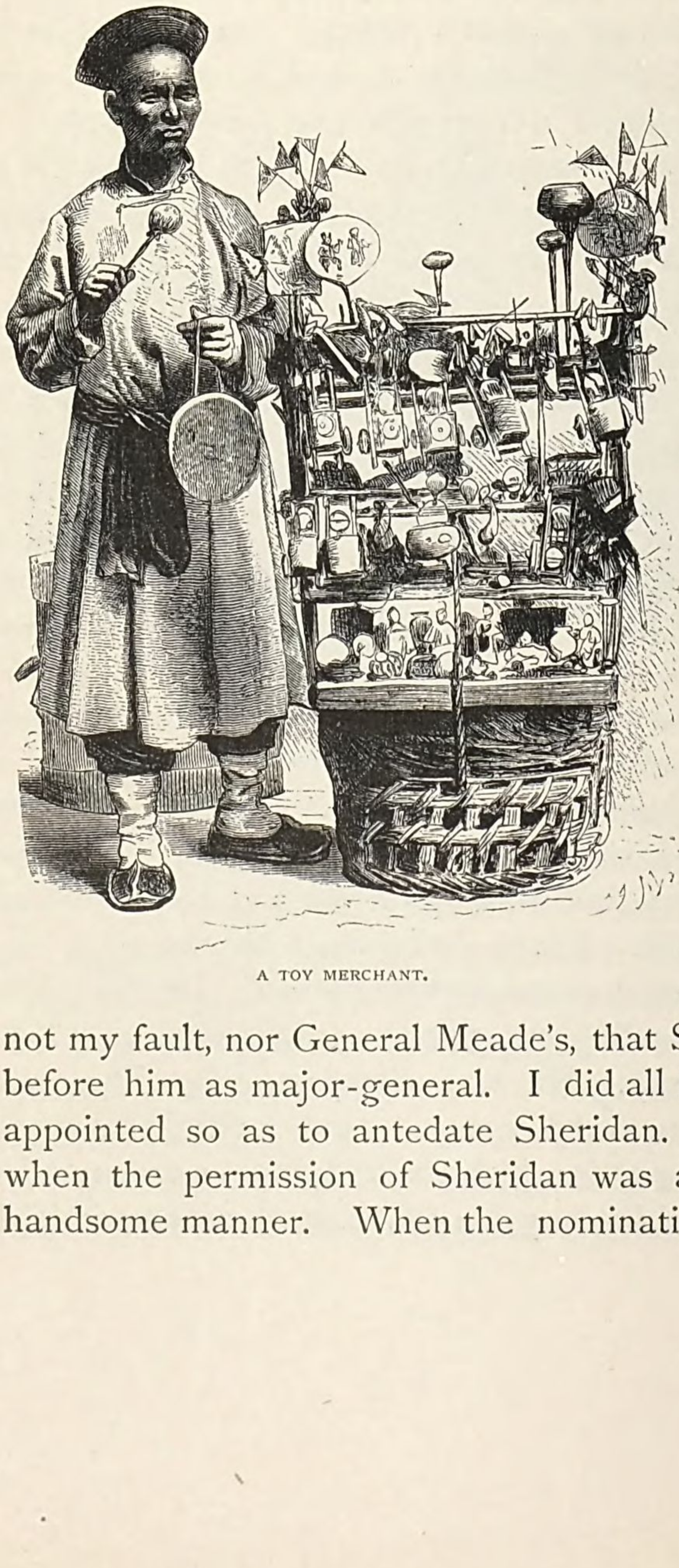
A BOY'S SCHOOL.

Just as soon as the line began to move, and gain a little speed, Thomas would give the order, 'Slow trot.' The boys used to call him 'Slow Trot' Thomas. I have no doubt, if the truth were known, the disease from which Thomas died demanded from him constant fortitude, and affected his actions in the field. Nothing would be more probable. Thomas is one of the great names of our history, one of the greatest heroes in our war, a rare and noble character, in every way worthy of his fame.

"As for Sheridan," said General Grant, "I have only known him in the war. He joined my old regiment—the Fourth In-

fantry—after I left it, and so I did not meet him. He is a much younger man than Sherman or myself. He graduated ten years after me at West Point. Consequently he was not in the Mexican War. The first time I remember seeing Sheridan was when he was a captain and acting quartermaster and commissary at Halleck's head-quarters in the march to Corinth. He was then appointed to the colonelcy of a Michigan regiment. We afterward met at a railway station when he was moving his regiment to join Gordon Granger. I knew I had sent a regiment to join Granger, but had not indicated that of Sheridan, and really did not wish it to leave. I spoke to Sheridan, and he said he would rather go than stay, or some such answer, which was brusque and rough, and annoyed me. I don't think Sheridan could have said anything to have made a worse impression on me. But I watched his career, and saw how much there was in him. So when I came East, and took command, I looked around for a cavalry commander. I was standing in front of the White House talking to Mr. Lincoln and General Halleck. I said, I wanted the best man I could find for the cavalry. 'Then,' said Halleck, 'why not take Phil Sheridan?' 'Well,' I said, 'I was just going to say Phil Sheridan.' So Sheridan was sent for, and he came, very much disgusted. He was just about to have a corps, and he did not know why we wanted him East, whether it was to discipline him," said the General laughing, "or not. But he came, and took the command, and came out of the war with a record that entitled him to his rank. As a soldier, as a commander of troops, as a man capable of doing all that is possible with any number of men, there is no man living greater than Sheridan. He belongs to the very first rank of soldiers, not only of our country but of the world. I rank Sheridan with Napoleon and Frederick and the great commanders in history. No man ever had such a faculty of finding out things as Sheridan, of knowing all about the enemy. He was always the best-informed man in his command as to the enemy. Then he had that magnetic quality of swaying men which I wish I had—a rare quality in a general. I don't think any one can give Sheridan too high

praise. When I made him lieutenant-general there was some criticism. Why not Thomas or Meade? I have the utmost respect for those generals, no one has more; but when the task of selection came, I could not put any man ahead of Sheridan. He ranked Thomas. He had waived his rank to Meade, and I did not think his magnanimity in waiving rank to Meade should operate against him when the time came for awarding the higher honors of the war. It was no desire on my part to withhold honor from Thomas or Meade, but to do justice to a man whom I regarded then, as I regard him now, not only as one of the great soldiers of America, but as one of the greatest soldiers of the world, worthy to stand in the very highest rank.



A TOY MERCHANT.

"I have read," said the General, "what George Meade has written about his father, and his promotion in the army. His statements and citations are correct, but he makes a mistake in his inferences if he supposes that I could in any way reflect on his father. It was not my fault, nor General Meade's, that Sheridan was confirmed before him as major-general. I did all I could to have Meade appointed so as to antedate Sheridan. At the same time, when the permission of Sheridan was asked, he gave it in a handsome manner. When the nomination for lieutenant-gen-

eral became necessary, I would have liked to appoint Meade. If there had been enough to go around, there were others I would have promoted with the greatest pleasure. But there was only one place, and Sheridan was the man who had earned the place. I never could have felt comfortable if I had promoted any one over Sheridan, and when the fact that Meade ranked him was advanced as a reason, I was bound to remember the manner in which Sheridan had agreed to my wish that Meade should take from him a rank that the Senate had given him, and see that it did not count against him. Meade was certainly among the heroes of the war, and his name deserves all honor. I had a great fondness for him. No general ever was more earnest. As a commander in the field, he had only one fault—his temper. A battle always put him in a fury. He raged from the beginning to the end. His own staff officers would dread to bring him a report of anything wrong. Meade's anger would overflow on the heads of his nearest and best friends. Under this harsh exterior Meade had a gentle, chivalrous heart, and was an accomplished soldier and gentleman. He served with me to the end of the war, and to my entire satisfaction.

"Another general resembling Meade," said the General, "very much was Sedgwick, especially in his loyalty. Sedgwick was a soldier of the highest ability, and although he never hesitated to express his opinion as to the administration of the war, and was not in much sympathy with the politics of the government, he was perfectly loyal and devoted to the cause of the Union. Sedgwick and Meade were men so finely formed that if ordered to resign their generals' commissions, and take service as corporals, they would have fallen into the ranks without a murmur. Sedgwick's death was a great loss. I remember when I was appointed to the command of the army of the Potomac, and superseded Meade, Meade came to me and said he wished to put his resignation in my hands. He did not, he said, wish me to feel that he was necessary to me, and if I had any other general I cared to have in his place, he would cheerfully take any work I gave him. I told him I had

no reason to be dissatisfied with his services, and that the country shared that feeling. I told him I should be glad to have him command the army of the Potomac; that I intended Sheridan for the cavalry, and Sherman for the Western armies; and that beyond that I had no special preference for generals. From that time to the end of the war Meade and I got on perfectly well together. Sometimes he would have fits of despondency, or temper, which were trying. On one occasion he came to me in a great passion and resigned his command. Things were not suiting him—something had annoyed him. I soothed him, and talked him out of it; but the impression made on me was so marked that I resolved, should he repeat the offer of his resignation, to accept it. I am glad it never took that form.

"I was very fond of McPherson," said the General, "and his death was a great affliction. He was on my staff, and there I learned his merit. He would have come out of the war, had he lived, with the highest rank. When I look for brave, noble characters in the war, men whom death has surrounded with romance, I see them in characters like McPherson, and not alone in the Southern armies. Meade has been criticised for not having destroyed Lee after Gettysburg, and the country seemed to share that disappointment after the battle. I have never thought it a fair criticism. Meade was new to his army, and did not feel it in his hand. If he could have fought Lee six months later, when he had the army in his hand, or if Sherman or Sheridan had commanded at Gettysburg, I think Lee would have been destroyed. But if Meade made any mistake, if he did not satisfy the wishes of the country, who hoped for Lee's destruction, he made a mistake which any one would have made under the circumstances. He was new to the chief command. He did not know how the army felt toward him, and, having rolled back the tide of invasion, he felt that any further movement would be a risk. Hancock, also, is a fine soldier. At the time he was named major-general we were not very good friends, and my personal preferences were for Schofield; but I felt Hancock had earned the promotion, and gave his name to Stanton. He wrote me a beautiful letter on the

subject, and our relations have always remained on the most cordial footing. I have great respect for Hancock as a man and a soldier. We had a good many men in the war who were buried in the staff and did not rise. There is Ingalls, for instance. Ingalls remained quartermaster of the army of the Potomac during all commands, and did a great work. Yet you never heard his name mentioned as a general. Ingalls in command of troops would, in my opinion, have become a great and famous general. If the command of the army of the Potomac had ever become vacant, I would have given it to Ingalls. Horace Porter was lost in the staff. Like Ingalls, he was too useful to be spared. But, as a commander of troops, Porter would have risen, in my opinion, to a high command. Young Mackenzie, at the close of the war, was a promising soldier. He is an officer, I think, fitted for the highest commands. I have no doubt there are many others in the army, for we had really a fine army. These are names that occur in the hurry of conversation. You never can tell what makes a general. So many circumstances enter into success. Our war, and all wars, are surprises in that respect. But what saved us in the North was not generalship so much as the people.

"There was no time in the war," said the General, "when it was more critical than after the battle of Five Forks, when Lee abandoned Richmond. It was President Lincoln's aim to end the whole business there. He was most anxious about the result. He desired to avoid another year's fighting, fearing the country would break down financially under the terrible strain on its resources. I know when we met it was a standing topic of conversation. If Lee had escaped and joined Johnson in North Carolina, or reached the mountains, it would have imposed upon us continued armament and expense. The entire expense of the government had reached the enormous cost of four millions of dollars a day. It was to put an end to this expense that Lee's capture was necessary. It was, in fact, the end and aim of all our Richmond campaign—the destruction of Lee, and not merely the defeat of his army. Sheridan led the pursuit of Lee. He went after him almost with the force of volition,

and the country owes him a great debt of gratitude for the manner in which he attacked that retreat. It was one of the incomparable things in the war. The army that pursued Lee was divided into three parts, under General Meade, General Ord, and General Sheridan. I was with Ord's command, and I remember one evening coming into camp after being all day on horseback. Our army was on hot foot after Lee. Just as I came into our lines, two soldiers in rebel uniform were brought in as prisoners. They said they wished to see the commanding general. They proved to be Union soldiers from Sheridan's army dressed as rebels. They had come through the rebel lines to avoid a long detour. One of them took out of his mouth a quid of tobacco, in which was a small pellet of tin-foil. This, when opened, was found to contain a note from Sheridan to me, written on tissue-paper, saying that it was most important for the success of the movement then being made, that I should go at once to his head-quarters; that Meade had given his part of the army orders to move in such a manner that Lee might break through and escape. I started off at once, taking a fresh horse, without waiting for a cup of coffee. Although Sheridan's head-quarters were not more than ten miles away, I had to make such a detour round the rebel lines that I rode at least thirty miles before reaching them. I remember being challenged by pickets, and sometimes I had great difficulty in getting through the lines. I remember picking my way through the sleeping soldiers, bivouacked in the open field. I reached Sheridan about midnight. He was very anxious. He explained the position. Meade had given him orders to move on the right flank and cover Richmond. This Sher-



ONE OF THE UPPER CLASS.

idan thought would be to open the door for Lee to escape toward Johnson. Meade's fear was that by uncovering Richmond Lee would get into our rear and trouble our communications. Sheridan's idea was to move on the left flank, swing between Lee and the road to Johnson, leave Richmond and our rear to take care of themselves, and press Lee and attack him wherever he could be found. Meade's view was that of an engineer, and no doubt there were reasons of high military expediency in favor of his plan. His theory secured the safety of our army, the safety of Richmond, and all the triumphs of the campaign; but at the same time it left the door open to Lee. My judgment coincided with Sheridan's. I felt we ought to find Lee, wherever he was, and strike him. The question was not the occupation of Richmond, but the destruction of the army. I started to find Meade, who was not far off. He was ailing in bed. He was very cordial, and began talking about the next day's march and the route he had laid down. I listened, and then told him I did not approve of his march. I said I did not want Richmond so much as Lee; that Richmond was only a collection of houses, while Lee was an active force injuring the country, and that I thought we might take the risk. I took out my pencil and wrote out an order for the movement of the army, changing Meade's orders, and directing the whole force to have coffee at four o'clock and move on the left flank. When I handed it to Meade, I told him it was then very late and he had not much time to lose. He immediately went to work in the most loyal manner, and moved the army according to my instructions. Meade's loyalty and soldierly qualities were so high, that, whether he approved or disapproved a movement, he made no difficulty about the performance of his duty. His movement threw us between Lee and the Carolinas. The next morning when Meade's force came up Sheridan attacked Lee. This is known as the battle of Sailor's Creek. When I came on the field and found what a rout he had made of the Confederates, and that prisoners were coming in by shoals, I saw there was no more fighting left in that army, and that the responsibility of any further destruction

of life must be upon their shoulders, not mine, and I resolved to write to Lee asking for his surrender. I did not enter Richmond because Mr. Lincoln had gone there, and there was no use, since Lee's paroles were made out, and the surrender made out. I went to Washington to stop supplies and retrench the expenses. I reached Washington on the evening of April the 12th, and on the Friday succeeding Mr. Lincoln was killed.

"I have always regretted the censure that unwittingly came upon Butler in that campaign, and my report was the cause. I said that the General was 'bottled up,' and used the phrase without meaning to annoy the General, or give his enemies a weapon. I like Butler, and have always found him not only, as all the world knows, a man of great ability, but a patriotic man, and a man of courage, honor, and sincere convictions. Butler lacked the technical experience of a military education, and it is very possible to be a man of high parts and not be a great general. Butler as a general was full of enterprise and resources, and a brave man. If I had given him two corps commanders like Adelbert Ames, Mackenzie, Weitzel, or Terry, or a dozen I could mention, he would have made a fine campaign on the James, and helped materially in my plans. I have always been sorry I did not do so. Butler is a man it is a fashion to abuse, but he is a man who has done the country great service, and who is worthy of its gratitude.

"Speaking of Rosecrans's army," said General Grant, "Sheridan's command at the battle of Stone River was, from all I can hear about it, a wonderful bit of fighting. It showed what a great general can do even when in a subordinate command; for I believe Sheridan in that battle saved Rosecrans's army.

"Cold Harbor," said General Grant, "is, I think, the only battle I ever fought that I would not fight over again under the circumstances. I have always regretted also allowing McClernand to continue his attack on the works at Vicksburg. I received a message from him saying he had carried the works and wishing for reinforcements. I saw very plainly from where I stood that he had not carried them; but on conferring with Sherman, who was near me, I came to the conclusion that I

could not assume the contrary of a statement made by an officer high in command, and so allowed the reinforcements to go. The works were not carried, and many unnecessary lives were sacrificed. Such things are a part of the horrors of war. They belong to the category of mistakes which men necessarily see to have been mistakes after the event is over.

"Among naval officers," said General Grant, "I have always placed Porter in the highest rank. I believe Porter to be as great an admiral as Lord Nelson. Some of his achieve-



TAKING IN CARGO.

ments during our war were wonderful. He was always ready for every emergency and for every responsibility. Porter is not popular at home, because he makes enemies and invites animosities that should never exist. In that way the country has never done him the justice that history, I think, will do him. He has undoubted courage and genius. It would have been a great thing for Porter," said the General laughing, "if he had never been able to read or write."

There was another question as to the poetic effect of such a battle as that of Lookout Mountain, the battle above the

clouds. "The battle of Lookout Mountain is one of the romances of the war. There was no such battle, and no action even worthy to be called a battle on Lookout Mountain. It is all poetry."

This statement, when published in the New York *Herald*, led to a wide and in some respects an angry discussion. I asked General Grant, who happened to be in Paris when this discussion was raging, whether he cared to make any further statement. He said that he had nothing to add, but that the whole story was told by Mr. Shanks in a letter to *The Tribune*.

Some remark was made about councils of war, and how far their deliberations affected an army's movements. "I never held a council of war in my life. I never heard of Sherman or Sheridan doing so. Of course I heard all that every one had to say, and in head-quarters there is an interesting and constant stream of talk. But I always made up my mind to act, and the first that even my staff knew of any movement was when I wrote it out in rough and gave it to be copied off. It is always safe in war to keep your own counsel. No man living ever knew what my plans and campaigns would be until they were matured. My orders were generally written in my own handwriting. I never even told General Rawlins until they were given to him to be copied out. I was always talking and conferring with generals, and hearing what one would say and another. But the decision was always my own.

"The country," said General Grant, "was not in as bad a condition after the war as we all, and especially Mr. Lincoln, feared. There was a curious rebound in values, I remember, in the item of mules alone. I thought our great army supplies would glut the market, and that we should have to part with them at a loss. But, on the contrary, although we threw the whole lot on the market, there was an instant rise in the value. Mules that cost us, under the contract price, one hundred and eighty-four dollars each, sold as high as two hundred and fifty dollars for the choicest. The melting of the army back among the people, and its utter effacement, was a memorable illustration of the capacity of our people for self-government."

I remember asking the General why he had not invested Richmond as he had invested Vicksburg, and starved out Lee. "Such a movement," said the General, "would have involved moving my army from the Rapidan to Lynchburg. I considered the plan with great care before I made the Wilderness move. I thought of massing the army of the Potomac in movable columns, giving the men twelve days' rations, and throwing myself between Lee and his communications. If I had made this movement successfully—if I had been as fortunate as I was when I threw my army between Pemberton and Joe Johnston, the war would have been over a year sooner. I am not sure that it was not the best thing to have done; it certainly was the plan I should have preferred. If I had failed, however, it would have been very serious for the country, and I did not dare the risk. What deterred me, however, was the fact that I was new to the army, did not have it in hand, and did not know what I could do with the generals or men. If it had been six months later, when I had the army in hand, and knew what a splendid army it was, and what officers and men were capable of doing, and I could have had Sherman and Sheridan to assist in the movement, I would not have hesitated for a moment.

"I was reading the other day," said General Grant, "in one of the English papers a lament about the cruelty and severity shown by the Northern troops during the war. I was a good deal annoyed by the statement, because it was contrary to the truth. The Northern troops were never more cruel than the necessities of the war required. In that respect, I think, we can bear comparison with any army—the Germans when they took France, or the Southerners when they entered the North. At no time do I remember giving an order for the destruction of property, save when we occupied Jackson. Before leaving Jackson, Joe Johnston had given orders for the destruction of stores. I found a cotton-mill at work making goods for the Confederate army with the trade-mark C. S. A. on them. Here was an active mill providing goods for the enemy. I went in with Sherman, and when I saw what was going on, I said, 'I

guess we shall have to burn this.' Before setting fire to the building, we gave the operatives, mostly girls, bundles of the made cloth, thinking it might be useful for domestic purposes. But we subsequently heard that the Confederates took this as government property, so that we might as well have burned this too. The Southerners never hesitated to burn if it suited their purpose. They burned Chambersburg, for instance, which was a most wanton piece of destruction. They put York under contribution, and the York people are paying interest on the amount to this day. They set fire to Richmond when their cause was gone irretrievably, and when every dollar fired was a dollar wantonly wasted. They set fire to Columbia. In fact, whenever our armies entered a town, it was very frequently their first duty to take care of Southern property which had been set fire to by Southern armies. Then the Southerners tried to burn New York, and made raids upon St. Alban's. In fact, I think our treatment of the South, and all the consequences, personal and otherwise, arising out of the Rebellion, was magnanimous. The only man ever hung for treason in the United States was John Brown, hanged by Virginia. Even in regard to the discipline of the army I do not think I ever approved of a death sentence, except for robbery and assault on the person by my soldiers while going through the enemy's country. Of course, if it had been necessary to resort to such severe measures, it would have been done. I told the inhabitants of Mississippi, when I was moving to Holly Springs, that if they allowed their sons and brothers to remain within my lines and receive protection, and then during the night



NATURAL ORNAMENTS.

sneak out and burn my bridges and shoot officers, I would desolate their country for forty miles around every place where it occurred. This put an end to bridge-burning. This was necessary, because I could not fight two armies—an army in front under military conditions, and a secret army hid behind every bush and fence."

On the 30th of April, about four in the afternoon, the "Irrawaddy" entered the harbor of Hong-Kong. We there found that the American gun-boat "Ashuelot," the American merchantmen and the English vessels in the harbor had dressed ship. As soon as our ship came to anchor, Colonel John S. Mosby, the American consul at Hong-Kong, came on board and was heartily received by General Grant. Shortly afterwards the Hon. Chester Holcombe, acting Minister from the United States Government at Pekin, who had come from the Chinese capital to welcome General Grant, accompanied by Mr. Lincoln, the American consul at Canton, and Mr. Denny, the American consul at Tientsin, and various officials of the Chinese government came on board; and at about four o'clock General Grant left the "Irrawaddy" to visit the "Ashuelot," Captain Perkins receiving the General on his arrival with a salute of twenty-one guns, the yards manned, and the national flag at the fore. The Chinese corvette "Nissing," Captain Kassama, also saluted the General while on board the "Ashuelot." The party remained a few minutes in conversation with the officers, and returning to their launch, steamed slowly toward the Murray Pier. The landing was decorated, special prominence being given to the English and American flags. The landing steps were covered with evergreens, flags —American and English—shields, and a bamboo arch decorated with evergreens and flags. A guard of honor of the 27th Enniskillens was drawn up on the pier, and details of police lined the road from the landing to the Government House.

As the General's boat came to the landing the Governor of Hong-Kong, Mr. J. Pope Hennessy, who wore the decoration of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, came down the steps and welcomed him to Hong-Kong. Entering the mat-

shed the General and party were presented to the officials of the Hong-Kong government, Chinese citizens, British officers, and the prelates of the Catholic and Episcopal churches. After the ceremonies were over, the General entered a chair and was escorted to the house of the Governor, on a high bluff, overlooking the sea, one of the most attractive of the many magnificent residences built for the English officials in Asia.

General Grant's stay in Hong-Kong was exceedingly pleasant, Governor Hennessy taking especial pains to entertain him. There were dinners and receptions, the first of which was a visit to Colonel Mosby, where General Grant received the American shipmasters at the residence of the consul. On Friday the Governor took General Grant and party in his steam-launch and sailed around the beautiful harbor. On Saturday there was a state dinner at the Government House. Sunday was quietly spent. On the morning of the 5th of May we went on board the gun-boat "Ashuelot" to visit Canton. Admiral Patterson, commanding the American squadron, had telegraphed orders to Commander Perkins that as soon as General Grant came into Chinese waters he should place himself and vessel at his disposal. In addition to our party we had with us, on the visit to Canton, Mr. Holcombe and Judge Denny.



MACAO.



THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENT AT CANTON.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CHINA.

THE trip to Canton was favored by fine weather, and was especially interesting to us because we were going into Chinese territory for the first time. Heretofore we had seen China only under British rule; now we were to see it under its own government. Mr. Holcombe brought us word that the Chinese authorities in Pekin had given orders to treat General Grant with unusual distinction. Our first welcome was at the Bogue forts. These forts guard the entrance to the narrow part of the river, and were the scenes of active fighting during the French and English wars with China. As we approached the forts a line of Chinese gun-boats were drawn up, and on seeing the "Ashuelot" with the American flag at the fore, which denoted the presence of the General on board, each boat fired the Chinese salute of three guns. The Chinese, by a refinement of civilization which it would be well for European nations to imitate, have decreed that the salute for all persons, no matter what rank, shall be three guns. This saves powder and heartburnings, and those irritating questions of rank and precedence

which are the grief of naval and diplomatic society. The "Ashuelot" returned these salutes, firing three guns also, and a boat came alongside with mandarins in gala costume, who brought the cards of the Viceroy, the Tartar general commanding the forces, and other dignitaries. Mr. Holcombe, who speaks Chinese, received these mandarins and presented them to General Grant, who thanked them for the welcome they brought from the Viceroy. A gun-boat was sent to escort us, and this vessel, bearing the American flag at the fore, out of compliment to the General, followed us all the way. At various points of the river—wherever there were forts—salutes were fired and troops were paraded. These lines of troops, with their flags—and nearly every other man in a Chinese army carries a flag—looked picturesque and theatrical as seen from our deck. Our hopes of reaching Canton before the sun went down were disappointed by the caprice of the tides, and we found ourselves wabbling around and caroming on the soft clay banks at a time when we hoped to have been in Canton. It was nine o'clock in the evening of May 5th before we saw the lights of the city. The Chinese gun-boats, as we came to an anchorage, burned blue lights and fired rockets. The landing was decorated with Chinese lanterns, and many of the junks in the river burned lights and displayed the American flag. Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Scherze, French Consul, and other representatives of the European colony came on board to welcome us and to express a disappointment that we had not arrived in time for a public reception. The whole town had been waiting at the landing most of the afternoon, and had now gone home to dinner. The General and party landed without any ceremony and went at once to the house of Mr. Lincoln, where there was a late dinner. Next morning salutes were exchanged between the "Ashuelot" and the Chinese gun-boat. The "Ashuelot" first saluted the Chinese flag and the port of Canton. To this the gun-boat answered, firing twenty-one guns as a compliment to us, and deviating from the Chinese rule. Then a salute of twenty-one guns was fired in honor of the General, to which our vessel answered. This is noted as the

first time that the Chinese ever fired twenty-one guns in honor of any one, and it was explained that the government did so as a special compliment to America.

General Grant's visit to the Chinese empire had created a flutter among Chinese officials. No foreign barbarian of so high a rank had ever entered the Celestial Kingdom. Coming from America, a country which had generally been friendly to China, there were no resentments to indulge; and as soon as the Viceroy heard of the General's arrival in the foreign settlement he sent word to Consul Lincoln that he would receive the ex-President with special honors. The foreign consuls live on a concession, an island in the river, a pretty little suburb, green enough to belong to Westchester County. The houses are large, the architecture suggestive of London. Here are shady lanes and gardens to remind you of home. From the island you pass into the Chinese city over a short, wide bridge, and, opening a gate, come at once into Canton. The Viceroy had intimated to Mr. Lincoln that it was his desire to close the houses in the city, and line the streets with troops on the occasion of General Grant's visit. This, he said, was the custom



STREET IN CANTON.

when the Emperor of China went through a city, and he supposed that General Grant had been accustomed to the same attentions at home. General Grant said he preferred seeing the people, and would be better satisfied if no such orders were given. So the Viceroy issued a placard announcing to the people that the foreigner was coming, that he was to do the Viceroy honor, and the people must do him honor. Any Chinaman failing in this, or showing disrespect to General Grant and his party, would be punished with severity. Broadsides were hawked about the city, giving the people the latest news about the movements of the visitors. I give a translation of one of these extra bulletins:

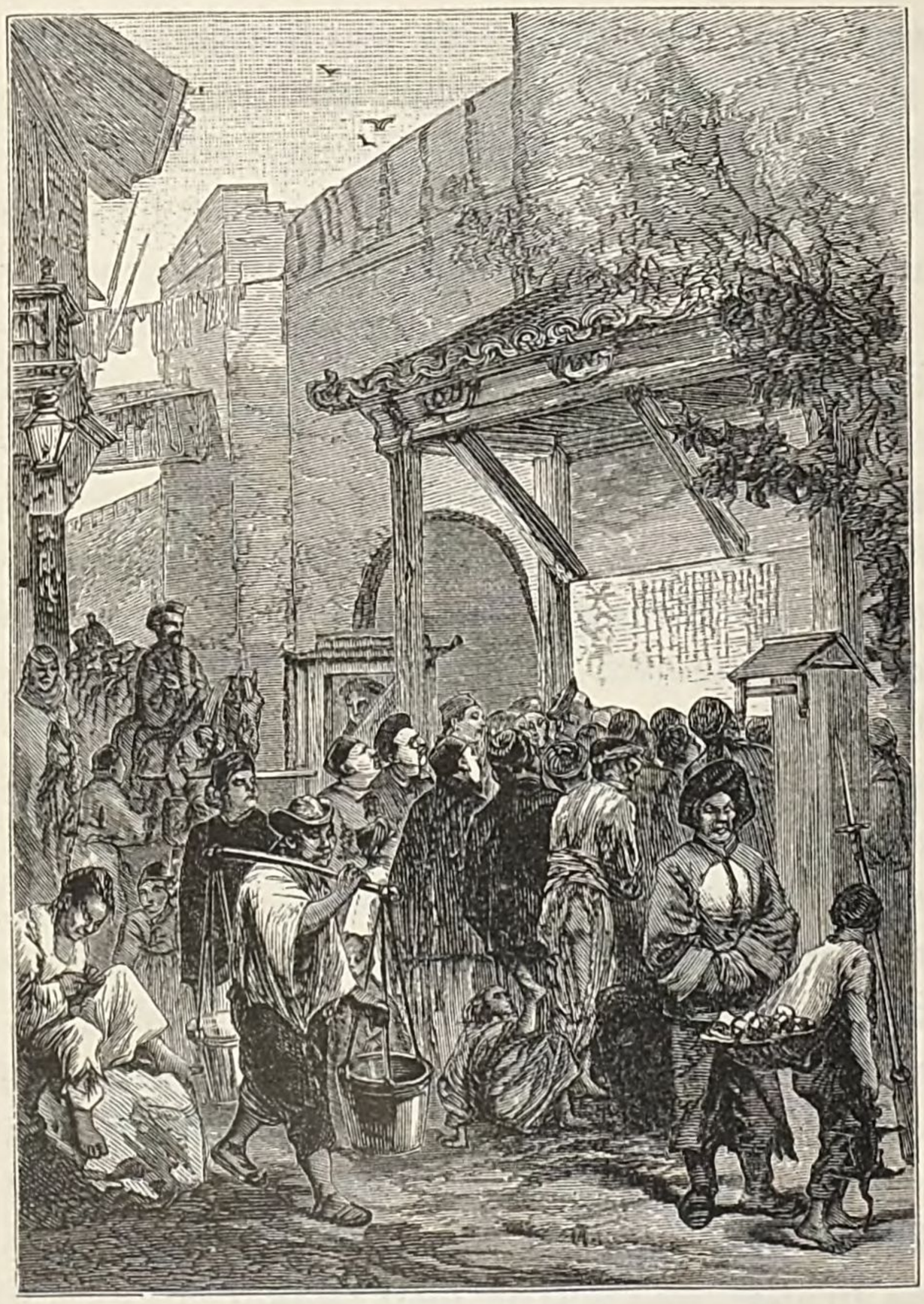
"We have just heard that the King of America, being on friendly terms with China, will leave America early in the third month, bringing with him a suite of officers, etc., all complete on board the ship. It is said that he is bringing a large number of rare presents with him, and that he will be here in Canton about the 6th or 9th of May. He will land at the Tintsy Ferry, and will proceed to the Viceroy's palace by way of the South Gate, the Fantai's Ngamun and the Waning Street. Viceroy Lan has arranged that all the mandarins shall be there to meet him, and a full Court will be held. After a little friendly conversation he will leave the Viceroy's palace and visit the various objects of interest within and without the walls. He will then proceed to the Roman Catholic Cathedral to converse and pass the night. It is not stated what will then take place, but notice will be given."

The hour of our visit to the Viceroy was two o'clock. For an hour or two before the time crowds of Chinamen gathered in the street in front of the Consulate, waiting for the procession. When a member of our party appeared he became an object of curious wonder, and when an officer of the "Ashuelot" arrived the excitement of the Chinese crowd, standing under the trees and fanning themselves, increased; for the officers came in their uniforms, and gold lace is an evidence of rank to the Chinese mind. The General sat on the piazza, talking to Mr. Borie, quite unrecognized by the assemblage, who refused

to see any rank in a gray summer coat and a white hat. Shortly before two a Tartar officer arrived with a detachment of soldiers, who formed under the trees and kept the crowd back. Then came the chairs and the chair-bearers, for in Canton you must ride in chairs and be borne on the shoulders of men. Rank is shown by the color of the chair and the number of attendants. The General's chair was a stately affair. On the top was a silver globe. The color was green. The chair itself is almost as large as an old-fashioned watch-box, and is sheltered with green blinds. It swings on long bamboo poles and is borne by eight men. The eight men were scarcely necessary, but the chair of state is always surrounded. In addition to the chair-bearers there was a small guard of unarmed soldiers, some ahead and others behind the chair, whose presence gave dignity to the chair and its occupant. The principal business of this guard seems to be to howl. Shortly after two our procession started off, a single Tartar officer, riding a small gray pony, leading the way. Then came the howling guard, shouting to the people to behave themselves and show respect to the foreign barbarian. Then came the General, in evening dress and disappointing to the Chinese mind, who expected to see him, as became the king of a barbarian country, blazing with diamonds and gaudy with feathers. Captain Perkins and several officers of the "Ashuelot" accompanied us, which made the procession a long one, for a chair with its attendants takes up a good deal of space. Although my own chair, for instance, was not more than half-way down the line, I could see that the Tartar officer, as we turned into a shady lane and moved across the bridge, was a long way ahead.

I have seen some extraordinary sights upon which I am fond of dwelling as a part of the pageantry of memory—the famous review at Munson's Hill, the night retreat from Bull Run, Philadelphia the night the news of Richmond's fall arrived, the funeral of Lincoln, the falling of the Column Vendôme. Among these I place the spectacle of General Grant's entrance into Canton. The color, the surroundings, the barbaric pomp, the phases of an ancient civilization—so new, so strange,

so interesting—and beyond all this teeming city, alive with wonder and curiosity, giving this one day to see the foreigner, to look in awe upon the face of the American whose coming had been discussed in every bazaar and by every silk loom. As soon as we crossed the bridge and were carried down the stony, slanting path into the street the crowd began. It was not an American or an English crowd, swaying, eager, turbulent some at horse-play, some bonneting their neighbors, shouting snatches of song or chaffing phrases, but a Chinese crowd, densely packed, silent, staring. At intervals of a hundred yards were guards of soldiers, some carrying spears shaped like a trident, others with staves or pikes, others the clumsy, old-fashioned gun. Then came groups of mandarins, their hats surmounted with the button which indicated their rank, holding fans, and as the General passed saluting him in Chinese fashion, raising both hands to the forehead in supplicating attitude, holding them an instant and bringing them down with a rotatory gesture. Wherever the street was intersected with other streets the crowd became

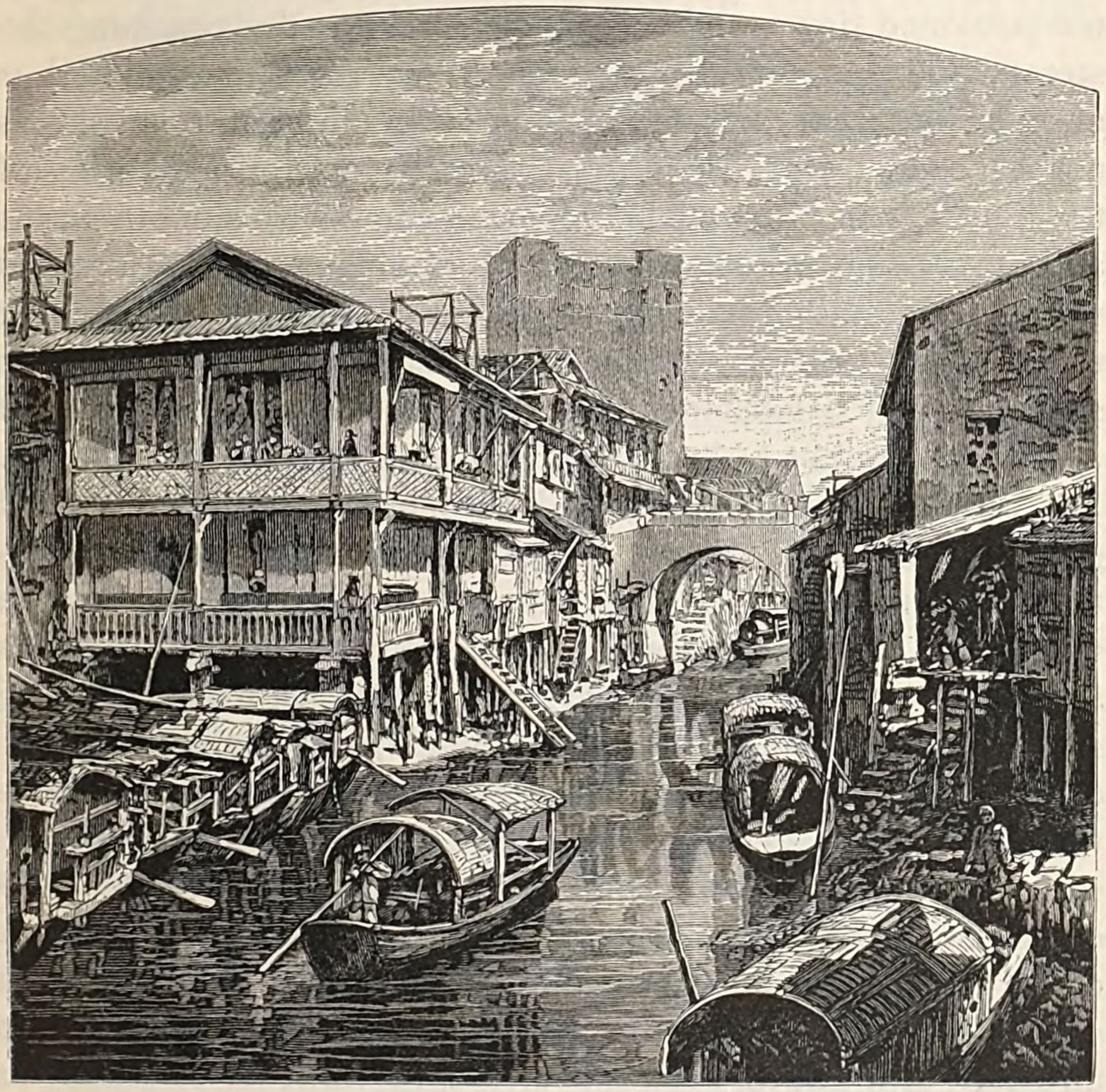


BULLETIN ANNOUNCING THE ARRIVAL OF GENERAL GRANT.

so dense that additional troops were required to hold it in place, and at various points the Chinese salute of three guns was fired. The road to the viceregal palace was three miles, and as the pace of the coolie who carries your chair is a slow one, and especially slow on days of multitudes and pageantry, we were over an hour in our journey, and for this hour we journeyed through a sea of faces, a hushed and silent sea. It was estimated that there were two hundred thousand people who witnessed General Grant's visit to the Viceroy. I have a poor head for mathematical estimates, and like to take refuge in round numbers when making an arithmetical statement, and so far, therefore, as the mere number of human beings is concerned, I prefer the opinions of others to my own. Two hundred thousand men, women, and children, you may take, therefore, as an estimate by one who saw and took part in the ceremony. But no massing together of figures, although you ascend into the hundreds of thousands, will give you an idea of the multitude. Our march was a slow one. There were frequent pauses. You leaned back in your chair, holding the crushed opera hat in your hand, fanning yourself with it, for the heat was oppressive, and there never seemed to have been a breeze in Canton. You felt for the poor coolies, who grunted and sweated under the load, and threw off their dripping garments only to excite your compassion as you saw the red ridges made by the bamboo poles on their shoulders. You studied the crowd which glared upon you—glared with intense and curious eyes. You studied the strange faces that slowly rolled past you in review, so unlike the faces at home, with nothing of the varying expressions of home faces—smooth, tawny, with shaven head and dark, inquiring eyes. Disraeli in one of his novels, I think it is "Tancred," speaks of the high type of face you see in the Asian races. I am content with our own homely and rugged beauty, and have seen faces in America and Europe that seemed to be as high in type and expression as any of God's creations. But the general impression of this Chinese multitude, of the thousands of faces that passed before us that steaming afternoon,

was that of high intellectual quality. You miss the strength, the purpose, the rugged mastering quality which strikes you in a throng of Germans or Englishmen. You miss the buoyant cheerfulness, sometimes rough and noisy, which marks a European crowd. The repose was unnatural. Our mobs have life, animation, and a crowd in Trafalgar Square or Central Park will become picturesque and animated. In Canton the mob might have been statues as inanimate as the gilded statues in the Temple of the Five Hundred Gods. This repose, this silence, this wondering, inquiring gaze, without a touch of enthusiasm, became almost painful. A rush, a scramble, a cheer, would have been a relief, but all was hushed and silent. There were faces you now and then picked out in the throng that were startling in their beauty. You rarely saw a bearded man, which gave the crowd an expression of effeminacy, as though it were pliant and yielding. The old men wore thin, white mustaches, and a straggling, draggling beard. There were a few women, and these mostly hard-featured. Occasionally you saw a young, maidenly face, hanging on, as it were, to the fringe of the crowd, in a shrinking attitude. Children crouched in corners, staring in an alarmed fashion, or dangling timidly and shyly from their parents' shoulders. The young men, especially those of rank, were handsome, and looked upon the barbarian with a supercilious air, contempt in their expression, very much as our young men in New York would regard Sitting Bull or Red Cloud from a club window as the Indian chiefs went in procession along Fifth Avenue. As a matter of fact I suppose they looked upon General Grant and his party as some of us would regard Red Cloud and his braves. We were foreigners, outside barbarians, and if we came at all to a viceregal palace—if we were received with music and the firing of cannon, and the beating of drums—it was because the Viceroy was in a gracious mood and deigned to give the barbarian a sight of imperial Chinese splendor. We are not the only people in the world who are proud of our country; and in loyalty to country and race and religion, in absolute devotion to one's native land, in a belief that there is no other land

worth mentioning, the Chinaman could give us lessons, as he could in many other things. And so you saw this curious, inquiring, contemptuous expression, and you inferred from some hurried observation and the ripple of mocking laughter which came with it that you were under criticism, that your



A CANAL IN CANTON.

black coat or white cravat or crushed opera hat—that your braided hat and embroidered shoulders were inspiring emotions like those which the plumes and paint of Sitting Bull would inspire in the bosoms of cynical New Yorkers.

As we passed some bazaars workmen were at their labors painting silk or lacquer work, or beating silver into odd shapes. They would not look at us, but went on with their brush and

hammer as if the barbarian was not even now going in state past their doors and all Canton was out to see him. You rather respect the surly conservative with work to do who has not even a look for the barbarian who has come to the Celestial city. This is a changing world to him as to others, no doubt. Young men are giddy, not what they were in the good, old-fashioned times, and show their weakness by swarming the streets and dangling from roofs to see the show. There is no knowing what will become of Holy China if this spirit is not checked. Our friend, no doubt, has bitter memories of these men with the red beards, who come with smooth words and purses, and who have a way of staying and growing, and throwing root after root like the banyan tree, until they cover the land and eat its substance, and allow others none but a shaded, dwarfed existence. If China is to become as India, if barbarians are not to be driven out and utterly exterminated, but, on the contrary, welcomed with banners and music and guns, and the great ones of the city, even mandarins with buttons of pink waiting at the gates to receive them, then he washes his hands of the business and plods away with his brush and hammer, and will not, that he is certain, be dragged to the sidewalk to grace the barbarian's holiday. But there are few conservatives in Canton, and every house as we pass it teems with life. So eager are the people to see us that available sites, windows and doors commanding the route, have been occupied for hours and have been let for large sums. The spirit of the people is as a general thing courteous. Now and then some member of the party at one of our pauses would exchange a remark or a salute with the crowd in front of his chair, or pat a child on the head, or give it a coin, and there would be a sudden whiff of laughter or merriment—just what you would hear at a zoölogical garden on a holiday if a bear or elephant had performed some sudden freak. You could not get over the sensation that you were a show, a show of unusual novelty that had been brought at great expense from over the sea, and that the welcome you were receiving was the same kind of welcome that a country town at home would give to Mr. Van Am-

burgh or Mr. Barnum. But the guns boom in quick, angry fashion; the crowds increase in density; renewed lines of soldiery stand in double lines, their guns at "present;' the groups of mandarins; the Viceroy's guard gathered under the trees, and the open road in which we are borne by the struggling, panting chair-bearers, all tell us that we are at our journey's end, at the palace of the Viceroy.

We descend from our chairs and enter the open reception room or audience chamber. The Viceroy, surrounded by all the great officers of his court, is waiting at the door. As General Grant advances, accompanied by the consul, the Viceroy steps forward and meets him with a gesture of welcome, which to our barbarian eyes looks like a gesture of adoration. He wears the mandarin's hat and the pink button and flowing robes of silk, the breast and back embroidered a good deal like the sacrificial robes of an archbishop at high mass. The Viceroy is a Chinaman, and not of the governing Tartar race. He has a thin, somewhat worn face, and is over fifty years of age. His manner was the perfection of courtesy and cordiality. He said he knew how unworthy he was of a visit from one so great as General Grant, but that this unworthiness only increased the honor. Then he presented the General to the members of his court.

We observed that one of these officials was a Tartar general. It is one of the memories of the Tartar conquest of China that the armies should be under Tartar chiefs, and it is noted as a rare thing that the Viceroy himself is a Chinaman and not of the conquering race. This Tartar general was a small, portly person, with a weary, worn face, and we were told that he had come from a chamber of sickness to welcome General Grant. Military care, the luxury of exalted station, opium, most probably, had had their way upon the commander-in-chief and made him prematurely old. After General Grant had been presented we were each of us in turn welcomed by the Viceroy and presented to his suite. Mr. Holcombe and the Chinese interpreter of the consul, a blue-button mandarin, who speaks admirable English, were our interpreters. The Viceroy was cordial to Mr. Borie, asking him many questions

about his journey, congratulating him upon his years, it being Chinese courtesy especially to salute age, and expressing his wonder that Mr. Borie should have taken so long a journey. During this interchange of compliments the reception-room was filled with retainers, mandarins, soldiers, aides, and the whole scene was one of curiosity and excitement. After civilities were exchanged, the party went into another room, where there were chairs and tables formed into a semicircle. At each chair was a small table with cups of tea. General Grant was led to the place of honor in the center, while the Viceroy, the Tartar general, and the other officials clustered in the corner. After some persuasion the Viceroy was induced to sit beside General Grant. The conversation was confined to compliments—compliments repeated in the various forms of Oriental etiquette, while we drank tea in Chinese fashion. The tea is served in two cups, one of which is placed over the other in such a manner that when you take up the cups you have a globe in your hands. The tea is plain, and as each particular cup has been brewed by itself —is, in fact, brewing while you are waiting—you have the leaves of the tea. You avoid the leaves by pushing the upper bowl down into the lower one, so as to leave a minute opening, and draw out the tea. Some of us drank the tea in orthodox home fashion; but others, being sensitive to the reputation of barbarism, perhaps, managed the two bowls very much as though it were an experiment in jugglery, and drank the tea like a mandarin. This ceremony over we were led into another room that opened on the garden. Here were guards, aides, and mandarins, and lines of soldiers.



A SCHOOL-BOY.

We found a large table spread, covered with dishes—eighty dishes in all. A part of a Chinese reception is entertainment, and ours was to be regal. We sat around the table and a cloud of attendants appeared, who with silver and ivory chopsticks heaped our plates. Beside each plate were two chopsticks and a knife and fork, so that we might eat our food as we pleased, in Chinese or European fashion.

I tried to pay my hosts the compliment of using the chopsticks. They are about the size of knitting-needles. The servants twirled them all over the table, and picked up every variety of food with sure dexterity. I could do nothing with them. I never thought I had so large fingers as when I tried to carry a sweetmeat from one dish to another with chopsticks. The food was all sweetmeats, candied fruit, walnuts, almonds, ginger, cocoa-nuts, with cups of tea and wine. The Viceroy with his chopsticks helped the General. This is true Chinese courtesy, for the host to make himself the servant of his guest. Then came a service of wine—sweet champagne and sauterne—in which the Viceroy pledged us all, bowing to each guest as he drank. Then, again, came tea, which in China is the signal for departure, an intimation that your visit is over. The Viceroy and party arose and led us to our chairs. Each one of us was severally and especially saluted as we entered our chairs, and, as we filed off under the trees, our coolies dangling us on their shoulders, we left the Viceroy and his whole court, with rows of mandarins and far-extending lines of soldiers, in an attitude of devotion, hands held together toward the forehead and heads bent, the soldiers with arms presented. The music—real, banging, gong-thumping Chinese music—broke out, twenty-one guns were fired, so close to us that the smoke obscured the view, and we plunged into the sea of life through which we had floated, and back again, through one of the most wonderful sights I have ever seen, back to our shady home in the American Consulate. It is interesting, as a contrast to this reception of General Grant, and as an evidence of the progress made by the Chinese in their treatment of foreigners, to recall the treatment extended by the authorities at Canton on the occasion of the visit of

William H. Seward in 1870: "The United States consul, anticipating that Mr. Seward would esteem it an act of becoming courtesy to call on the Taou-tai of that province, addressed a note to that functionary. He remitted to the consul the following well-argued and most conclusive answer: 'In answer to your note stating that the Honorable William H. Seward, formerly Secretary of State, having visited Pekin, and called at the Foreign Office there, had arrived in Canton, and proposed to appoint a time to call, etc., I have to say that, considering his Honor Seward has laid aside his office, and therefore there can be no consulting on public business, and as the Foreign Office has sent no notice of his coming, it is not convenient for us to see and look each other in the face. Please inform his Honor Seward, the great officer, that it will be of no use to come to my office. This reply with my best compliments, my name and card.'"—*W. H. Seward's Travels Around the World*, pp. 255, 256.

There was so much ceremony during our stay in Canton that we scarcely had an opportunity of seeing the town. But we had many pleasant hours, notably those given to the shops. The General was doomed to remain at the Consulate to receive official calls, and rather chafed under the burdens of that ceremony. Mr. Borie and Mrs. Grant, accompanied by the daughter of Mr. Lincoln, started out upon a visit of exploration among the dealers in silk and ivory. The Doctor and myself strolled about the streets with our interpreter. But this interpreter was a wooden person, and disposed to march us into shops where cats and dogs were sold; to the execution ground where Yeh, the famous old Viceroy who fought the English, was said to have cut off seventy thousand heads; to the Temple of Horrors, and other local shows. So we dismissed him, and found that there was nothing so interesting in Canton as Canton itself; that all was so new that it was better to wander at will and pick our way back again to the European quarter. We had taken chairs, but the chairs were a burden, and the coolies dragged them after us until the rain came, and we were glad to take refuge in them. I can see how a stroll through

Canton would grow in interest if only you were allowed to stroll. But somehow the coming of General Grant had upset the town, and our appearance in the streets was a signal for the people to come out of their shops and the boys to form in procession and escort us. I have some idea of the sensation of Crazy Horse going down the Bowery followed by a train of ragamuffins from the Seventh Ward. The moment we appeared in a street a crowd swarmed, and if we went into a store the doors were at once blocked with a dense mob, staring and chat-



A CHINESE FORTUNE-TELLER.

tering and commenting on us with a freedom which it was well we could not understand. But you go around the stores and into the workshops in a free and easy manner and pull things about, and if you are not pleased you have only to say "Chin-chin" and leave. I saw nothing in our journey but courtesy—only curiosity, as far as we could make it—and yet we lost ourselves in the town and went where we pleased. The streets in Canton are narrow and dirty, averaging in width from four to six feet. On the occasion of our visit they had been cleaned; but they were, even with the cleaning, in a condition that would

have gratified a New York Tammany alderman in the days of the empire of Tweed. The streets are paved with long, narrow slabs of stone, with no sidewalks. Every house that we passed on our way was a bazaar, and consisted of one open door that led into a spacious room. In some of these there were spiral stairways that led to store-rooms or dwelling chambers. We formed some idea of the wealth of Canton, and of the wants of the country which it supplies, when we remembered how vast a trade these bazaars represented. In looking over a plan of the city I had been struck with the names of the streets, the poetical and devotional spirit they expressed. There was no glorification of mere human kings, and you could almost fancy that you were reading of some allegorical city, like what Bunyan saw in his dream. There was Peace Street and the street of Benevolence and Love. Another, by some violent wrench of the imagination, was the street of Refreshing Breezes. Some contented mind had given a name to the street of Early Bestowed Blessings. The paternal sentiment so sacred to the Chinaman, found expression in the street of One Hundred Grandsons and the street of One Thousand Grandsons. There was the street of a Thousand Beatitudes, which, let us pray, were enjoyed by its founder. There were streets consecrated to Everlasting Love, to a Thousandfold Peace, to Ninefold Brightness, to Accumulated Blessings, while a practical soul, who knew the value of advertising, named his avenue the Market of Golden Profits. Chinese mythology gave the names of the Ascending Dragons, the Saluting Dragon, and the Reposing Dragon. Other streets are named after trades and avocations, and it is noticeable that in Canton, as in modern towns, the workers in various callings cluster together. There is Betel-nut Street, where you can buy the betel-nut, of which we saw so much in Siam, and the cocoa-nut, and drink tea. There is where the Chinese hats are sold, and where you can buy the finery of a mandarin for a dollar or two. There is Eyeglass Street, where the compass is sold, and if you choose to buy a compass there is no harm in remembering that we owe the invention of that subtle instrument to China. Another

street is given to the manufacture of bows and arrows, another to Prussian blue, a third to the preparation of furs. The stores have signs in Chinese characters, gold letters on a red or black ground, which are hung in front, a foot or two from the wall, and droop before you as you pass under them, producing a peculiar effect, as of an excess of ornamentation, like Paris on a *fête*-day. The habit to which you are accustomed in Paris of giving the store a fanciful or poetic name prevails in Canton. One merchant calls his house Honest Gains. Another, more ambitious, names his house Great Gains. One satisfied soul proclaims his store to be a Never-ending Success, while his neighbor's is Ten Thousand Times Successful. There is the store called Ever Enduring, and others adopt a spirit not common in trade by speaking of their shops as Heavenly Happiness, and By Heaven Made Prosperous. Others, more practical, signify by some image the nature of their trade, and over their stores you see representations of a shoe, a fan, a hat, a boot, a collar, and a pair of spectacles. One of the sights the Doctor and I visited was the Hall of the Five Hundred Disciples of Buddha. The street-boys that had been following us divined our intention, ran ahead, and knocked at the gates. We entered under a covered way to an open yard, the attendants and priests giving us welcome. We passed through granite cloisters and into the hall where there are five hundred and four statues of clay, gilded, to the memory of certain disciples of the Lord Buddha, famous in the religious history of China. There are images of Buddha, or rather of three Buddhas, one of the Emperor Kienlung, a highly beloved monarch, whose image sits on the dragon throne. The other statues are of Buddhist disciples, whose names are given, each statue being as distinct from the others as the Apostle Peter from the Apostle Paul in Catholic religious decoration. Each of the figures has a special place in the affections of worshipers. Before some of them we noticed people in adoration or meditation or prayer. Before others we noticed gifts placed in propitiation or entreaty, after the fashion of Buddhist devotion. There was nothing striking in these statues except

their individuality. Each was a type, a portrait, the representation of some human type that had been in the artist's eye. I could understand how there could be a whole literature of theology based on images so diversified and peculiar, if one could only enter into the legends of the Chinese faith. Some of the statues were merry and laughing; others were in tears. Some showed by their apparel wealth and high station; others were in rags like mendicant friars. Some wore shoes, but the majority were shoeless. They were said, as disciples of Buddha, to have had various supernatural gifts—the power of subduing beasts, destroying reptiles, and, like the apostles in the Scriptures, the power of being able to speak in strange tongues without any previous application. In this they resembled St. Francis Xavier, whose footsteps we crossed in India and Malacca, and who was blessed with this unique and convenient power.



PAN-TING-QUA'S GARDEN, CANTON.

We strolled in and out among the shops as though our interest was a proprietary one, always followed by a crowd. We looked at the temple in honor of virtuous women; but woman does not hold a position in China high enough to warrant us in believing that there was any sincerity in this tribute. A virtuous woman is commended for her virtue in China by her husband very much as he would commend speed it a horse, not because it sanctifies woman, but because in adds to her value as a part of the husband's possessions. We stopped and looked at some workmen blowing glass. A glass vase in a rough state, about six feet high, was in the hands of the artificer, and although the

pat of an infant would have ruined its beauty the workman handled it as surely as though it had been iron. The manufacture of glass is an important industry in Canton. But we found our greatest pleasure in looking at the porcelain and ceramic ware, infinite in variety and beautiful, and at the carved ivory and hard-wood. Canton excels in this and in crape and silk. Some of the shawls and scarfs were masterpieces of texture, and especially some which had been painted and embroidered. We looked at men beating gold-leaf, and threading our way into narrow streets and out-of-the-way places, found ourselves among the weavers of silk. The rooms in which the silk looms were in operation were small and dark. We noticed cotton-weavers who were at work in the open air. The looms were primitive, and seemed to have been built for affording employment to the largest number of laborers. What Chinese labor will not stand is cheap American labor-saving machinery; and although attempts have been made to introduce it, which would enable the workman to treble the quantity of his work, and the farmer to hull and clean ten times the quantity of rice, the feeling is so strong amongst laborers as to forbid it. Laborers here, no matter in what calling, belong to guilds or trades-unions, and any attempt to enforce a new machine or a labor-saving method of labor is resisted. All the capital in the world could not induce the silk-weavers to introduce the Jacquard loom. What would then become of the nimble-fingered lad whose business it is to pull the strings and arrange the warp before the weaver propels the shuttle? Even more interesting was the time we gave to artists in lacquer-work. Lacquer-work is so beautiful when finished, and in peace and glory at last on my lady's toilet-table, that it is not well to inquire too curiously into the process of its manufacture. Our artist friend sat over the delicate work with his needle and brush and his chalk powder. The powder enables him to shadow forth the design, which he paints in vermilion. Over this vermilion dust is rubbed, very much as gold and silver and bronze printing is done at home, and the picture comes out at length in silver or gold. Lacquer-work requires a trained hand, and as you saw the patience and

skill bestowed upon his work by the artist, and knew what a trifle it would bring when sold, it was disheartening. But the first thing you learn in China—and the lesson is always present and always coming before you in a new shape—is the cheapness of human labor and the profusion of human life. This solemn and expanding question, which wise men must stand up and meet some day, comes upon you when you see the boat life in Canton. This boat life is a pleasant feature, and we found it attractive coming and going, as we did every day, to our man-of-war, the "Ashuelot," to see the floating world about us, to see the flower boats, to hear the sound of music and singing far into the night. These boats swarm along the river banks. They are called sampans, and are a large, clumsy boat, varying in length from ten to twenty feet. The center of the boat is arched over, and this forms kitchen, dining-room, and sleeping-room. The boats ply up and down the river, doing what odds and ends of work may fall to them. They cluster about our ship like bees around a flower garden. If you go to

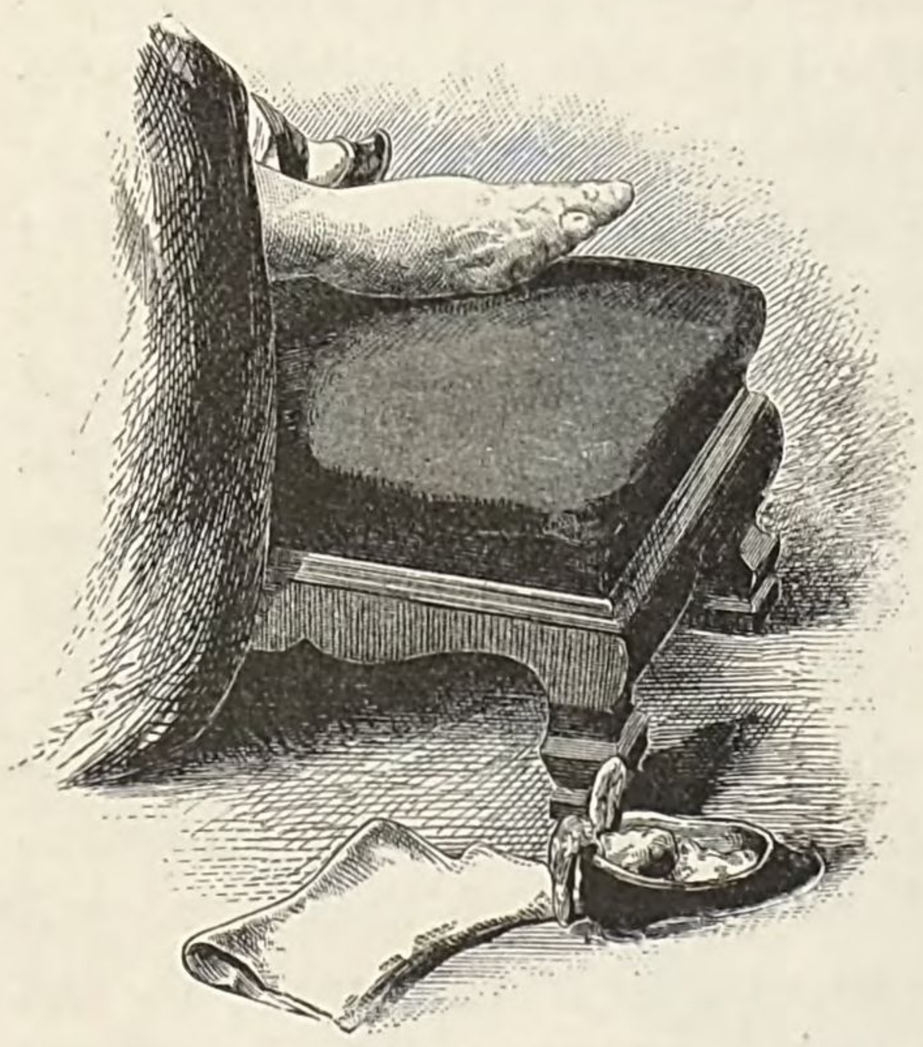


CANTON BOAT GIRL.

the gangway and make a signal a dozen will come hurrying and scuffling, and you can go on shore for ten cents. Once that you select a boat the proprietor attends you while you are in port, waits for you at the landing, at the vessel's side. The boats are in all cases—in all that I observed—managed by women and children. The men go on shore and work as laborers, and return to their homes at night. Their life is on their boats, and thousands—taking the whole Chinese coast I might easily say hundreds of thousands—of families spend their lives on these frail shells, and know no world beyond the movements of the tides and the dipping of the oars. Boat life illustrates the teeming population of China, an evil which sometimes takes the form, I am told, of the sale of children, especially female children. I have even heard of parents putting to death new-born daughters as a matter of domestic economy; but I have not sought evidence on this subject, believing that human nature can be trusted even in China. One sad evil of this over-population is the exposure of female children in the streets to be sold for slavery, or for purposes worse than slavery. I have read a proclamation against infanticide which reads like a temperance lecture, an exhortation to the people not to indulge in the practice, which, while it cannot be called criminal, is certainly dishonoring. "Heaven's retribution," according to the proclamation, "and the wraiths of the murdered children" will attend on the parents, and "thus not only fail to hasten the birth of a male child, but run a risk of making victims of them by their behavior."

As I have said, there was so much ceremony during General Grant's visit to Canton, that he had scarcely any opportunity of seeing the town. There were Chinese calls to be returned, each Chinaman coming alone and with a retinue expecting to be received in state. There was a purpose of seeing the town by an excursion on the river in a launch, but this could not be carried out. There were two reasons why our visit to Canton was so hurried. The first was that we could not come to Canton without a great deal of ceremony, and the second was that we had an engagement in Hong-Kong. The

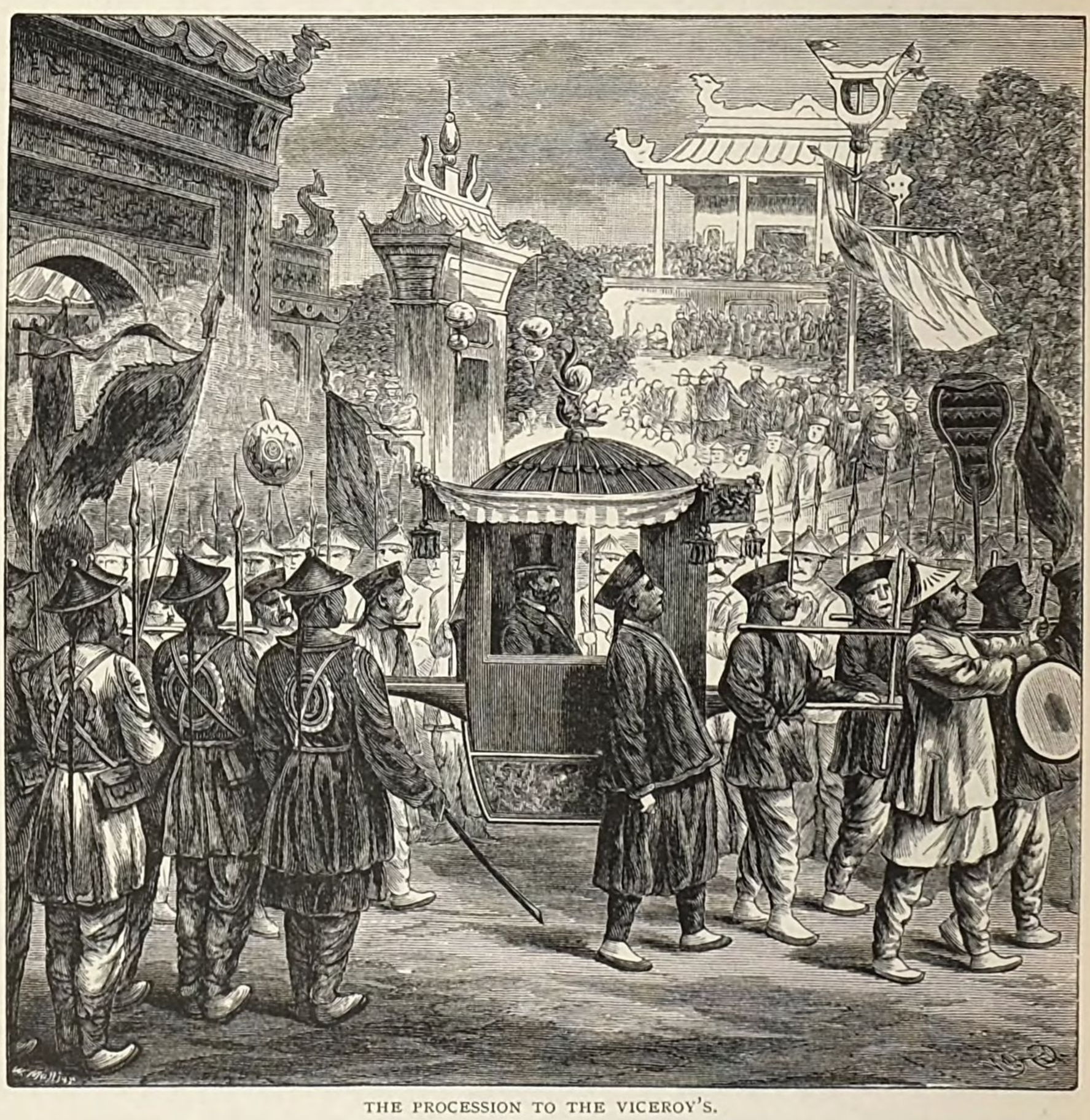
call of the Chinese officials upon General Grant was a solemn ceremony. The Tartar general, Chang Tsein, said that he would come, and was to be at the Consulate at ten. Punctuality, however, is not an Oriental virtue, and ten o'clock had long passed, and we were sitting on the piazza looking out on the shipping on the river when the beating of gongs gave the signal that the general was coming in state. I went out under the trees to see the procession, at the risk of exciting remark as to my curiosity from the crowd of Chinamen, chair-bearers, attendants, and others who were standing around waiting for the show. The visitor proved to be the Tartar general, and he came in the most solemn state. First came the gong-beaters, who beat a certain number of strokes in a rapid measure. By the number you know the rank of the great man. Then came soldiers carrying banners on which were inscribed the names and titles of the commander. There was a marshal on a pony, who seemed to command the escort. There were soldiers carrying pikes and spears and banners. The profusion of banners, or, more properly, small silk pennants, gave the procession a picturesque aspect, and the waving, straggling line, as it came shambling along under the trees, was quaint. There were attendants carrying the pipes and teapots of the great man. Four coolies carried a load under which they staggered, and this, I was told, was food. It is the custom when a great man goes forth, to carry food and refreshment for himself and party, and to give as largess to friends on the way; and although this general was only making a morning call, he showed honor to our party by coming in as much state as though he were journey-



AN ARISTOCRATIC FOOT.

ing through the country. There were aides in chairs, but the general rode in a green state chair, the blinds closely drawn. I noticed that there was no drill or discipline in the procession—no keeping step. It shuffled and straggled along, the gongs beating and the attendants shouting in chorus to clear the way and do honor to the great man they were escorting until the Consulate was reached. Then the soldiers and burden-bearers crowded under the trees, and the Tartar general's chair was borne to the piazza. He was met at the door by the consul and escorted into the parlor, where General Grant shook hands and gave him a seat. The attendants swarmed around the doors and the windows. I rather pitied the Tartar general, who looked tired and nervous, when I was told that his hour for rising was three o'clock in the afternoon, that he was not in the best of health, and that nothing but his desire to be civil to General Grant induced him to break through his habits. But his Excellency was chatty and ran into a long conversation, mainly about the age of General Grant and his own, the long distance between America and China, the extraordinary fact that the world was round, which no Chinaman really believes, and the singular circumstance that while we were sitting there looking at the trees and the shining sun, people at home were either in bed or thinking of going to bed. One of the party, for the purpose I presume of sustaining the conversation, said that in going around the world we lost a day, that it was three hundred and sixty-four days in the year going one way, and three hundred and sixty-six going another, to all of which the Tartar general listened with a polite but doubting interest. I do not believe that even the assurances of General Grant and his party could make a Chinaman believe that the world was round, and the reason why we kept on these vague themes of conversation was that there was no common ground on which we could meet. In our intercourse with Chinamen we find how far apart are the two races—how few points of interest they have in common. General Grant ventured upon some questions as to the resources of the country, and learned that Pekin

was much colder than Canton, that the Tartar general's home was in Pekin, that he had been so long in Canton that his health was affected, and he wanted to be recalled. This talk ran on for fifteen minutes, and tea was passed around in Chinese fashion, and the consul led the way to another room. Here



THE PROCESSION TO THE VICEROY'S.

were refreshments, mainly sweetmeats and wine. Ten minutes more were spent over the candies and cakes, and the Tartar general, filling his glass with champagne, drank our health. Then tea was served again, and the Tartar general arose, took his leave, and went off amid the beating of gongs, the waving of banners, and the cries of his retinue.

The sounds of the gongs had scarcely died away when the

sounds of other gongs announced the coming of the Viceroy, Lin Kwan Yu. He came in a little more state than the Tartar general, but the ceremonies of the reception were about the same. Then came other officials, all of whom had to be received, and given tea and sweetmeats and wine, so that the morning had gone before the last visit. At one o'clock there was a luncheon party, to which Mr. Lincoln invited the members of the American Mission. The American missionary work in Canton has been long established, and the ladies and gentlemen engaged in it seemed to be contented and hopeful. Among those present were Rev. D. A. P. Hopper and his family, Rev. Mr. Noyes and family, Rev. Mr. Henry and wife, Rev. Mr. Van Dyke and wife, Rev. Mr. Graves and wife, Miss Wilden and Dr. Kerr, Commander Perkins, and several of the officers of the "Ashuelot." Mr. Borie and some of the members of General Grant's party had broken away in the morning from the unending ceremonies, and were over in the Chinese city buying curiosities. Mr. Borie came back in time to shake hands with the missionaries, and converse with them on the progress of the Gospel in China. The luncheon party was pleasant, because there were no speeches, because it was pleasant to meet so many fellow-countrymen away from home engaged in the stupendous work of trying to bring China to Christianity.

It was at Canton that we had our first experience of a Chinese state banquet. The Viceroy had arranged for the dinner at six, and as it was a long journey to his palace, we were compelled to leave the Consulate at five. Those who went to the dinner were General Grant and his party, and Mr. Holcombe, Mr. Lincoln, Judge Denny, Commander Perkins of the "Ashuelot," and Messrs. McEwen, Dearing, Fitzsimmons, and Case, naval officers of the same ship. Our journey to the dinner was made in the same state as on the occasion of our call of ceremony. The hour was later, and it was pleasant to ride in the cool of the evening. There was the great crowd, the same ceremonies, the same parade, the same firing of guns, and—if anything—even more splendor than when we made

our first visit. On arriving, the Viceroy, the Tartar general, and the splendidly-embroidered retinue were in waiting. We were shown into an audience chamber and given tea. The hall was illuminated, and the gardens were dazzling with light. After we had sipped the tea and exchanged compliments with our host, a signal was given by the ringing of silver chimes, and we marched in procession to the dining-hall. It was something of a march, because in these Oriental palaces space is



ANCIENT BRIDGE NEAR CANTON.

well considered, and if you dine in one house you sleep in another and bathe in a third. The dining-room was open on the gardens, apparently open on three sides. Around the open sides was a wall of servants, attendants, soldiers, mandarins, and if you looked beyond into the gardens, under the corrusating foliage, burdened with variegated lanterns, you saw crowds all staring in upon you. How much of this was curiosity or how much ceremony I could not tell, but the scene reminded me of what I had read of the French court under the old *régime*, when the king and royal family dined in public,

and it was among the recreations of a Versailles mob to go to the palace and see a most Christian king over his soup and wine. The sensation of being under observation always—of being stared at by hundreds, thousands of eyes—the thought of taking food in public like the animals in the zoölogical gardens, the consciousness that you are contributing to the information and amusement of the public—the menagerie or comedy feeling, if I may so call it—annoying at first, passes away, and in turn you regard the curious chattering throng which incloses your dining-hall as you would hangings in tapestry.

I had always heard of a Chinese dinner as among the eccentric features of their civilization. I have never made up my mind as to whether, in so important a question as dining, and one which has so much to do with our happiness, we have anything to boast of. The time wasted, and the fair, blooming hopes wrecked in dinners might well be added to the startling catalogue of the calamities of civilization; but in splendor and suggestions to the appetite, and appeals to a luxurious taste, the Chinese have surpassed us. I can imagine how a Chinaman might well call us barbarians as he passes from our heaped and incongruous tables to his own, where every course seems to have been marked out minutely with a purpose, and the dinner is a work of art as ingenious as the porcelain and bronze ware, over which you marvel as monuments of patience and skill. Our dining-room was, I have said, an open hall, looking out upon a garden. Our table was a series of tables forming three sides of a square. The sides of the tables that formed the interior of the square were not occupied. Here the servants moved about. At each table were six persons, with the exception of the principal table, which was given up to General Grant, the Viceroy, the Tartar general, Mr. Borie, and Mr. Holcombe. Behind the Viceroy stood his interpreter and other personal servants. Attendants stood over the other tables with large peacock fans, which was a comfort, the night was so warm. The dinner was entirely Chinese, with the exception of the knives, forks, and glasses. But in addition to the knives and forks we had chopsticks, with which some of the

party made interesting experiments in the way of searching out ragout and soup dishes. At each of the tables were one or two of our Chinese friends, and we were especially fortunate at having with us a Chinese officer who spoke English well, having learned it at the mission school. The dinner began with sweatmeats of mountain-cake and fruit-rolls. Apricot kernels and melon-seeds were served in small dishes. Then came eight courses, each served separately as follows: Ham with bamboo sprouts, smoked duck and cucumbers, pickled chicken



A CHINESE FAMILY.

and beans, red shrimps with leeks, spiced sausage with celery, fried fish with flour sauce, chops with vegetables, and fish with fir-tree cones and sweet pickle. This course of meat was followed by one of peaches preserved in honey, after which there were fresh fruits, pears, pomegranates, coolie oranges, and mandarin oranges. Then came fruits dried in honey, chestnuts, oranges, and crab-apples, with honey gold-cake. There were side dishes of water chestnuts and fresh thorn-apples, when the dinner took a serious turn, and we had bird's-nest soup and roast duck. This was followed by mushrooms and

pigeons' eggs, after which we had sharks' fins and sea-crabs. Then, in order as I write them, the following dishes were served: Steamed cakes, ham pie, vermicelli, stewed sharks' fins, baked white pigeons, stewed chicken, lotus seeds, pea-soup, ham in honey, radish-cakes, date-cakes, a sucking pig served whole, a fat duck, ham, perch, meat pies, confectionery, the bellies of fat fish, roast mutton, pears in honey, soles of pigeons' feet, wild ducks, thorn-apple jelly, egg-balls, steamed white rolls, lotus-seed soup, fruit with vegetables, roast chicken, Mongolian mushrooms, sliced flag bulbs, fried egg-plant, salted shrimps, orange tarts, crystal-cakes, prune juice, *biche de mer*, fresh ham with white sauce, fresh ham with red sauce, ham with squash, and almonds with bean curd. In all there were seventy courses.

The custom in China is not to give you a bill of fare, over which you can meditate, and out of which, if the dinner has any resources whatever, compose a minor dinner of your own. A servant comes to each table and lays down a slip of red tea-box paper inscribed with Chinese characters. This is the name of the dish. Each table was covered with dishes, which remained there during the dinner—dishes of everything except bread—sweetmeats and cakes predominating. The courses are brought in bowls and set down in the middle of the table. Your Chinese friend, whose politeness is unvarying, always helps you before he helps himself. He dives his two chopsticks into the smoking bowl and lugs out a savory morsel and drops it on your plate. Then he helps himself, frequently not troubling the plate, but eating directly from the bowl. If the dish is a dainty, sharks' fins or bird's-nest soup, all the Chinese go to work at the same bowl and with the same chopsticks, silver and ivory, which are not changed during the entire dinner, but do service for fish and fowl and sweetmeats. Between each course were cigars or pipes. The high Chinamen had pipe-bearers with them, and as each course was ended they would take a whiff. But the cigars came as a relief to the smoking members of the party, for they could sit and look on and enjoy the spectacle, and have the opera sensation of looking at something new and strange. The cigars, too, were an

excuse for not eating, and at a Chinese dinner an excuse for not eating is welcome. There is no reason in the world why you should not eat a Chinese dinner, except that you are not accustomed to it. You come to the table with a depraved appetite. Corn bread and pigs' feet and corned beef have done their work upon you, and a good dinner most probably means a mound of beef overspread with potatoes. Of course such a training unfits you for the niceties, the delicate touches of a Chinese dinner. Then I am sure you do not like sweetmeats. That is a taste belonging to earlier and happier days—to the days of innocence and hope, before you ever heard of truffles and champagne. You would rather fight a duel than eat one of those heaps of candied preparations which our Chinese friends gobble up like children. But there is where our Chinese friends, with their healthy child-bred tastes, have the advantage of us, and why it is that your incapacity to enjoy your dinner is the result of an appetite deadened by civilization.

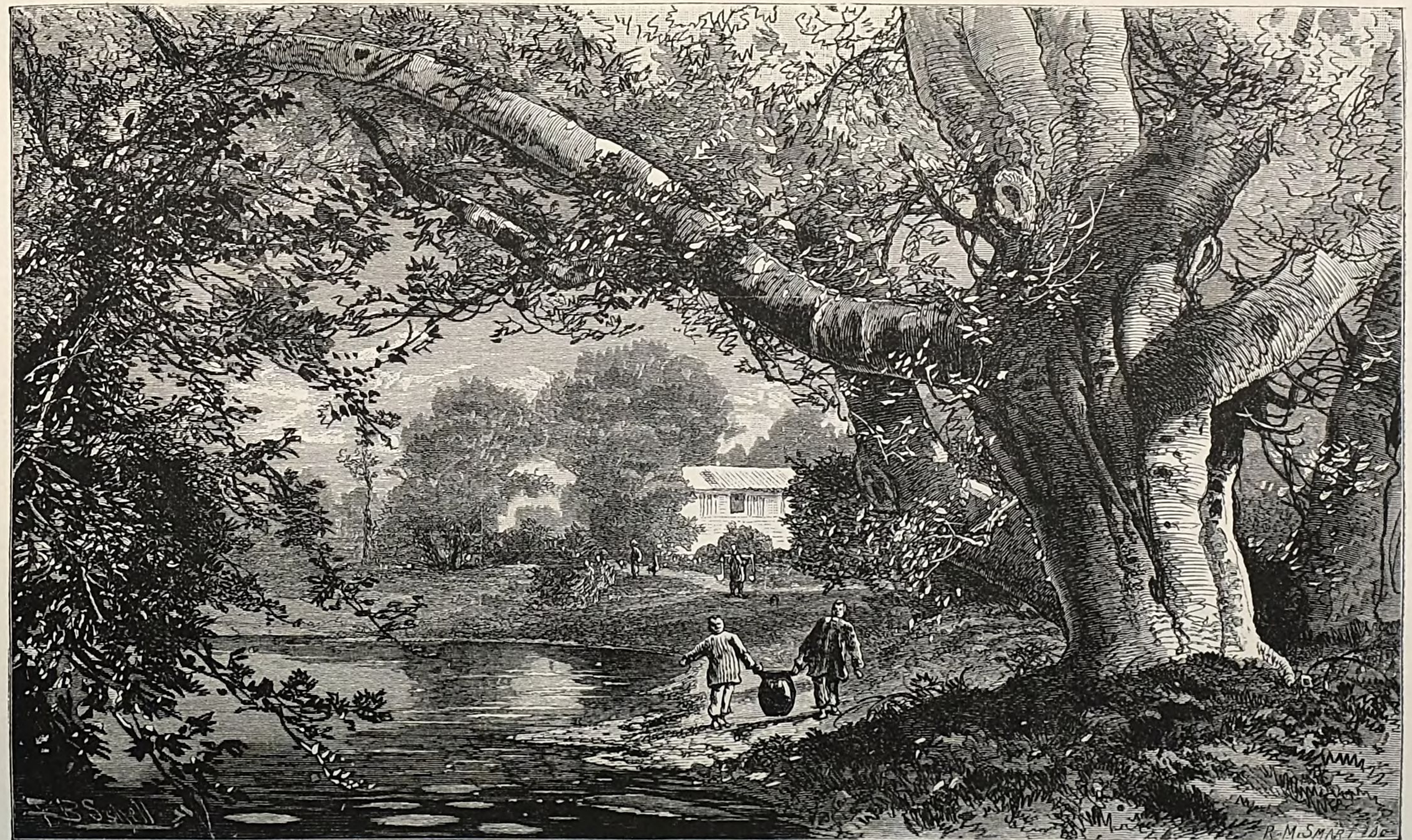


A CHINESE MAIDEN.

But whatever the reason, the fact is that a cigar is a blessing, and enables you to turn your dinner into an entertainment, to look on and be yourself amused, just as an hour ago you were amusing the crowd by the way in which you welcomed the bird's-nest soup. The one thing which gave the dinner a touch of poetry was the bird's-nest soup. The fact that the Chinese have found a soup in the nest of a bird is one of the achievements of their civilization. Take any school of half-grown children and ask them about the manners of the Chinese, and there is not an



NEAR CANTON.



NEAR CANTON.

answer that will not include bird's-nest soup. So when our Chinese general told us, as he read the cabalistic letters on red tea-chest paper, that the next dish was to be bird's-nest soup, we awakened to it as to the realization of a new mystery. One of the disadvantages of getting on in life is that you have fewer and fewer sensations, that you know everything, that there is no awful, joyous, rapturous mystery to be made known. Life becomes recollections, and things are not in themselves good, but only better or worse than the same things as you have seen them before. But bird's-nest soup was new—none of us had ever seen it—and to come to China without eating bird's-nest soup would be like going to Philadelphia without eating terrapin—a wanton perfidious trifling with the compensations of life. The birds' nests come from Java, Borneo, and Sumatra, and are rare and dear. My China friend told me that the dish before us would cost fifteen or twenty dollars, that the bird's nest prepared for soup was worth its weight in silver. I was glad to know this, because I had been under the impression that the Americans were the only people who turned silver into their food, and it was a consolation to know that the oldest civilization in the world is as extravagant as the youngest. The nests are the work of a species of swallow. When the bowl came on the table it was as thick as a ragout, and our Chinese friends lugged out a mess of stringy, fibrous food, about the color and consistency of good old-fashioned vermicelli. The soup certainly does not justify its fame. There was nothing disagreeable about it; it was simply tasteless. I could not detect a flavor or the suspicion of a flavor; it was only a mess of not unpleasant glutinous food that needed seasoning. I can imagine how a French cook could take a bird's-nest soup and so arrange it that an epicure would relish it. But he might do the same with turnips or asparagus without paying their weight in silver.

After we had learned the bird's-nest soup, and had, alas! one mystery less to know in this developing world, we were attracted by sharks' fins. The fins of the shark are much prized in China. We only skirmished around this dish in a coy, inquir-

ing manner, really not caring to go into it, but feeling that it would be an impropriety to come to a Chinese dinner and not taste sharks' fins. What would folks at home say about us? In this spirit—a spirit of duty, of doing something that had to be done, that was among other reasons why we were ten thousand miles from home on our way around the world—we went through our Chinese dinner. The dishes that we knew were so disguised that even when they made themselves known they were beyond recognition. The dishes we did not know we experimented upon. We discovered that the bird's-nest soup was insipid; that sharks' fins were oily and



SORTING TEA.

rancid; that fish brain was too rich; that the preparations of whale sinews and bamboo and fish maw, mushrooms, and a whole family of the fungus species were repelling; that the chipping of the ham and duck and pigeon into a kind of hash took away all the qualities that inspire respect for them at home, and that the fatal omission was bread. "If you go to a Chinese dinner," said a friend on shipboard, "be sure and take a loaf of bread in your pocket." I thought of this injunction as I was preparing to dine with the Viceroy, but had not the courage to go into a Chinese palace, like Benjamin Franklin, with a loaf of bread under my arm. If we had been dining we should have missed the bread; but none of us went through

the dinner, except the Doctor, perhaps, who viewed the entertainment from a professional point of view and went through it in a spirit of discovery. When the feast was about two-thirds over, the Viceroy, seeing that General Grant and Mr. Borie had gone beyond the possibility of dinner, proposed a walk in the garden. The remainder of the party waited until the dinner was over. It was a long and weary repast, once that the novelty passed away.

It was about half-past ten when we returned to the audience room and took leave of our hosts. The Viceroy said he would come down to the "Ashuelot" and see the General off. But the General said he was to sail at an early hour, and so said that he would prefer not putting his Excellency to so great a trouble. Then the Viceroy said it was a custom in China to send some memento of friendship to friends; that he was sorry he could not, without violation of Chinese etiquette, entertain Mrs. Grant, and he would like to send her a specimen of Cantonese work which might serve to remind her of Canton when she came to her own home beyond the seas. The Viceroy also spoke of the pleasure and honor he had felt in receiving General Grant, and said that his welcome in Canton would be repeated throughout China. In taking leave the Viceroy asked the General to be kind to his people in the United States; "for you have," he said, "a hundred thousand Cantonese among you, and they are good people." Then we entered our chairs, and amid the firing of guns, music, the cries of attendants and the waving of lanterns, we returned. The journey home through the night was weird and strange. The party was preceded by torch-bearers, and every chair carried lanterns. At regular points on the route were attendants holding torches and lanterns. The streets swung with lanterns, and the effect, the light, the narrow streets, the variety of decoration, the blended and varying colors, the doors massed with people, the dense and silent throng through which we passed, their yellow features made somber by the night—everything was new and strange and grotesque; and when we crossed the river and came under the green trees and saw our boat in the

river and felt ourselves again among our own ways, it seemed that in the scenes through which we had passed the curtain had been lifted from a thousand years, and that we had been at some mediæval feast of Oriental and barbaric splendor.

Consul Lincoln also gave General Grant an entertainment in the shape of a state dinner, to which were invited the leading members of the foreign settlement to the number of forty. The house was dressed with wreaths and evergreens and American flags. At the close of the dinner there was a display of fireworks. A bamboo scaffold, sixty feet high, had been built in front of the Consulate, and from this rockets and various forms of fireworks were displayed. The next morning we left Canton and our many kind friends, to sail down the river to visit the old Portuguese settlement of Macao.

The following correspondence took place between the Viceroy of Canton and General Grant :

"To His Excellency the Late President : It has been a high honor and a source of the deepest satisfaction to myself, the high provincial authorities, and the gentry and people of Canton that your Excellency, whom we have so long desired to see, has been so good as to come among us.

"Upon learning from you of your early departure, while I dare not interfere to delay you, I had hoped, in company with my associates, to present my humble respects at the moment of your leaving. I refrained from doing so in obedience to your command.

"I have ventured to send a few trifles to your honored wife, which I hope she will be so kind as to accept.

"I trust that you both will have a prosperous journey throughout all your way, and that you both may be granted many years and abundant good. Should I ever be honored by my sovereign with a mission abroad, it will be my most devout prayer and earnest desire that I may meet you again.

"I respectfully wish you the fullness of peace.

"LIU KUN."

"United States Steamer 'Ashuelot,'
near Shanghai, China, May 16, 1879.

"His Excellency the Viceroy of Kwangtung and Kwanghai :

"Dear Sir : Before leaving Hong-Kong for more extended visits through the Celestial Empire, I was placed in possession of your very welcome letter giving expression to the best wishes of your Excellency and of all the high officials in Canton for myself and mine. Since then it has been my good

fortune to visit Swatow and Amoy, both, I understand, under your Excellency's government, and have received at each the same distinguished reception accorded at Canton. Myself and party will carry with us from China the most pleasant recollections of our visit to the country over which you preside, and of the hospitalities received at your hands.

"Mrs. Grant desires to thank you especially for the beautiful specimens of Chinese work which you presented to her. With the best wishes of myself and party for your health, long life, and prosperity, and in hopes that we may meet again, I am, your friend,

"U. S. GRANT."



GAMBLING AT MACAO.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CHINA—CONVERSATIONS WITH GENERAL GRANT.

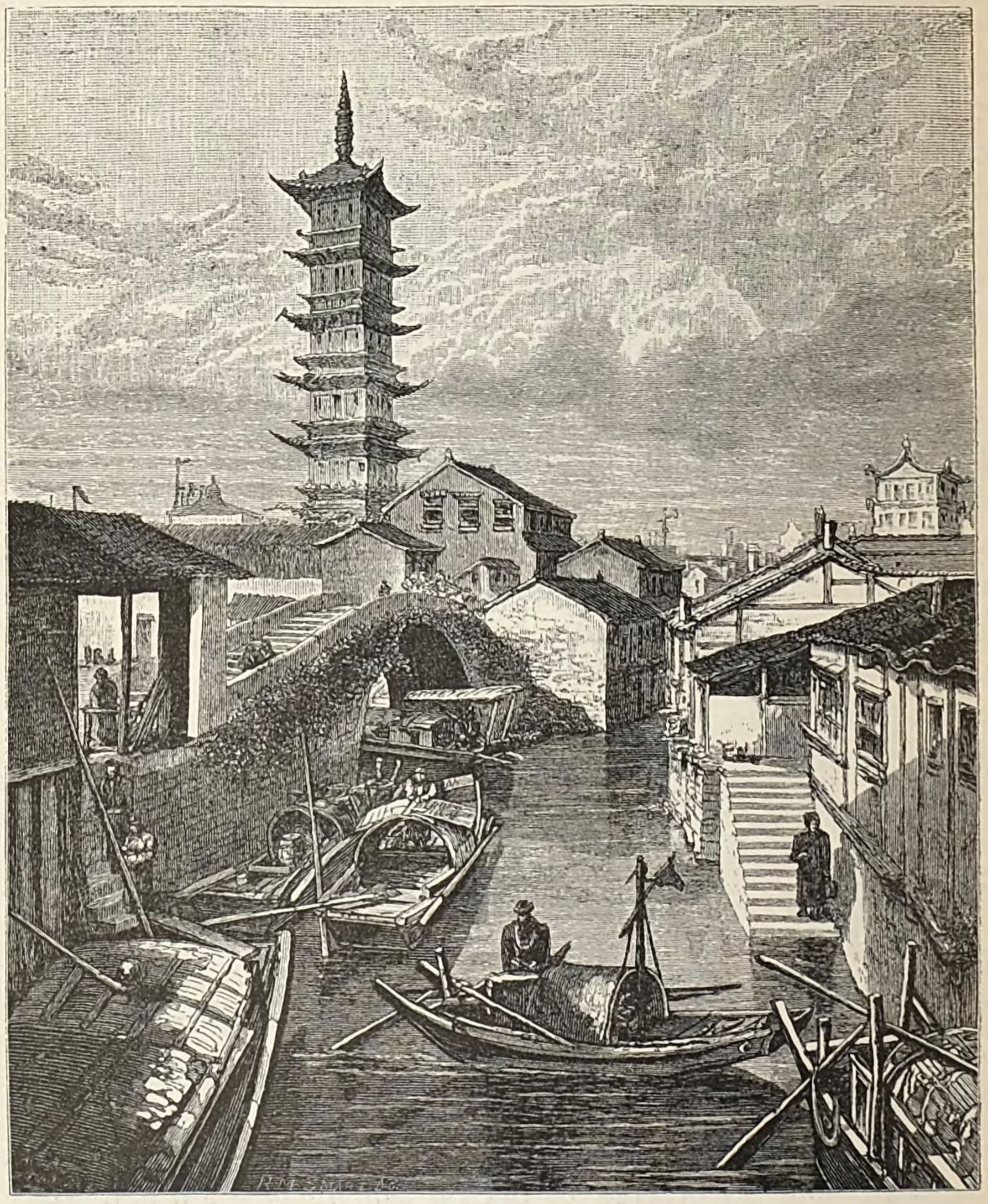
WE sailed down the river from Canton on the morning of the 9th of May, bound for Macao. Macao is a peninsula on the east coast of China, within five hours' sail of Hong-Kong, a distance of about forty miles. In the days of Portuguese commercial greatness, when Albuquerque was carrying the sword and St. Francis Xavier the cross through the East, Macao was picked up by Portuguese adventurers, and added to the Indian possessions of Portugal. That empire has crumbled, has been taken by Englishman and Hollander. Macao remains as a remnant, a ruin of an empire that once bid fair to rule the continent of Asia. The town looks picturesque as you come to it from the sea, with that aspect of faded grandeur which adds to the beauty, if not to the interest and value, of a city. As the

"Ashuelot" came around the point in view of Macao a slight sea was rolling, and a mist hung over the hills. As soon as our ship was made out from the shore the Portuguese battery flashed out a salute of twenty-one guns, to which the "Ashuelot" responded. About five o'clock we came to an anchor, and the aide of the Governor came on board to say that the illness, and, we were sorry to hear, the serious illness, of the Governor prevented his doing any more than sending the most cordial welcome to Macao. The General landed and drove to a hotel. In the evening he strolled about, and in the morning visited the one sight which gives Macao a world-wide fame—the grotto of Camoens.

Senhor Marques, the present owner, had built an arch over the entrance with the inscription, "Welcome to General Grant." The grounds surrounding the grotto are beautiful and extensive, and for some time we walked past the bamboo, the pimento, the coffee, and other tropical trees and plants. Then we ascended to a bluff, and from the point we had a commanding view of the town, the ocean, and the rocky coasts of China. The grotto of Camoens is inclosed with an iron railing, and a bust of the poet surmounts the spot where, according to tradition, he was wont to sit and muse and compose his immortal poems. General Grant inscribed his name in the visitors' book, and, accompanied by Senhor Marques, returned to the "Ashuelot," which at once steamed for Hong-Kong.

On the evening of our return to Hong-Kong, Governor Hennessy gave General Grant a banquet, and at the close delivered an address, proposing the health of General Grant. "It is now," said Governor Hennessy, "a matter of history that in both houses of the British Parliament there were foes and friends of freedom; but we may recall with pride the fact that two men so diverse in person and disposition and party relations as John Bright and Benjamin Disraeli, were sagacious enough to know that the honor of their own country and welfare of the world were bound up in the cause for which Ulysses Grant was contending. Whilst Bright was repairing the blunders of one or two eminent men of the Liberal party, the great

Conservative chief was, to my own personal knowledge, laboring night and day to counteract unreasoning prejudice amongst his own followers; and it is ever to me a source of intense satis-



CANAL AND PAGODA NEAR SHANGHAI.

faction that, though in a very humble way no doubt, I was one of those members of the House of Commons who loyally supported his prudent and patriotic policy. But this is not the only personal reason that is present to my mind to-night. I

am a citizen of Cork; I come from that corner of the whole world nearest, and not least dear, to the United States; and on behalf of my fellow-citizens I now assure General Grant that in no part of the civilized globe would he have received a heartier welcome, if he had honored us with a visit, than in my native city."

At the close of this address the band of the Thirty-seventh Regiment, which was in attendance, played "Hail Columbia." General Grant responded as follows:

"YOUR EXCELLENCY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am very grateful to you for your kind address, to which I would be happy to respond, but there is so much personal and flattering to myself that I find it impossible. It is only a continuance of the kindness that I have received, not only in England, but in India, in the British colonies, wherever, in fact, I have met Englishmen. I have met nothing but courtesy, hospitality, good-will to myself and my country. As you have said, I am about to leave the British and pass into the Chinese empire. I have met no gentlemen so kind as the gentlemen of England. For their reception, more especially for the reception in Hong-Kong, I am grateful, and I do not know that I can say anything which is nearer to my heart, now that I am leaving the British empire, than to ask you all to unite in this sentiment: 'The perpetual friendship and alliance of the two great English-speaking nations of the world—England and America.'"

At the close of the dinner there was a reception, and the grounds of the Government House were illuminated. Sunday was spent quietly with Governor Hennessy, and on Monday morning General Grant took leave of his brilliant and hospitable host. Before leaving, Colonel Mosby, the consul, presented a deputation of Chinese merchants, who delivered an address. After the reading of the address the General and his party, accompanied by the Governor and his party, took chairs and proceeded to Murray's Pier to embark for a cruise along the coast of China. Governor Hennessy took his leave of General Grant on board the "Ashuelot," and as his Excellency left the vessel a salute of seventeen guns was fired, with the British flag at the fore.

Our cruise along the coast of China was exceptionally pleasant, so far as the winds and the waves were concerned. There was a monsoon blowing, but it was just enough to help us along

without disturbing the sea. Then it was a pleasure to come into cool latitudes. Ever since we left Naples we had been fighting the sun, and our four months' battle had begun to tell upon us all. It was a luxury once more to tread the deck and feel the cool breezes blowing from the north, to roll yourself in your blanket and lie upon deck, to take pleasure in rooting out of your trunks your warm clothing, and to realize that life was something more than a Turkish bath. On the morning of the 28th of May we came to Swatow. Swatow is one of the treaty ports that were thrown open to the world under the treaty of Lord Elgin. The Chinese forts saluted and the shipping in the harbor dressed. C. C. Williams, our Consular Agent, came on board to welcome the General, and in his company we landed and spent an hour in threading the old Chinese town. The streets were narrow, and our way was rendered more difficult by a company or two of strolling players, who had erected a kind of Punch and Judy show. The apparition of the foreigner, however, injured the show business, for the audience gave up the music and merry-making and followed us over the town. In the afternoon we bade farewell to our hosts and steamed out amid several salutes from the forts to Amoy. While in Swatow the Chinese Governor called in state, and said that he had orders from the government to pay all possible attentions to General Grant. It was the custom of the country in making these calls to bring an offering, and as nothing is more useful than food he had brought a live sheep,



OPIUM SMOKERS.

six live chickens, six ducks, and four hams. While the Governor was in conference with the General the animals remained outside. There was nothing for the General to do but to accept the homely offering and present it to the servants.

Amoy is another of the treaty ports open to foreign trade. It is on the island of Heamun, at the mouth of Dragon River. It was one of the ports visited by the Portuguese, and has practically been open to trade for three centuries. The island is about forty miles in circumference, and the scenery as we approached was picturesque. All the batteries fired, and there was a welcome from one of our own men-of-war, the "Ranger," commanded by Commander Boyd. N. C. Stevens, the Vice-Consul, came on board and welcomed us to Amoy. Here we met Sir Thomas Wade, the British Minister to Pekin, who was on his way to the capital, and with whom the General had a long conversation about China. We went on board the "Ranger" to attend a reception. You can never tell what can be done with a man-of-war in the way of flags and lanterns and greenery. Certainly the "Ranger," under the inspiration of the officers, was transformed into a fairy scene, and nothing could have been more kind and hospitable than the captain and the officers. Mrs. Boyd assisted her husband in entertaining his guests. At seven o'clock, as the sun was going down, we took our leave of the brilliant gathering in the "Ranger" and steamed to Shanghai.

While steaming along the Chinese coasts over the smooth, inviting seas, it was pleasant to resume the conversations with General Grant, the remembrance of which forms so pleasant a feature in our journey. "I am always indulgent," said the General one day, "in my opinions of the generals who did not succeed. There can be no greater mistake than to say that because generals failed in the field they lacked in high qualities. In the popular estimate of generals, nothing succeeds but success. I think in many cases—cases that I know—much hardship is done. Some of the men who were most unfortunate in our war are men in whom I have perfect confidence, whom I would not be afraid to trust with important commands. It is

difficult to know what constitutes a great general. Some of our generals failed because they lost the confidence of the country in trying to win the confidence of politicians. Some of them failed, like Hooker at Chancellorsville, because when they won a victory they lost their heads, and did not know what to do with it. Some, like Franklin, because somehow they were never started right. Franklin was my classmate, a very good man, an able man, who would, I have always believed, have achieved great results if he could have had a chance.



A STREET CAB, SHANGHAI.

Franklin was a man who should have had a high command in the beginning, and I think would have been equal to the responsibility. Some of our generals failed because they worked out everything by rule. They knew what Frederick did at one place, and Napoleon at another. They were always thinking about what Napoleon would do. Unfortunately for their plans, the rebels would be thinking about something else. I don't underrate the value of military knowledge, but if men make war in slavish observances of rules, they will fail. No rules will apply to conditions of war as different as those which exist in

Europe and America. Consequently, while our generals were working out problems of an ideal character, problems that would have looked well on a blackboard, practical facts were neglected. To that extent I consider remembrances of old campaigns a disadvantage. Even Napoleon showed that, for my impression is that his first success came because he made war in his own way, and not in imitation of others. War is progressive, because all the instruments and elements of war are progressive. I do not believe in luck in war any more than in luck in business. Luck is a small matter, may affect a battle or a movement, but not a campaign or a career. A successful general needs health and youth and energy. I should not like to put a general in the field over fifty. When I was in the army I had a physique that could stand anything. Whether I slept on the ground or in a tent, whether I slept one hour or ten in the twenty-four, whether I had one meal or three, or none, made no difference. I could lie down and sleep in the rain without caring. But I was many years younger, and I could not hope to do that now. Sherman thinks he could go through a campaign, but I question it, although Sherman is in the best condition. The power to endure is an immense power, and naturally belongs to youth. The only eyes a general can trust are his own. He must be able to see and know the country, the streams, the passes, the hills. You look on a map and you see a pass in Switzerland. You know there is such a pass, but in a military sense you really know nothing about it. After you had ridden over a Swiss pass, your knowledge of all other passes would be good, and you could depend upon your maps. There is nothing ideal in war. The conditions of war in Europe and America are so unlike that there can be no comparison. Compare the invasion of France by the Germans with the invasion of the South. The Germans moved from town to town, every town being a base of supply. They had no bridges to build. They had no corduroy roads to make, and I question if a corduroy road was made in the whole campaign. I saw no reason for one in my journeys through France. I saw the finest roads in the world. The difficulties of a cam-

paign in an open country, generally a wilderness like America, especially as compared with a highly civilized country like France, are incalculable."

I recall many conversations with General Grant about those who took a high place in the civil administration of the war, and especially about Lincoln. Of Lincoln the General always speaks with reverence and esteem. "I never saw the President," said the General, "until he gave me my commission as lieutenant-general. Afterwards I saw him often either in Washington or at head-quarters. Lincoln, I may almost say, spent the last days of his life with me. I often recall those days. He came down to City Point in the last month of the war, and was with me all the time. He lived on a dispatch-boat in the river, but was always around head-quarters. He was a fine horseman, and rode my horse Cincinnati. We visited the different camps, and I did all I could to interest him. He was very anxious about the war closing; was afraid we could not stand a new campaign, and wanted to be around when the crash came. I have no doubt that Lincoln will be the conspicuous figure of the war; one of the great figures of history. He was a great man, a very great man. The more I saw of him, the more this impressed me. He was incontestably the greatest man I ever knew. What marked him especially was his sincerity, his kindness, his clear insight into affairs. Under all this he had a firm will, and a clear policy. People used to say that Seward swayed him, or Chase, or Stanton. This was a mistake. He might appear to go Seward's way one day, and Stanton's another, but all the time he was going his own course, and they with him. It was that gentle firmness in carrying out his own will, without apparent force or friction, that formed the basis of his character. He was a wonderful talker and a teller of stories. It is said his stories were improper. I have heard of them, but I never heard Lincoln use an improper word or phrase. I have sometimes, when I hear his memory called in question, tried to recall such a thing, but cannot. I always found him pre-eminently a clean-minded man. I regard these stories as exaggerations. Lincoln's power of illustration, his humor, was inex-

haustible. He had a story or an illustration for everything. I remember as an instance when Stephens of Georgia came on the Jeff. Davis Peace Commission to City Point. Stephens did not weigh more than eighty pounds, and he wore an overcoat that made him look like a man of two hundred pounds. As Lincoln and I came in, Stephens took off his coat. Lincoln said, after he had gone, 'I say, Grant, did you notice that coat Aleck Stephens wore?' I said yes. 'Did you ever see,' said Lincoln, 'such a small ear of corn in so big a shuck?' These illustrations were always occurring in his conversation.



CHINESE PUNCH AND JUDY.

"The darkest day of my life," said the General, "was the day I heard of Lincoln's assassination. I did not know what it meant. Here was the rebellion put down in the field, and starting up in the gutters; we had fought it as war, now we had to fight it as assassination. Lincoln was killed on the evening of the 14th of April. Lee surrendered on the 9th of

April. I arrived in Washington on the 13th. I was busy sending out orders to stop recruiting, the purchase of supplies, and to muster out the army. Lincoln had promised to go to the theater, and wanted me to go with him. While I was with the President, a note came from Mrs. Grant saying she must leave Washington that night. She wanted to go to Burlington to see our children. Some incident of a trifling nature had made her resolve to leave that evening. I was glad to have the note, as I did not want to go to the theater. So I made my excuse to Lincoln, and at the proper hour we started for the train. As we were driving along Pennsylvania Avenue, a horseman drove past us on a gallop, and back again around our carriage, looking into it. Mrs. Grant said, 'There is the man who sat near us at lunch to-day, with some other men, and tried to overhear our conversation. He was so rude that we left the dining-room. Here he is now riding after us.' I thought it was only curiosity, but learned afterward that the horseman was Booth. It seems I was to have been attacked, and Mrs. Grant's sudden resolve to leave deranged the plan. A few days later I received an anonymous letter from a man, saying he had been detailed to kill me, that he rode on my train as far as Havre de Grace, and as my car was locked he could not get in. He thanked God he had failed. I remember the conductor locked our car, but how true the letter was I cannot say. I learned of the assassination as I was passing through Philadelphia. I turned around, took a special train, and came on to Washington. It was the gloomiest day of my life."

A question was asked as to whether Lincoln's presence was in connection with the army direction. "Not at all," said the General. "I merely told him what I had done, not what I meant to do. I was then making the movement by the left which ended in the surrender of Lee. When I returned to Washington, Lincoln said, 'General, I half suspected that movement of yours would end the business, and wanted to ask you, but did not like to.' Of course, I could not have told him, if he had asked me, because the one thing a general in command of an army does not know, is what the result of a battle is until

it is fought. I never would have risked my reputation with Mr. Lincoln by any such prophecies. As a matter of fact, however, my own mind was pretty clear as to what the effect of the movement would be. I was only waiting for Sheridan to finish his raid around Lee to make it. When Sheridan arrived from that raid, and came to my quarters, I asked him to take a walk. As we were walking, I took out his orders and gave them to him. They were orders to move on the left and attack Lee. If the movement succeeded, he was to advance. If it failed, he was to make his way into North Carolina and join Sherman. When Sheridan read this part, he was, as I saw, disappointed. His countenance fell. He had just made a long march, a severe march, and now the idea of another march into North Carolina would disconcert any commander — even Sheridan. He, however, said nothing. I said: 'Sheridan, although I have provided for your retreat into North Carolina in the event of failure, I have no idea that you will fail, no idea that you will go to Carolina. I mean to end this business right here.' Sheridan's eyes lit up, and he said, with enthusiasm, 'That's the talk. Let us end the business here.' But of course I had to think of the loyal North, and if we failed in striking Lee, it would have satisfied the North for Sheridan to go to the Carolinas. The movement, however, succeeded, and my next news from Sheridan was the battle of Five Forks—one of the finest battles in the war.



THE RAIN COAT.

"I am always grateful," said the General, "that Mr. Lincoln spent the last, or almost the last days of his life with me. His coming was almost an accident. One of my people said one day,

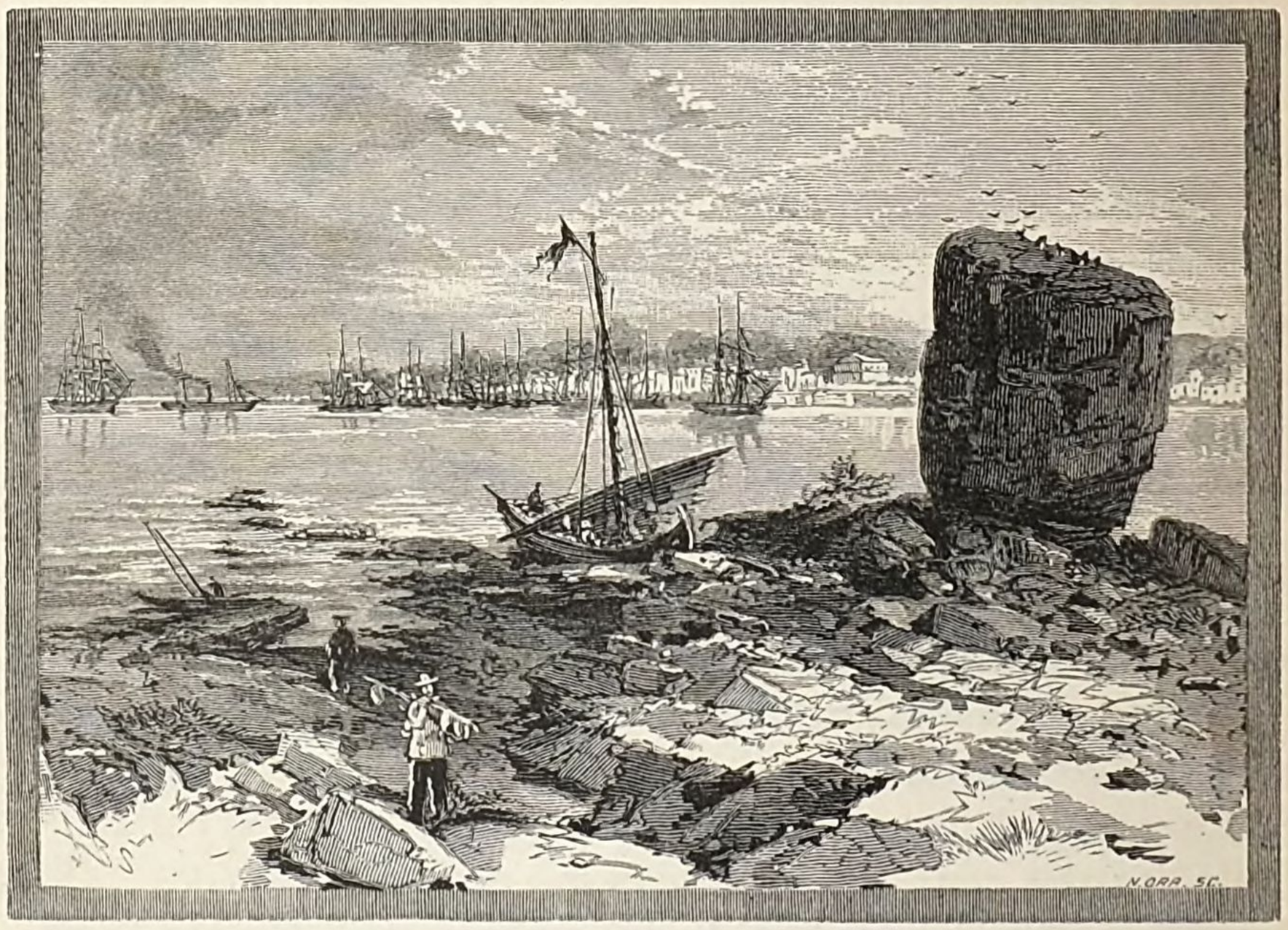
'Why don't you ask the President to come down and visit you?' I answered that the President was in command of the army, and could come when he wished. It was then hinted that the reason he did not come was that there had been so much talk about his interference with generals in the field that he felt delicate about appearing at head-quarters. I at once telegraphed Mr. Lincoln that it would give me the greatest pleasure to see him, and to have him see the army. He came at once. He was really most anxious to see the army, and be with it in its final struggle. It was an immense relief to him to be away from Washington. He remained at my head-quarters until Richmond was taken. He entered Richmond, and I went after Lee."

Another character about whom the General often spoke is Stanton, the Secretary of War under Lincoln. "Stanton's reputation," he said, on one occasion, "rests a good deal on his quarrel with President Johnson, and in this his character is treated unjustly. Stanton's relations with Johnson were the natural result of Johnson's desire to change the politics of the administration, and Stanton's belief that such a change would be disastrous to the Union. Of course a man of Stanton's temper, so believing, would be in a condition of passionate anger. He believed that Johnson was Jefferson Davis in another form, and he used his position in the Cabinet like a picket holding his position on the line; but if Johnson had desired to remove Stanton he would have done so. So far as the difference of opinion between the President and the Secretary of War is concerned, the responsibility is placed on the President. The Constitution is such that Johnson was right and Stanton was wrong; and this clinging to office by Stanton has injured him in the eyes of the country. We were all under deep feeling at that time. It tried the patience of the most patient man to see all the results of the war deliberately laid at the feet of the South by the man we trusted. Stanton was not a patient man, but one whose temper had been tried by severe labor, and whose love for the Union was volcanic in its fierceness. If people would only remember the privation under which Stanton

acted they would do him more justice. I confess, however, I should not have liked to have been in Johnson's place. Stanton required a man like Lincoln to manage him. I should not have liked to have had that responsibility. At the same time Stanton is one of the great men of the Republic. He was as much a martyr to the Union as Sedgwick or McPherson. I held him in great personal esteem, and his character in high honor. We never became very intimate; but looking back on our intercourse I am gratified to think that every day that Stanton lived we grew better and better friends. After my election to the Presidency, one of Stanton's friends came to see me, and said the Secretary was in bad health, his fortune was limited, and he thought the Republican party of the country owed him a debt of gratitude. I asked him what he thought would be gratifying to Stanton. I was told a small mission to Italy, Belgium, or somewhere where the climate would be agreeable, would be grateful to his friends. I said I thought I could do for him much more than that, and that I had already resolved to make him Justice of the Supreme Court. A few days later the appointment was made. It was a great surprise to Stanton. His letter to me acknowledging it was beautiful and affectionate. He died within a few days of his appointment. I have always thought that the country could not do too much for Stanton and his family; and after the father's death I did all I could for the son. I made him my personal attorney. The promising young man died, to my great regret, not long since. If I were asked to name the greatest men of the Republic, I certainly should include Stanton among them."

Frequently our conversation would turn to home affairs and politics. On these questions the General always speaks without reserve. "I have never," he said, "shared the resentment felt by so many Republicans toward Mr. Hayes on the ground of his policy of conciliation. At the same time I never thought it would last, because it was all on one side. There is nothing more natural than that a President, new to his office, should enter upon a policy of conciliation. He wants to make everybody friendly, to have all the world happy, to be the central

figure of a contented and prosperous commonwealth. That is what occurs to every President, it is an emotion natural to the office. I can understand how a kindly, patriotic man like Hayes would be charmed by the prospect. I was as anxious for such a policy as Mr. Hayes. There has never been a moment since Lee surrendered that I would not have gone more than half-way to meet the Southern people in a spirit of conciliation. But they have never responded to it. They have not forgotten the



AMOY.

war. A few shrewd leaders like Mr. Lamar and others have talked conciliation; but any one who knows Mr. Lamar knows that he meant this for effect, and that at least he was as much in favor of the old *régime* as Jefferson Davis. The pacification of the South rests entirely with the South. I do not see what the North can do that has not been done, unless we surrender the results of the war. I am afraid there is a large party in the North who would do that now. I have feared even that our soldiers would begin to apologize for their part in the war. On that point what a grand speech General Sherman made in New

York on a recent Decoration Day. I felt proud of Sherman for that speech. It was what a soldier and the general of an army should say. The radical trouble with the Southern leaders is, that instead of frankly acting with the Republicans in the North, they have held together, hoping by an alliance with the Democrats to control the government. I think Republicans should go as far as possible in conciliation, but not far enough to lose self-respect. Nor can any one who values the freedom of suffrage be satisfied with election results like those in the last canvass for the presidency. I have no doubt, for instance, that Mr. Hayes carried North Carolina, and that it was taken from him. No one old enough to read and write can doubt that the Republican party with anything like a fair vote would have carried, and perhaps did carry, Arkansas, Alabama, and Mississippi. I never doubted that they carried Louisiana, South Carolina, and Florida. Whether it was wise or unwise to have given the negro suffrage, we have done so, and no one can look on satisfied and see it taken from him. The root of the whole difference lies in that.

"The South," continued the General, "has been in many ways a disappointment to me. I hoped a great deal from the South, but these hopes have been wrecked. I hoped that Northern capital would pour into the South, that Northern influence and Northern energy would soon repair all that war had wasted. But that never came. Northern capitalists saw that they could not go South without leaving self-respect at home, and they remained home. The very terms of the invitations you see in all the Southern papers show that. The editors say they are glad to have Northern men provided they do not take part in politics. Why shouldn't they take part in politics? They are made citizens for that. So long as this spirit prevails there will be no general emigration of Northern men to the South. I was disappointed, very much so. It would have been a great thing for the South if some of the streams of emigration from New England and the Middle States toward Iowa and Kansas had been diverted into the South. I hoped much from the poor white class. The war, I thought,

would free them from a bondage in some respects even lower than slavery; it would revive their ambition; they would learn, what we in the North know so well, that labor is a dignity, not a degradation, and assert themselves and become an active Union element. But they have been as much under the thumb of the slave-holder as before the war. Andrew Johnson, one of the ablest of the poor white class, tried to assert some independence; but as soon as the slave-holders put their thumb upon him, even in the Presidency, he became their slave. It is very curious and very strange. I hoped for different results, and did all I could to bring them around, but it could not be done.

"Looking back," said the General, "over the whole policy of reconstruction, it seems to me that the wisest thing would have been to have continued for some time the military rule. Sensible Southern men see now that there was no government so frugal, so just, and fair as what they had under our generals. That would have enabled the Southern people to pull themselves together and repair material losses. As to depriving them, even for a time, of suffrage, that was our right as a conqueror, and it was a mild penalty for the stupendous crime of treason. Military rule would have been just to all, to the negro who wanted freedom, the white man who wanted protection, the Northern man who wanted Union. As State after State showed a willingness to come into the Union, not on their own terms but upon ours, I would have admitted them. This would have made universal suffrage unnecessary, and I think a mistake was made about suffrage. It was unjust to the negro to throw upon him the responsibilities of citizenship, and expect him to be on even terms with his white neighbor. It was unjust to the North. In giving the South negro suffrage, we have given the old slave-holders forty votes in the electoral college. They keep those votes, but disfranchise the negroes. That is one of the gravest mistakes in the policy of reconstruction. It looks like a political triumph for the South, but it is not. The Southern people have nothing to dread more than the political triumph of the men who led them into seces-

sion. That triumph was fatal to them in 1860. It would be no less now. The trouble about military rule in the South was that our people did not like it. It was not in accordance with our institutions. I am clear now that it would have been better for the North to have postponed suffrage, reconstruction, State governments, for ten years, and held the South in a territorial condition. It was due to the North that the men who had made war upon us should be powerless in a political sense forever. It would have avoided the scandals of the State governments, saved money, and enabled the Northern merchants, farmers, and laboring men to reorganize society in the South. But we made our scheme, and must do what we can with it. Suffrage once given can never be taken away, and all that remains for us now is to make good that gift by protecting those who have received it.



A CHINESE LADY.

"And yet," said the General, "if the Southern people would only put aside the madness of their leaders, they would see that they are richer now than before the war. We hear a constant wail from the oppressed South, but the wail comes only from politicians. The South is richer now than before the war. There has been a fall in the value of lands, but the whole country has felt that. I do not count the value of the slaves, although I would not be surprised if the figures showed that the Southern people had earned more than the value of the slaves they lost. Money is not held in as few hands as before the war, but the people, *per capita*, are richer. And that, after, all is what we want to see in a republic. Take cotton alone. Before the war a crop of two and a half million or three million bales at six cents a pound was an immense result. Now we have

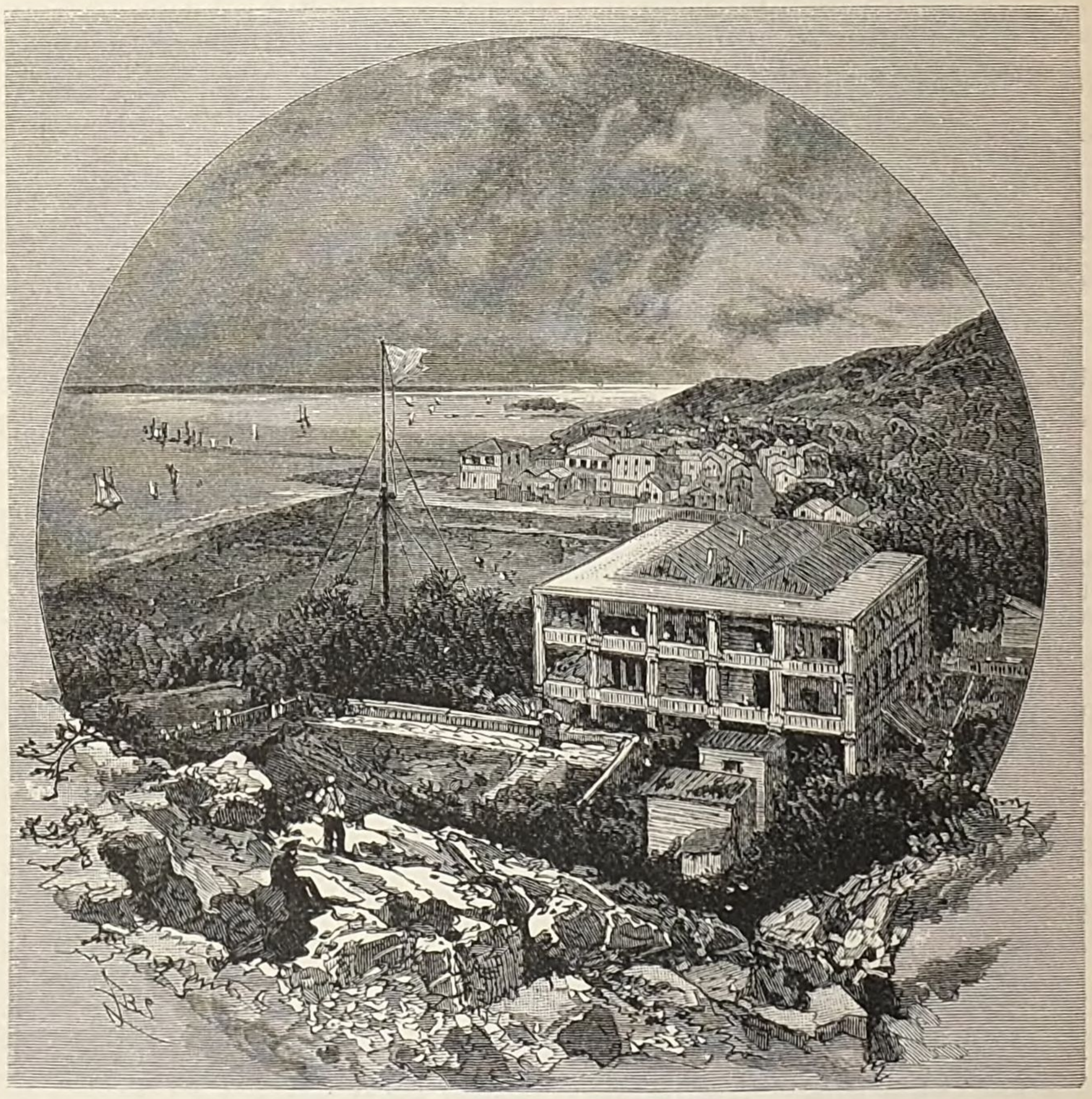
crops of five millions of bales at ten cents a pound! What a commentary that is upon the old story that the negro could only work under the lash! Before the war the North sent the South pork, corn, iron, cloth—now the Southerners blast their own iron, raise their own pork, and make their own cloth. Many of these things they learned to do during the war, and now they feel the advantage of that stern education. Mr. Gladstone, in his remarkable article on 'Kin beyond the Sea,' spoke with wonder of the recuperative powers of the country. What would he have said if he had known the full statistics? Before the war the South sent its cotton to the North and to England. Now there are mills flourishing in the South, flourishing even under the depression which affects the cotton industry in the North. When I talk with New England cotton-spinners, they tell me of hard times and closing mills. When I talk to General Toombs of Georgia, he tells me that his money invested in cotton-mills in the South returns him twenty-five per cent. All of this is natural, because labor is cheap in the South, the cotton grows there, and there is an unlimited supply of water-power. The growth of this cotton industry in the South must have an important effect on the commerce of the world. So with iron. The South is doing splendidly with iron, and I would not be surprised to see it compete with the established industries in older States. In rice and sugar I do not see any advance upon what was done before the war. But these crops are as large, I think, as before. In this you see the success of the negro as a laborer. He has steadily worked during all this time of excitement. While his old masters have been declaiming upon their misfortunes, their ruin, their oppression, he has given the South a material prosperity that it never knew before the war. What a comment you find in these facts upon the cant of the demagogues who keep the South in an endless broil over its miseries, bringing disgrace on our country by repudiation schemes, while all the time it grows richer and richer. Since the war all this profit has been income, for during this time the people have not paid their State or local debts, and that has been to their gain. That is only temporary, however.

In the end that will be a great loss. There is nothing that costs so much in the end as repudiation.

"The most troublesome men in public life," said the General, "are those over-righteous people who see no motives in other people's actions but evil motives, who believe all public life is corrupt, and nothing is well done unless they do it themselves. They are narrow-headed men, their two eyes so close together that they can look out of the same gimlet-hole without winking."

On the morning of the 17th of May the "Ashuelot," under Commander Johnson—who had relieved Commander Perkins at Hong-Kong—came in sight of the Woosung forts, which fired twenty-one guns as a welcome. The Chinese gun-boats joined in the chorus, and the "Ashuelot" returned the salutes. There was so much cannonading and so much smoke that it seemed as if a naval battle were raging. As the smoke lifted, the American man-of-war "Monocacy" was seen steaming toward us, dressed from stem to stern. As she approached a salute was fired. We were a little bit ahead of the time appointed for our reception in Shanghai, and when the "Monocacy" came within a cable's length both vessels came to an anchor. A boat came from the "Monocacy," carrying the committee of citizens who were to meet the General. Messrs. R. W. Little, F. B. Forbes, Helland, Purden, and Hübbe. The committee was accompanied by Mr. D. W. Bailey, the American Consul-General for China, who presented the members to General Grant, and by Mrs. Little and Mrs. Holcombe, who came to meet Mrs. Grant. The committee lunched with the General, and about half-past one the "Ashuelot" slowly steamed up to the city. As we came in sight of the shipping the sight was very beautiful. The different men-of-war all fired salutes and manned yards, the merchantmen at anchor were dressed, and as the "Ashuelot" passed the crews cheered. The General stood on the quarter-deck and bowed his thanks. As we came to the spot selected for landing, the banks of the river were thronged with Chinamen. It is estimated that at least one hundred thousand lined the banks; but figures are, after all, guesses, and

fail to give you an idea of the vast, far-extending, patient, and silent multitude. It was Saturday afternoon, the holiday, and consequently every one could come, and every one did, in holiday attire. One of the committee said to me, as we stood on the deck of the "Ashuelot" looking out upon the wonderful



SWATOW.

panorama of life and movement, that he supposed that every man, woman, and child in Shanghai who could come was on the river bank. The landing was in the French concession. A large "go down," or storehouse, had been decorated with flags, flowers, and greenery. This building was large enough to hold all the foreign residents in Shanghai, and long before the hour of landing every seat was occupied. At three o'clock

the barge of the "Ashuelot" was manned, and the General and his party embarking, slowly pulled toward the shore, while the guns of the American man-of-war fired another salute. In a few minutes we reached the landing, which was covered with scarlet cloth. Mr. Little, Chairman of the Municipal Council, received the General and escorted him into the building, the audience rising and cheering. The Chinese Governor, accompanied by a retinue of mandarins, was present. The band played "Hail Columbia," and when the music and the cheering ceased, Mr. Little read the address welcoming General Grant to Shanghai on behalf of the foreign community. The General, speaking in a conversational tone, said:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am very much obliged to you for the hearty welcome which you have paid me, and I must say that I have been a little surprised, and agreeably surprised. I have now been a short time in the country of which Shanghai forms so important a part in a commercial way, and I have seen much to interest me and much to instruct me. I wish I had known ten years ago what I have lately learned. I hope to carry back to my country a report of all I have seen in this part of the world, for it will be of interest and possibly of great use. I thank you again for the hearty welcome you have given me."

At the close of the speech the General was escorted to his carriage. There was a guard of honor composed of sailors and marines from the American and French men-of-war, and a company of volunteer rifles. Horses are not plentiful in Shanghai, and General Grant's carriage was drawn by a pair of Australian horses, which, not having had a military experience, grew so impatient with the guns, the music, and the cheering that they became unmanageable, and the procession came to a halt. Lieutenant Cowles of the "Monocacy," who was in command of the escort, suggested a remedy. The horses were taken out, and the volunteer guard, taking hold of the carriage, drew it along the embankment to the Consulate, a distance of more than a mile. On arriving at the Consulate the General reviewed the escort. The evening was spent quietly, the General dining with Mr. Bailey and a few of the leading citizens of the settlement. On Sunday General Grant attended service in the cathedral. On Monday morning he visited a dairy farm

and afterward made a few calls. In the evening he dined with Mr. Little, and after dinner went to the house of Mr. Cameron, the manager of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank, to witness the torchlight procession and the illumination. The whole town had been agog all day preparing for the illumination, and as we strolled along the parade every house was in the hands of workmen and Chinese artists. There was a threat of bad weather, but as the sun went down the ominous winds went with it, and the evening was perfect for all the purposes of the



A CHINESE INN.

display. The two occasions when Shanghai had exerted herself to welcome and honor a guest, were on the visits of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Grand Duke Alexis. The display in honor of General Grant far surpassed these, and what made it so agreeable was the heartiness with which English, Americans, French, Germans, and Chinese all united. I had heard a good deal during the day of what Shanghai would do. But with the memory of many *fêtes* in many lands, fresh from the stupendous demonstration in Canton, I felt skeptical as to what a little European colony clinging to the fringe of the Chinese empire could really do in the way of a display. The dinner

at Mr. Little's was over at half-past nine, and in company with Mr. Little and the General I drove along the whole river front. The scene as we drove out into the open street was bewildering in its beauty. Wherever you looked was a blaze of light and fire, of rockets careering in the air, of Roman lights and every variety of fire. The ships in the harbor were a blaze of color, and looked as if they were pieces of fireworks. The lines of the masts, the rigging, and the hulls were traced in flames. The "Monocacy" was very beautiful, every line from the bow to the topmast and anchor chain hung with Japanese lanterns. This graceful, blending mass of color thrown upon the black evening sky was majestic, and gave you an idea of a beauty in fire hitherto unknown to us. "Never before," says the morning journal—for I prefer to take other authority than my own in recording this dazzling scene—"never before has there been such a blaze of gas and candles seen in Shanghai." The trees in full foliage gave a richer hue to the scenes, and they seemed, under the softening influence of the night and the fire, to be a part of the fireworks. On the front of the club house was a ten-foot star in gas jets with the word "Welcome." There was the United States coat-of-arms, with the initials "U. S. G." flanked with the words "Soldier" and "Statesman." Russell & Co. had a ten-foot star, "Welcome to Grant," and in addition there were two thousand Chinese lanterns crossing the whole building. At the Central Hotel was a six-foot St. George's star, with "U. S. G." At the French a St. George's star, with a sunburst on either side. The American Consulate was covered with lanterns arranged to form sentences: "Washington, Lincoln, Grant—three immortal Americans;" "Grant will win on this line if it takes all summer;" "The fame of Grant encircles the world;" "Grant—of the people, with the people, for the people." There was also a mammoth device in gas jets, fifty feet high, "Welcome, Grant—soldier, hero, statesman." The Japanese Consulate and the offices of the shipping company were covered with lanterns—four thousand—arranged in the most effective manner. The Astor House had this quotation from the General's speech in Hong-Kong, "The

perpetual alliance of the two great English-speaking nations of the world." The English Consulate had a multitude of lanterns and the word "Welcome" in a blazing gas jet. The Masonic Hall was a mass of light. At ten the General returned to the house of Mr. Cameron, and from there reviewed the fire-men's procession. Each engine was preceded by a band, which played American airs; and it gave one a feeling of homesick-ness, and recalled the great days of trial and sacrifice, to hear the strains of "John Brown" and "Sherman's March through Georgia." After the procession passed and repassed there was a reception in Mr. Cameron's house.

On the 20th of May General Grant dined with Mr. Pur-den, a dinner which had a sad interest to us all, because it was given as a farewell to our dear and honored companion Mr. Borie. Mr. Borie's health had been such that, acting under the best advice, he was resolved to leave General Grant, and, taking the steamer for Japan, to sail direct for home. At the close of the dinner General Grant proposed Mr. Borie's health in a brief and affectionate speech, saying how much pleasure he had received from Mr. Borie's society, how long he had known and honored him, and asking the ladies and gentlemen present to unite in wishing him a pleasant voyage home, and long life and happiness. The next morn-ing Mr. Borie sailed on the Japanese steamer, accompanied by Dr. Keating. There were other *fêtes* in Shanghai, "sing song" at the Chinese theater, a dinner with Mr. Wetmore, and a ball at the club. On the 12th, Chief Justice French gave a breakfast, and in the afternoon there was a garden party in the beautiful grounds of Mr. Forbes. There was some discussion as to whether we should go up the river to visit Hang-kow, but Mr. Holcombe was impatient for us to reach Pekin; and so, after debate, and not without reluctance, it was resolved to steam direct for Tientsin, and the north. On the morning of the 24th of May, amid heavy rains and high seas—the first really bad weather we had since leaving Marseilles—we con-tinued our journey.



TIENTSIN.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CHINA.

AT Tientsin we met the famous Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, the most eminent man in China, whom some admirers call the Bismarck of the East. Li Hung Chang, because of his services as commander of the army that suppressed the Taeping rebellion, has been advanced to the highest positions in the empire. He is a nobleman of the rank of earl, Grand Secretary of State, guardian of the heir apparent, head of the War Office and of the Chinese armies, director of the coast defenses. He is in command of the province which guards the road to Pekin, the most honorable viceroyalty in the empire. It shows the genius of the man that he, a Chinaman, should receive such honors from a Tartar dynasty, and even be the guardian of a Tartar emperor. It shows the wisdom and conciliatory spirit of the dynasty that

they should raise a Chinaman to a position in which he is practically custodian of the throne.

The great Viceroy took an interest almost romantic in the coming of General Grant. He was of the same age as the General. They won their victories at the same time—the Southern rebellion ending in April, the Taeping rebellion in July, 1865. As the Viceroy said to a friend of mine, "General Grant and I have suppressed the two greatest rebellions known in history." Those who have studied the Taeping rebellion will not think that Li Hung Chang coupled himself with General Grant in a spirit of boasting. "How funny it is," he also said, "that I should be named Li, and General Grant's opponent should be called Lee." While General Grant was making his progress in India the Viceroy followed his movements and had all the narratives of the journey translated. As soon as the General reached Hong-Kong, Judge Denny, our able and popular consul at Tientsin, conveyed a welcome from the Viceroy. When questions were raised as to the reception of the General in Tientsin the Viceroy ended the matter by declaring that no honor should be wanting to the General, and that he himself should be the first Chinaman to greet him in Tientsin and welcome him to the chief province of the empire.

As the "Ashuelot" came into the Peiho River the forts fired twenty-one guns, and all the troops were paraded. A Chinese gun-boat was awaiting, bearing Judge Denny, our consul, and Mr. Dillon, French consul and Dean of the Consular Corps. As we came near Tientsin the scene was imposing. Wherever we passed a fort twenty-one guns were fired. All the junks and vessels were dressed in bunting. A fleet of Chinese gun-boats formed in line, and each vessel manned yards. The booming of the cannon, the waving of the flags, the manned yards, the multitude that lined the banks, the fleet of junks massed together and covered with curious lookers-on, the stately "Ashuelot," carrying the American flag at the fore, towering high above the slender Chinese vessels and answering salutes gun for gun, the noise, the smoke, the glitter of arms,

the blending and waving of banners and flags which lined the forts and the rigging like a fringe—all combined to form one of the most vivid and imposing pageants of our journey. As we came near the landing the yacht of the Viceroy, carrying his flag, steamed toward us, and as soon as our anchor found its place, hauled alongside. First came two mandarins carrying the Viceroy's card. General Grant stood at the gangway, accompanied by the officers of the ship, and as the Viceroy stepped over the side of the "Ashuelot" the yards were manned and a salute was fired. Judge Denny, advancing, met the Viceroy and presented him to General Grant as the great soldier and statesman of China. The Viceroy presented the members of his suite, and the General, taking his arm, led him to the upper deck, where the two generals sat in conversation for some time, while tea and cigars and wine were passed around in approved Chinese fashion.



A STREET STALL.

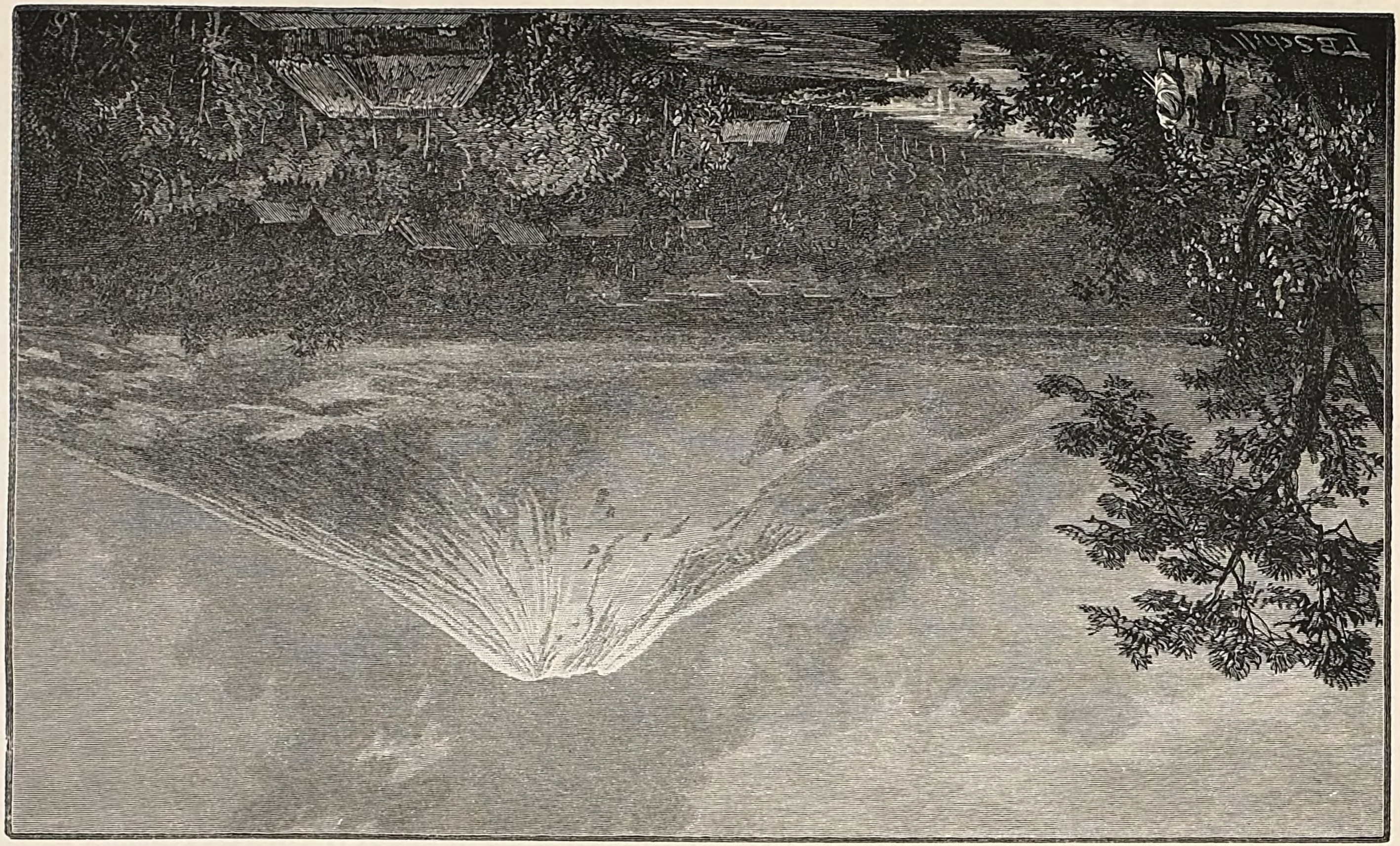
Li Hung Chang strikes you at first by his stature, which would be unusual in a European, and was especially notable among his Chinese attendants, over whom he towered. He has a keen eye, a large head, and wide forehead, and speaks with a quick, decisive manner. When he met the General he studied his face curiously, and

seemed to show great pleasure, not merely the pleasure expressed in mere courtesy, but sincere gratification. Between the General and the Viceroy friendly relations grew up, and while we were in Tientsin they saw a great deal of each other. The Viceroy said at the first meeting that he did not care merely to look at General Grant and make his formal acquaintance, but to know him well and talk with him. As the Viceroy is known to be among the advanced school of Chinese statesmen, not afraid of railways and telegraphs, and anxious to strengthen and develop China by all the agencies of outside civilization, the General found a ground upon which they could meet and talk. The subject so near to the Viceroy's heart is one about which few men living are better informed than General Grant. During his stay in China, wherever the General has met Chinese statesmen he has impressed upon them the necessity of developing their country, and of doing it themselves. No man has ever visited China who has had the opportunities of seeing Chinese statesmen accorded to the General, and he has used these opportunities to urge China to throw open her barriers, and be one in commerce and trade with the outer world.

The General formed a high opinion of the Viceroy as a statesman of resolute and far-seeing character. This opinion was formed after many conversations—official, ceremonial, and personal. The visit of the Viceroy to the General was returned next day in great pomp. There was a marine guard from the "Ashuelot." We went to the viceregal palace in the Viceroy's yacht, and as we steamed up the river every foot of ground, every spot on the junks, was crowded with people. At the landing troops were drawn up. A chair lined with yellow silk, such a chair as is only used by the Emperor, was awaiting the General. As far as the eye could reach, the multitude stood expectant and gazing, and we went to the palace through a line of troops, who stood with arms at "Present." Amid the firing of guns and the beating of gongs our procession slowly marched to the palace door. The Viceroy, surrounded by his mandarins and attendants, welcomed the General.

A day or two later there was a ceremonial dinner given in a

FUSIYAMA.



temple. When the dinner ended, Mr. Detring, Commissioner of Customs, on behalf of the Viceroy, arose and read this speech:

"GENTLEMEN: It has given me great pleasure to welcome you as my guests to-day, more especially as you aid me in showing honor to the distinguished man who is now with us. General Grant's eminent talents as a soldier and a statesman, and his popularity while chief ruler of a great country are known to us all. I think it may be said of him now, as it was said of Washington a century ago, that he is 'first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.' His fame, and the admiration and respect it excites, are not confined to his own country, as the events of his present tour around the world will prove, and China should not be thought unwilling to welcome such a visitor. I thank the General for the honor he has conferred upon me. I thank you all, gentlemen, for the pleasure you have given me to-day, and I now ask you to join me in drinking the health of General Grant, and wishing him increasing fame and prosperity."

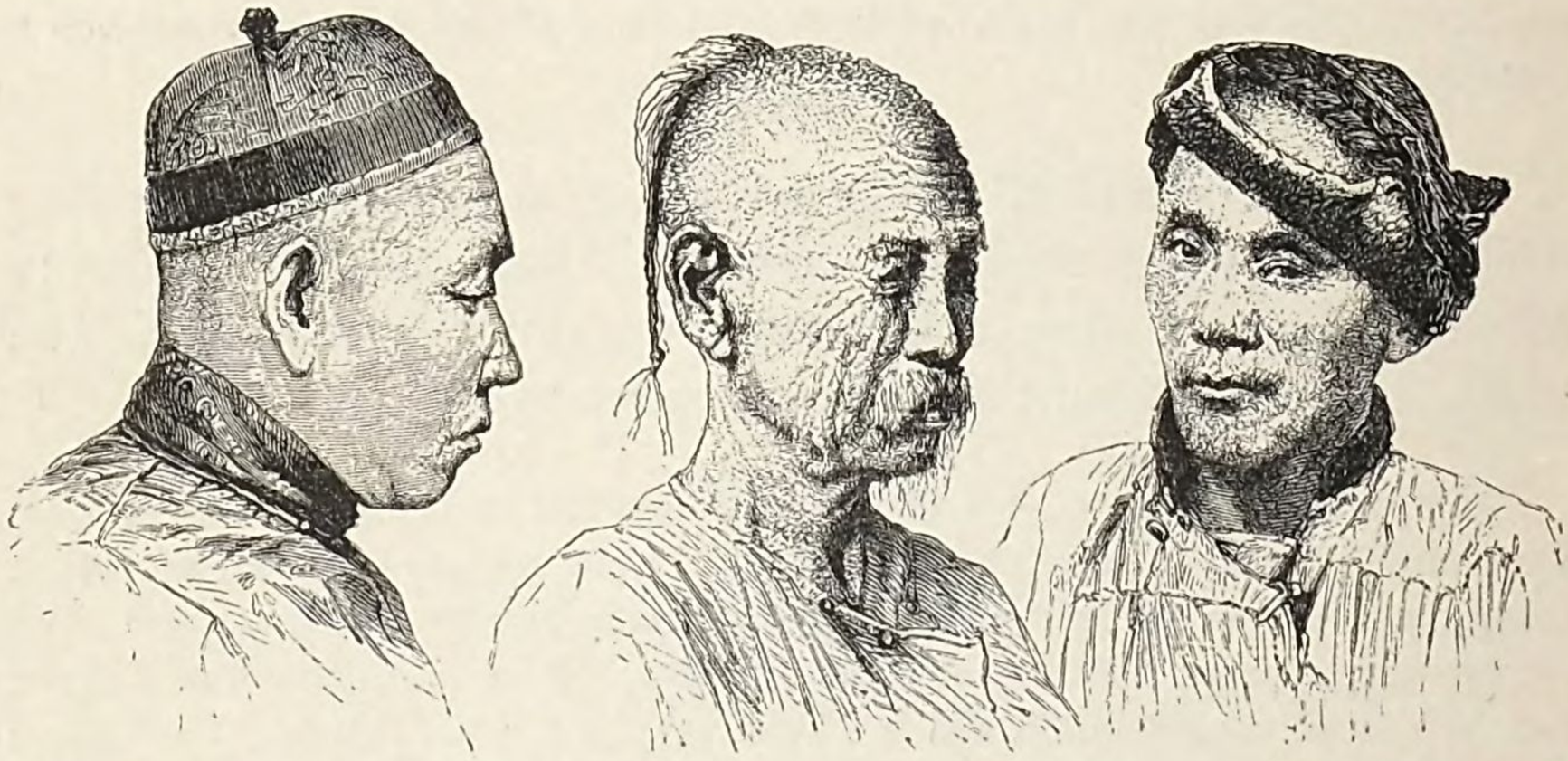
The Viceroy and all his guests arose and remained standing while Mr. Detring read this speech. At the close the Viceroy lifted a glass of wine, and bowing to the General drank the toast. General Grant then arose and said:

"YOUR EXCELLENCY AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CONSULAR CORPS: I am very much obliged to you for the welcome I have received in Tientsin, which is only a repetition of the kindness shown to me by the representatives of all nations since I came within the coasts of China. I am grateful to the Viceroy for the special consideration which I have received at his hands. His history as a soldier and statesman of the Chinese empire has been known to me, as it has been known to all at home who have followed Chinese affairs for a quarter of a century. I am glad to meet one who has done such great services to his country. My visit to China has been full of interest. I have learned a great deal of the civilization, the manners, the achievements, and the industry of the Chinese people, and I shall leave the country with feelings of friendship toward them and a desire that they may be brought into relations of the closest commercial alliance and intercourse with the other nations. I trust that the Viceroy will some time find it in his power to visit my country, when I shall be proud to return, as far as I can, the hospitality I have received from him. Again thanking your Excellency for your reception, and you, gentlemen of the Consular Corps, for your kindness, I ask you to join with me in a toast to the prosperity of China and the health of the Viceroy."

When this speech was ended there was tea, and then came cigars. The Viceroy had arranged for a photograph of the

whole dinner party. So our portraits were taken in the room where we had dined.

The progress of the foreign settlement of Tientsin is a fair indication of progress in China. The name "Tientsin" means "Heaven's Ford." The city lies at the junction of the Peiho River with the Grand Canal. It is the largest city in the province, next to Pekin, and commercially has more importance, because Pekin is simply a capital given over to officials and soldiers, while Tientsin is the depot for a large trade. The population of the Chinese town is estimated at half a million, although there are no statistics that can be depended upon.



NATIVES.

The port was opened in 1860, under the treaty enforced by the British at the time of the campaign that culminated in the glorious and ever-memorable destruction of the Summer Palace. At that time the only Europeans were the few missionaries who lived in the Chinese town. We made a tour of the town in chairs, and nothing more dismal and dreary have we seen in China. The streets were covered with dust, the sun shone down upon hard, baked walls; the sewers were open, and the air was laden with odors that suggested pestilence and explained the dreadful outbreaks of typhus and small-pox with which the city is so often visited. One of the first sights that attracted me was the number of people whose faces were pitted

with small-pox. Mr. Holcombe informed me that small-pox had no terror for the Chinese, and that they did not believe it was contagious. In walking along the line of one of the Viceroy's regiments drawn up to receive the General, it seemed as if every other soldier's face bore marks of the disease. One visit to Tientsin, especially under the burning sun which has beamed upon us during our stay, was enough for observation and curiosity.

The foreign settlement runs along the river. Streets have been laid out. Houses stand back in the gardens. Trees throw their shadow over the lanes. The houses are neat and tasteful, and the French Consulate is especially a striking building. This, however, was built by the Chinese as an act of reparation for the Tientsin massacre—one of the saddest events in the recent history of China. The American Consulate is a pleasant, modest little house, that stands in the center of a garden. The garden had been turned into a conservatory on the occasion of the General's visit, flowers in great profusion having been brought from all parts of the settlement. The whole settlement seemed to unite in doing honor to the General, and this hearty sympathy, in which every one joined, was among the most agreeable features of the General's visit to Tientsin. Even the captain of the British gun-boat showed his good-will by sending his crew and marines to act as a guard of honor at the house of the consul. There was nothing oppressive in the hospitality, as has been the case in so many places visited by the General. The French consul, Mr. Dillon, gave a dinner and a garden party at which all the inhabitants attended. The grounds were beautifully illuminated. One of the features of the dinner at the French consul's was the presence of the Viceroy. This was the first time the Viceroy had ever attended a dinner party at which Europeans were present with their wives. The only difference in the arrangement of the table was that the General escorted the Viceroy to the table, the ladies coming in after and sitting in a group on one side of the table. It was a quaint arrangement and not without its advantages, and the Viceroy, notwithstanding he was breaking

through customs as old as the civilization of China, and apt to bring down upon him the censure of conservatives and the displeasure of the censors who sit in Pekin in judgment upon all officers of the empire, high and low, seemed to enjoy the feast.

The *fête* at the French consul's was made brilliant by a



OUR JOURNEY UP THE PEIHO.

display of fireworks, which gave us a new idea of what was possible in pyrotechny under the cunning hands of the Chinaman. There was also a display of jugglery, the Viceroy, the General, and the ladies of the party sitting on the balcony and watching the performers. I was told that the Viceroy had never even seen a Chinese juggler before, and he certainly seemed to be pleased with the show. There was nothing startling

about the tricks, except that what was done was pure sleight of hand. There was no machinery, no screens and curtains and cupboards. All that the players required were a blanket and a fan. They stood on the lawn and performed their tricks, with the crowd all about them, drawing bowls full of water and dishes of soup and other cumbrous and clumsy articles from impossible places.

Our journey from Tientsin to Pekin was an experience in Chinese civilization. The direct distance from Tientsin to Pekin, as the crow flies, is eighty miles. By river it is one hundred and fifty miles. I have seen some curious rivers, but none so curious as the Peiho. It is a narrow, muddy stream, running through a low, alluvial country, bordered with crumbling clay banks that break and fall into the water like the banks of the upper Missouri. Colonel Grant, who has had army experience on the upper Missouri, notes the resemblance between the two rivers. The Peiho runs in all directions, varying in width from twenty to a hundred feet, in depth from six feet to ten inches. The soil is rich, and our journey was through green and smiling fields of rice and wheat. We were in home latitudes, and although the sun was warmer than we had found it at any point since leaving Saigon, it was a relief to look over green meadows and swaying fields of corn; to see apple trees, and be able in the morning and evening to step ashore and stride away over the meadows. Now and then familiar orchards, or clumps of trees that are called orchards, came upon the landscape to give it dignity, and near the trees clusters of small houses built of mud, baked and burned like the houses in Egypt, with this difference, that while the Egyptian houses are unroofed mud walls, with only room enough for the stones on which the corn is ground, and for the holes in which the family burrowed, these Chinese homes had pretensions to comfort. There are severe winters on the Peiho, when the snow falls and the frost binds the earth, and cold, searching winds come all the way from Siberia. From December to March the ice locks up the river, and at no time of the year have you the gentle, gracious climate of the Nile. The absence of stone

makes clay a necessary element in building. If there were roads in China stone could be brought from quarries. The absence of roads prevents one section, like the Peiho, from enjoying advantages which nature has bestowed upon other sections, like those, for instance, which border on Mongolia. The Chinaman has no world to draw from but the world immediately around him, and all the resources of his empire beyond the reach of a day's journey are as far away as the resources of India or Japan.

Steam has never disturbed the waters of the upper Peiho. The barbarian brings his huge engines as far as Tientsin, but even this is a serious effort, and there are few things a mariner would rather not do than make his way from the Taku forts at the mouth of the river to the Tientsin wharves. Our good and well-handled vessel, the "Ashuelot," made the trip, and it seemed to me that the only seamanship required was patience tempered with resignation. The "Ashuelot" was built for Chinese waters, and is kept on the Chinese coast because she can run in and out of awkward corners like a living, useful creature. She reminds you of the web-footed gun-boats, of which Lincoln spoke in one of his homely war documents, amphibious craft, almost as useful on land as on water, and to be trusted in everything but a high sea. But the Peiho was too eccentric even for the "Ashuelot," and she came up the river caroming from bank to bank, bulging into the mud, scraping over bars, sometimes lying across the river from bank to bank like a bridge



WATERING THE RICE FIELDS.

or a boom. Navigation under these circumstances is teasing. In this venerable land where people live and labor as their ancestors did before the Christian era, where the boats go up and down the river as in the days of Confucius, where man in his own person accepts the lowest and severest forms of labor, taking the place of the steam-engine in your boats and of the horse in your wagons, you need no qualities so much as patience and resignation. Everything is primitive. You see nothing that does not speak of the experience and repose of centuries. A skilled Chinaman could build a shallow boat, drawing a few inches of water, with a propelling wheel in the stern, and skurry up and down the river under steam. But when you think of the labor that would thus be extinguished, the thousands who live on the river, whose home is on the boats, who labor on the water from infancy to old age, who have tracked and splashed and waded through the shallow Peiho, as their fathers did before them, we see what a serious economical problem is involved in steam navigation. As I remarked in Canton, there can be no successful labor-saving machinery in a country where man is so cheap.

The question of how we should go to Pekin had been discussed. You can go on horseback, or in carts, or in boats. It is only a question of degree in discomfort, for there is no comfort in China—none at least in travel. The quickest way of reaching Pekin from Tientsin is by horse. Horseback riding is the principal amusement in Tientsin, and you can find good horses with Chinese attendants at a reasonable rate. Mr. Holcombe went ahead in a cart, so as to prepare the legation for the reception of the General and party. The cart in China is the accustomed method of travel, although an attempt at luxury has been made in arranging a mule cart or litter. The litter seems to be a recollection of the Indian litter or palanquin. You creep into an oblong box, with a rest for the head should you care to lie down. This box is mounted on shafts, and you have a mule leading and another bringing up the rear. While reviewing our arrangements for the journey, Mr. Holcombe, who has seen nearly every form of adventure and travel in

China, gave his preference to the mule litter. The horse was impossible for the ladies of the expedition. The carts embodied so many forms of discomfort that we were not brave enough to venture. They have no springs, and the roads worn and torn and gashed make travel a misery. There was no available method but the boats, and all day Judge Denny and other friends were busy in arranging the boats for the comfort of the General. In this labor the Judge was assisted by Mr. Hill, an old American resident of China, who knew the language, and who was so anxious to do honor to General Grant that he volunteered as quartermaster and admiral of the expedition. It would have been difficult to find a better quartermaster. There was no trouble, no care that he did not take to insure us a safe and easy road to Pekin.

When our boats assembled they formed quite a fleet. They were moored near the "Ashuelot," and all the morning Chinamen were running backward and forward, carrying furniture and food. The party who visited Pekin were General Grant and Mrs. Grant; Mrs. Holcombe, wife of the Acting American Minister; Colonel Grant; Lieutenant Belknap, Mr. Deering, and Mr. Case, officers of the "Ashuelot." Mr. Hill, as I have said, went along as quartermaster. Mr. Pethick, the accomplished vice-consul of Tientsin, and one of the best Chinese scholars in our service, and the secretary of the Viceroy, an amiable young mandarin, who knew English enough to say "Good morning," were among our escorts. There were two small, shallow gun-boats, which seemed to have no guns, except muskets, who brought up our rear. The General's boat was what is called a mandarin's boat, a large, clumsy contrivance that looked, as it towered over the remainder of the fleet, like Noah's ark. It had been cleaned up and freshened, and was roomy. There were two bedrooms, a small dining-room, and in the stern what seemed to be a Chinese laundry house three stories high. It seemed alive with women and children, who were always peeping out of windows and portholes to see what new prank the barbarians were performing, and scampering away if gazed at. These were the families of the boatmen,

who have no other home but the river. The other boats were small, plain shells, divided into two rooms and covered over. The rear of the boat was given to the boatmen, the front to the passengers. In this front room was a raised platform of plain pine boards, wide enough for two to sleep. There was room for a chair and a couple of tables. If the weather was pleasant



GOING TO MARKET.

we could open the sides by taking out the slats, and as we reclined on the bed look out on the scenery. But during the day it was too warm, and in addition to the sun there were streaming clouds of dust that covered everything. During the night it was cold enough for blankets, so that our boats were rarely or never open, and we burrowed away most of the time as though in a kennel or a cage. Each of the small boats had

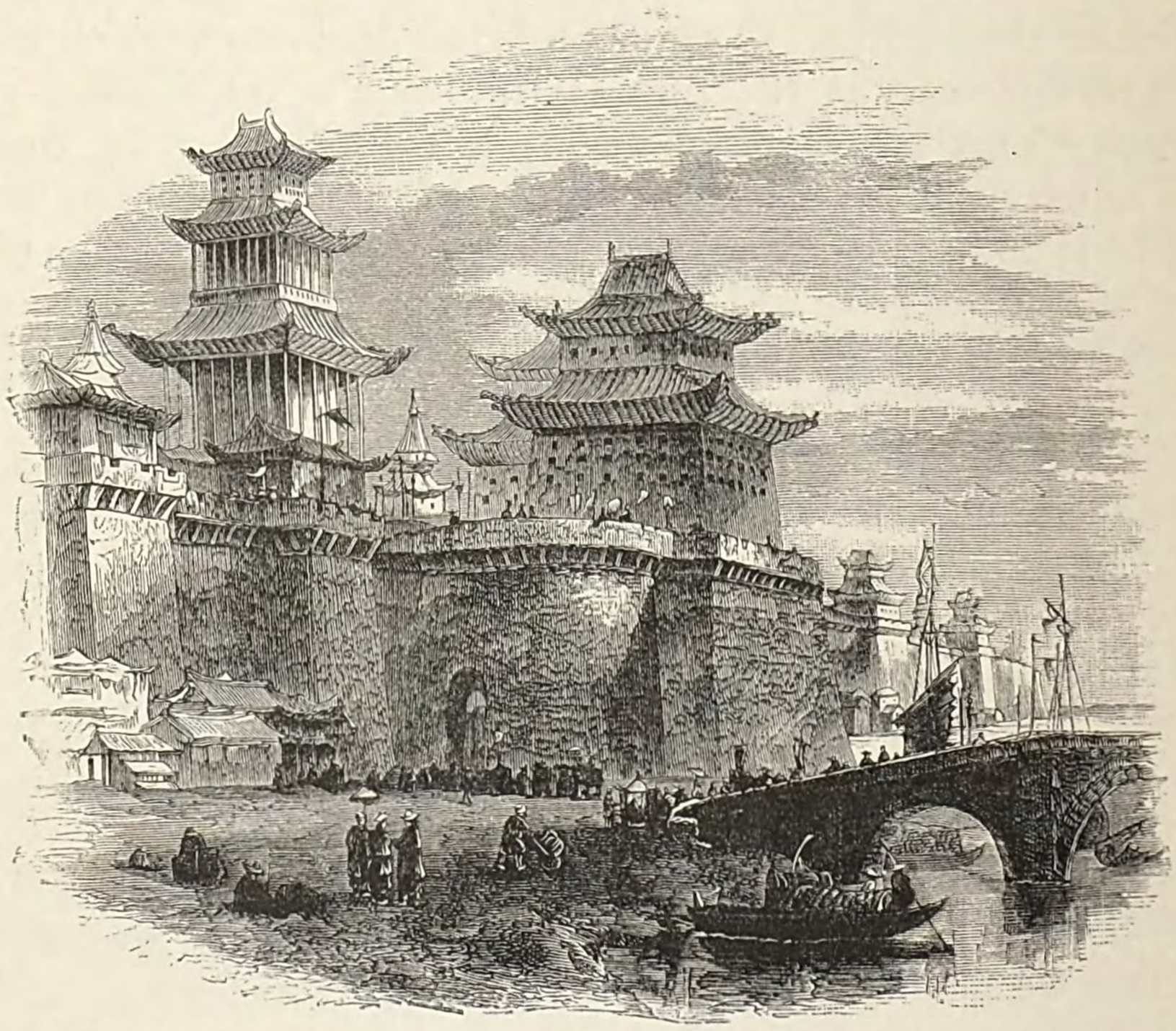
room for two persons. In the rear the cooking was done. The General had a special cooking boat, which brought up the rear, and when the hour for meals came was hauled alongside.

We should have been under way at daybreak, and the General was up at an early hour and anxious to be away. But the Chinese mind works slowly, and a visit to the General's boat—the flagship as we called it—showed that it would be noon before we could go. Judge Denny had taken off his coat, and was trying to stimulate the Chinese mind by an example of western energy. But it was of no use. The Chinaman has his pace for every function and was not to be hurried. The day was oppressively, warm and the knowledge of the General's departure had brought a multitude of Chinamen to the water side. About noon the last biscuit had been stored, all the sails were hoisted, and the fleet moved away under the command of our quartermaster and admiral, Hill. The purpose was to pull through the wilderness of junks that crowd the river for miles, and wait the General above. An hour later the General went on board the Viceroy's private yacht and pushed up the river. A small steam launch from the "Ashuelot" led the way. The result of this was advantageous. If the General had gone in his own boat it would have taken him some time to thread his way through the junks. But a boat carrying the viceroyal flag has terror for the boatmen, who, as soon as they saw it coming, hastened to make room. A Chinese officer stood in the bow and encouraged them to this by loud cries and imprecations. Whenever there was any apathy, he would reach over with his bamboo pole and beat the sluggard over the shoulders. It was woe to any boatman who crossed our path, and only one or two ventured to do so, to their sore discomfort. We pushed through the wilderness of junks at full speed. We passed the bridge of boats and under the walls of the ruined cathedral destroyed in the Tientsin massacre of the Sisters of Charity. Here there was a pause, as we were passing the house of the Viceroy, and etiquette demands that when one great mandarin passes the home of another he shall stop and send his card and make kind inquiries. So we stopped

until Mr. Pethick carried the General's card to the viceregal house, and returned with the card and the compliments of the Viceroy.

After taking our leave of the Viceroy we came into the open country, and found our fleet waiting under the immediate and vociferous command of Admiral Hill. The admiral was on the bank, wearing a straw hat and carrying a heavy stick, which he waved over the coolies and boatmen as he admonished them of their duties. The admiral had learned the great lesson of diplomacy in the East—terror—and it was difficult to imagine anything more improving to the Chinese mind than his aspect as he moved about with his stick. Boating on the Peiho is an original experience. Sometimes you depend upon the sail. When the sail is useless a rope is taken ashore and three or four coolies pull you along. If you get aground, as you are apt to do every few minutes, the coolies splash into the water and push you off the mud by sheer force of loins and shoulders, like carters lifting their carts out of the mud. What one needs in boating like this is, I have remarked, resignation and patience. The men who pull your boats have done so all their lives. They are a sturdy, well-knit race, and seem to thrive under their exertions. Ordinary travelers generally tie up for the night and go on during the day. There are three or four villages on the river where the boats and junks rendezvous, and as we passed them we saw fleets at anchor, mainly rice-boats. The admiral however had organized his expedition so that we should move day and night. The boatmen do not like night service, but with double relays it is not arduous. The responsibility, however, of the undertaking was serious, for if the admiral ventured to go on board the boat and sleep the boatmen would tie up and sleep likewise. As it was impossible even for the most willing admiral to walk all night as well as all day, we discovered on the second morning of our journey that instead of moving along we were quietly at rest. The coolies were asleep, the boatmen had thrown down their oars and fallen asleep, disregarding the menaces of the admiral, who had admonished them to vigilance before he turned

in. Human nature has its limitations, and once the eye of the admiral was closed the boatmen lay down on the banks and slept. We might have remained all night at rest, but Lieutenant Belknap discovered the situation and gave the alarm. The admiral turned out with his stick, and after a few minutes of vigorous and effective maneuvering we got under way. But there was no more sleep for the admiral that night. He had



THE WESTERN GATE, PEKIN.

lost confidence in his boatmen, and as they tugged along the river bank with their ropes over their shoulders he tramped on behind with his cudgel, telling them in forcible Chinese what he thought of men who would basely go to sleep after promising to remain awake and pull. You can imagine that boating under these circumstances is not an exciting experience. Here we are fresh from the feverish West, where nothing that is worth doing is done at less than a pace of fifty miles an hour.

Here we are journeying from a seaport to the capital of the oldest and most populous empire in the world—an empire before some of whose achievements even the proudest of us must bow. At home we could run the distance in two or three hours—in a morning train while we looked over the columns of the newspaper and smoked the breakfast cigar. Here your journey is a matter of days, and although you may chafe under the consciousness of so much time wasted there is no help for it. You must accept it, and you will be wise if you do as Mrs. Grant did, and take a cheerful view and look on the trip as a picnic, and see the pleasant side of a journey in which you are hauled along a muddy, shallow river at the pace of a mile or two an hour. We all of us seemed to be cheerful. Our expedition had grown into quite a fleet, and we named our boats after the English navy. We had a "Vixen" and a "Growler," a "Spitfire" and a "Terror;" the General's hulk was called "Teméraire," and the cooking boot the "Chow Chow." We exchanged visits from boat to boat. There was reading and sleeping, drawing sketches and writing. When the sun was in his strength we sheltered ourselves and dozed. In the cool of the evening, or as the sun went down, we went ashore and strode over the fields, crossing the bends of the river and meeting our boats further up. When we went ashore we were always followed by a policeman from the gun-boat, whose duty it was to see that we did not go astray or fall into unfriendly hands. When we came to a village the magistrates and head men came out and saluted us and offered us welcome and protection. Then we learned that the Viceroy had sent word of our coming, and had commanded the officials of every degree to hasten and offer their homage.

Even such a trip has its bits of adventure. In this country there are squalls, spits of wind that scud over the fields, and fill your sails and send you booming along. Then the coolie's heart rejoices, and he stays on board and gorges himself with rice and crawls into his corner and sleeps. Then the admiral comes on board and unbends himself, and tells stories of Chinese life and character: how he was chased by Chinamen near

Shanghai when building the Woosung Railroad, how he knew Ward and Burgevine in the Taeping rebellion days. These squalls, however, have to be closely watched, for the sails are large, the boats wide and shallow, and a sudden whiff of wind will careen them over. The boatmen, however, are alert, and as the wind comes over the wheat fields and the orchards down falls the sail. One morning some of the party went on board the mandarin's boat to show our Chinese friend as much attention as we could through an interpreter. These attentions never proceed far. You cannot say many things to a Chinese mandarin, no matter how civil you mean to be, when your medium is an interpreter, and where there is really no common theme of conversation. You see that you are objects of wonder, of curiosity to each other. You cannot help regarding your Chinese friend as something to be studied, something you have come a long way to see, whose dress, manners, appearance amuse you. To him you are quite as curious. He looks down upon you. You are a barbarian. You belong to a lower grade in the social system. You have strength, rude energy, prowess; you have navies and fleets; you have battered down his forts and put your heel on his breast. You can do so again. But he has no respect for this power; for it is the teaching of all the sages that the military quality is the last to be honored, that war is not in any sense to be commended, and that the great nations whose power is in their armaments are none the less barbarous. To stand before a mandarin and feel that you are being studied as a type of rude and barbarous civilization is not conducive to talk, to such talk, at least, as you seek with men of your own race. You are so far apart in all things that there is no common theme upon which talk becomes useful. You tell him wonderful things, he tells you polite things, for nothing can surpass his politeness, his careless politeness which runs along like the score of an opera, never missing a note. You tell him marvels, and as he hears each marvel he thanks you, very much as if you had given him a present. You tell him that the world is round; that our year begins in January; that our country is almost as large as the Chinese empire,

fourth in size and sixth in population among the nations of the world; that we do not smoke opium; that our women do pretty much as they please; that we have steamboats and telegraphs; that we have no emperor; that we are on the other side of the globe; that if you bored through from where you stand you would come out in the United States; you tell him stories of this kind, and he sits in wonder and thanks you, and hopes happiness will follow you for long years, and that all the winds of heaven will blow blessings upon you. I half suspect that he regards most of your narrative as a kind of highly-colored



BRIDGE NEAR PEKIN.

rhetoric, marvelous and flowery, because you want to be polite to him, as he is to you.

As I was saying, some of our party had gone on the mandarin's boat, to be polite to him and tell him about the world being round. The mandarin was very civil, and, the admiral acting as interpreter, a great deal of information, mainly geographical, was imparted. Then one of the party stepped over to another boat for the purpose of calling on the General. The way you make calls while boating on the Peiho is to hop from boat to boat, for they all remain within easy distance of one another, and there is no trouble in going through the whole fleet when you are in a visiting humor. One of our party stepped on another boat. Before he had gone fifty paces a

spitting squall came over the fields and caught the sail. The boat began to reel and bilge over against the bank. The boatman rushed toward his ropes, but too late. The boat was on its beam ends, and the best that could be done was to hold on to the sides of the deck and keep your feet out of the water. There was nothing calamitous in the situation. If the worst came to the worst you had only to walk ashore in water up to your knees. But the boat righted again, and not even that harm was done. Our Chinese mandarin pulled up in great excitement. Nothing could exceed his concern—his polite expressions of concern. The idea that one the Viceroy was honoring should be almost tossed into the water! Terrible! And by Chinamen, too! Horrible! He would make an example of that boatman. The only proper punishment would be to take his head off. At the very least he must have two hundred lashes. We interfered as well as we could. No harm had been done, and accidents will happen to the best-managed boats, and who can tell when a squall of wind may come spitting and hissing over the fields? The captain of the careening boat was already on his knees—abject and imploring. If Mrs. Grant's boat had been within reach, influence of a decisive nature might have been invoked in favor of mercy. But her boat was half a mile away, and justice to be effective must be summary, and the best that could be done was to reduce the blows from two hundred to twenty. So the unlucky captain was seized by two of his own crew, and laid down on his face on his own deck. One held his head down, another his feet, and a third kneeling gave him twenty blows with a thick bamboo cane. The blows did not seem to be severe, and would not have brought a whimper out of an average New England boy. At the close of the punishment the whipped man knelt before the mandarin, pressed his forehead to the ground, expressed his gratitude for the mercy he had received, and his contrition for his fault. Then with crestfallen looks he went to his boat and took command. About half an hour later I saw him gorging himself with rice and chattering away with his comrades as though he had never known a lash. The more

you see of the Orientals the more you are struck with the fact that many of their ways are as the ways of children.

In the evening we would gather in the General's boat and talk. I recall no remarkable incident in the conversations except the discovery that one of the naval men knew some words of the song about Sherman's march through Georgia. He only knew one verse, and that inaccurately. But the fragmentary lines were constructed into a verse in some such fashion as scientific men take a bone and construct an animal, and the result was a Union war song, sung as badly perhaps as any song could be, but full of music to us in the memories it brought of home and of the great days in American history.



PEKIN NEWSBOY.

This snatch of song led to other snatches, all of them inaccurate and badly chanted, but homelike and familiar, and given with the usual gusto, so that when we went from the General's boat, and picked our way from boat to boat until we found our own,

we were surprised to find it midnight, and that the long evening hours, which one would suppose to drag wearily along on this tedious, muddy river, had swept past us like a dream. So gentle are the memories of home. And some of us sat on the deck and smoked a last cigar—just one last cigar before turning in—to see the moon, and watch the night shadows, and think of home. The admiral was on shore urging and driving his boatmen, his voice rising into crescendo and ending in a wail, that sounded to us like a plaintive entreaty, but must have meant something dreadful to the Chinamen. The boatmen pulled and tugged, now and then giving a grunt as they pulled together in a sudden burst over some muddy bar or around a bend. Passing rice junks hailed us in words that we did not understand, as it was well perhaps that we did not. Lights flitted along the shore, telling us that we were passing a village, and that the magistrates were coming down to the river bend to execute the Viceroy's orders and see that we were journeying in safety. And with the magistrates came the dogs, who gave us welcome. And there were the voices of the night, that even here in the Antipodes spoke with the language of home, and, above all, the moon throwing tints and shadows on the river. So, in contented fashion and as best we could, we made our way. We did all we could to enjoy the journey. You see I am writing about it in rather a fanciful, poetic mood, talking about the moon and the voices of nature just as if I were describing the Wissahickon or the blue Juniata. That is, however, a privilege that writers have—the privilege of looking at subjects by any light they please, moonlight or sunlight or a red, glaring flame. Then everybody had told us that the trip to Pekin would be dreadful and would not pay for the trouble, and that we had much better stay in Shanghai or Tientsin, where there were clubs, and dancing, and newspapers, and every one dying to give us dinners and balls and princely welcome. And we had come on the journey in something like a spirit of defiance of all good advice, flying in the face of the Providence which one's friends are always carrying around in their carpet-bags and leveling at you, in highwayman fashion,

when they have one purpose in view and you have another. The General, however, had decided that coming to China without going to Pekin would be like seeing Hamlet without Hamlet, or anything else absurd. Consequently going to Pekin as we did, under a sense of duty, we were disposed to look at everything by moonlight. At the same time it is a trip which should only be taken under an irresistible sense of duty. There was really every form of discomfort—the sun during the day, the cold night winds, the dust, the insect life with which you come in contact, and about which I could write unutterable things if I did not prefer to leave something to the reader's imagination. Traveling in a boat with Chinamen, who sleep, eat, and cook in one room, separated from them by a single wooden partition, is not a pleasant thing. You share every sound and odor, and the everlasting chatter and gobbling rice out of bowls are alone circumstances to be encountered with resignation.

On the morning of the third day of our departure from Tientsin we awoke and found ourselves tied up to the bank at the village of Tung Chow. This was the end of our journey by the river, and our little fleet lay surrounded by a myriad of boats, the banks lined with chattering Chinamen. Mr. Holcombe had ridden down from Pekin, and came on board to greet us. The admiral was on the bank, very dusty and travel-worn. He had been tramping all night to keep the boatmen at their pulling, and his voice was husky from much admonition. He was in loud and cheerful spirits, and in great glee at having brought the General on time. The General, however, was not in, but we saw his hulk slowly moving up through the junks, towering above them all—the American flag at the mast-head. The available population of the village had been assembled, and something like a step had been erected, covered with seal cloth, where there was to be an official landing. There were mandarins and officers from the Foreign Office, and an escort of horsemen and coolies, with chairs, who were to carry us to Pekin. Prince Kung, the Prince Regent, had sent the escort, and we were glad to learn from Mr. Holcombe that

there was every disposition among the rulers of China to show the General all the courtesy in their power—to treat him with a respect, even with a pomp, that had never before been extended to a foreigner. It was some time before the General's hulk was dragged into position, and it was only by extreme



RUINS OF THE SUMMER PALACE.

authority on the admiral's part and the loyal co-operation of other Chinese officials, who had sticks, that the boat was finally tied to the shore. It was early in the morning, and there was no sign of the General stirring. So we stood around and studied the crowd and talked over the incidents of the night and paid compliments to Admiral Hill upon the vigorous manner in which he had taken us up the Peiho. The town folks were

waiting; but, in the meantime, their patience was rewarded by an extraordinary spectacle—no less a sight than a group of barbarians at breakfast. Our naval friends had breakfast early, and as they removed the slats in their boats to let in the morning air, the whole operation of breakfast was witnessed by the people of the town. They gathered in front and looked on in wonder, the crowd growing denser and denser, more and more eager and amused. The knives, the forks, the spoons, the three officers performing on eggs and coffee, and eating from plates without chopsticks, instead of gobbling rice out of the same bowl—all this was the strangest sight ever seen in the ancient and conservative town of Tung Chow. I am sure it was the theme of much innocent gossip at many hearthstones, and will long be remembered as a tale to be told by those who were fortunate enough to stand on the bank and see the barbarians at their uncouth performances.

In time the General arose, and breakfast was hurried. Then came all the officials of Tung Chow—mandarins in red and blue buttons—to welcome the General and ask him to remain and breakfast with them. But the sun was rising, and it was important to reach Pekin if possible before he was on us in all his power. There were chairs from Prince Kung for some of the party, and horses for others. There were mule litters for the luggage and donkeys for the servants, and at eight o'clock we were under way. The General rode ahead in a chair carried by eight bearers. This is an honor paid only to the highest persons in China. The other chairs were carried by four bearers. Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Holcombe rode some distance behind the General, two other chairs were occupied by two other members of the party, and the rest mounted. By the time we formed in procession it was really a little army. Our own party, with the servants, was large enough, and to this was added the Chinese troops who were to escort us to Pekin. So we scrambled up the dusty bank, and into the gates of the town, and through the narrow streets. The whole town was out, and as our chairs passed the people stared at the occupants with curious eyes. What we noticed in the aspect

of the people was that they had stronger and coarser features than those in Amoy and Canton. We saw the predominance of the Tartar in the Tartar types, which are marked and readily distinguished from the Chinese. There were Tartar women in the crowds, their hair braided in a fashion we had never seen before, and their cheeks tinted with an obvious vermilion. Tradesmen left their booths and workmen their avocations to see the barbarians who had invaded Tung Chow, and were marching through, not as invaders nor as prisoners, but as the honored guests of the empire. Invaders and prisoners had been seen before, but never a barbarian in an imperial chair and escorted by Tartar troops. Those familiar with the history of China, and who remembered the days not long since gone, when an army marched over this very road to menace Pekin, burn the summer palace of the Emperor, and dictate a humiliating peace to China; those who remember the earnestness, the supplicating earnestness, with which the government resisted the efforts of the European Powers to introduce ministers into Pekin, could not but note the contrast in the reception of General Grant, and the changes in Chinese thought which that contrast implied. It confirmed the remark made to me in Tientsin by one of the clearest-headed men I have seen in China, that General Grant's visit had done more than anything else to break down the great wall between China and the outer world.

Our journey from Tung Chow to Pekin lasted five hours. The horsemen could have gone ahead in two hours, but the chairs moved slowly. The sun was warm, and the panting coolies had to rest and change frequently. After leaving Tung Chow our way was through a country that did not appear to be oversettled, over a stone road which now and then broke into a dirt path. We came to villages, and all the people were out, even to the women and children. Sometimes the children, quite naked, ran after us and begged. They had learned the Naples pantomime of pressing their hands on their breasts and lips to tell us that they were hungry. You observed, what you see in Naples, that for hungry people almost starved the beg-

gars have a running and staying power which our highly-fed people at home might envy. Sometimes an older beggar would appear, and kneel on the road and shake his rags and bend his forehead into the dust and crave alms. We noted tea-houses by the way, where our escort stopped for refreshment. In fact, the main duty of the escort seemed to be to gallop from tea-house to tea-house, tie their horses under the trees, refresh themselves, and on our arrival gallop on to the next point. Considering that our escort was more for ornament than use, that although robbers sometimes overhaul travelers on the Pekin road, we had enough in our own party to take care of any band of robbers we were apt to encounter, it was rather a comfort that they rode ahead and had their ease at their inns. As we came to a town near Pekin we were met by other officials, who were presented to the General, and other troops. These ceremonies over, we kept on our road. The dust rose about us, the sun grew warmer and warmer, and the general discomfort of the weather, the country, the cheerless aspect of nature, the sloth, the indifference, the neglect, the decay that seemed to have fallen on the land, all combined to make the journey a weary one. In addition to this came the fatigue of riding in a



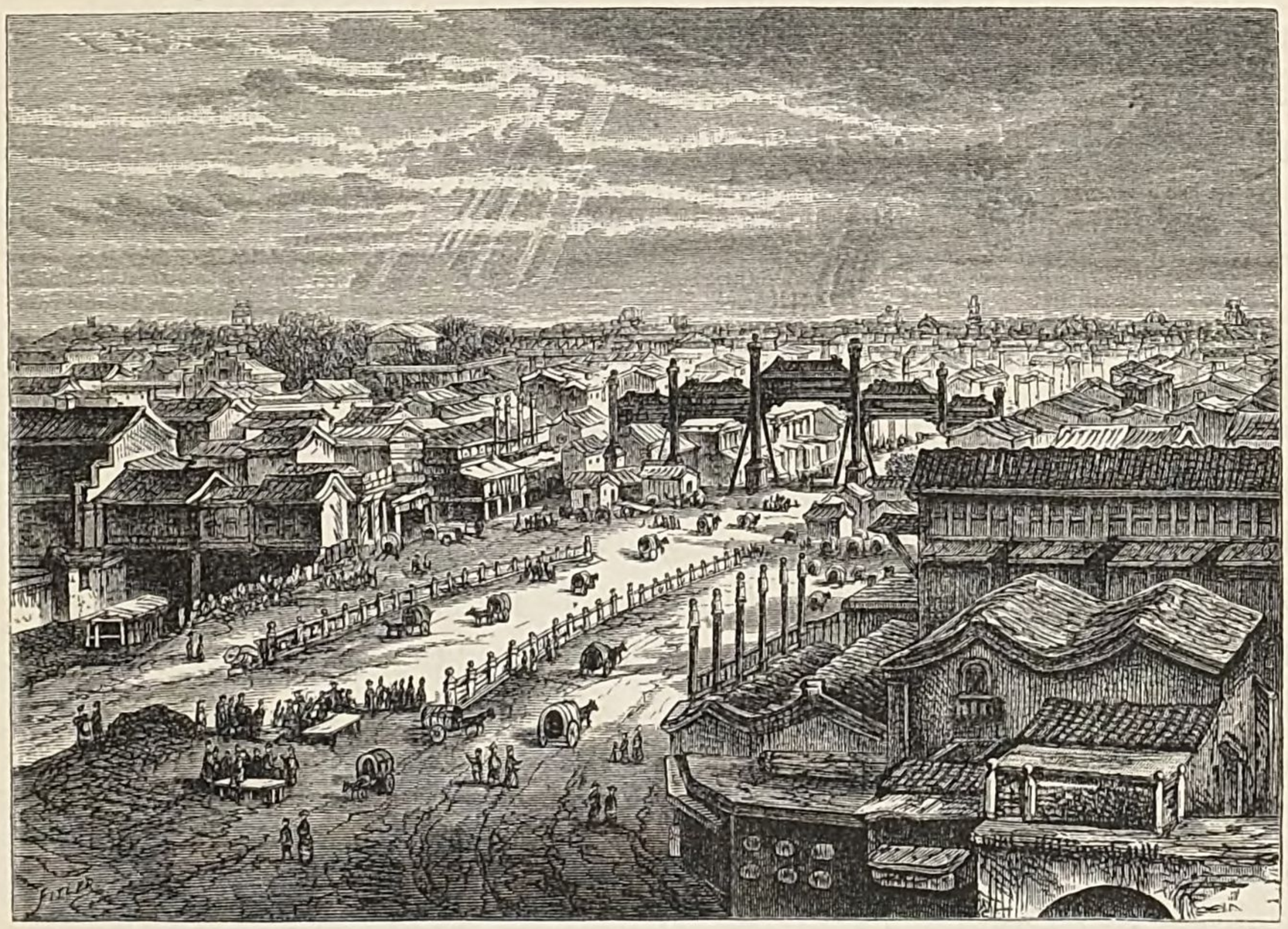
THE TOILET.

chair. For an hour or less riding in a chair is novel, and you have no special sensations of fatigue. There is an easy, jogging gait, and you can look out of your window into the faces of the crowd as you pass along. But after the first hour you grow tired and cramped. You cannot move about. You are compressed into one position. You ache and grow restless, the jogging trot becomes an annoyance, and your journey, if it lasts more than two hours, becomes the most exhausting form of travel known to man.

Shortly after midday we saw in the distance the walls and towers of Pekin. We passed near a bridge where there had been a contest between the French and Chinese during the Anglo-French expedition, and one of the results of which was that the officer who commanded the French should be made a nobleman, under the name of the Count Palikao, and had later adventures in French history. As we neared the city the walls loomed up, and seemed harsh and forbidding, built with care and strength as if to defend the city. We came to a gate and were carried through a stone-arched way, and halted, so that a new escort could join the General's party. The people of Pekin, after we passed the bazaars, did not seem to note our presence. Our escort rode on over the wide, dusty lanes called streets, and all that we saw of the city was the dust which arose from the hoofs of the horses that straggled on ahead. We were so hot, so weary with riding in our chairs, so stifled with the dust, that it was an unspeakable relief to see at last the American flag floating over the gateway of the Legation, and have a grateful and gracious welcome from our hosts.

The Legation in Pekin is shut off from the main street by a wall. As you enter you pass a small lodge, from which Chinese servants look out with inquiring eyes. The American flag floats over the archway, an indication that General Grant has made his home here. It is the habit for the Legation ordinarily to display their colors only on Sundays and holidays. On the right side of the walk is a series of low, one-storied buildings, which is the home of the American Minister. They are of brick, painted drab, and covered with tiles. Nothing could

be plainer and at the same time more commodious and comfortable. On the left side is another series, where the Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Holcombe, the acting Minister, resides. In the rear is a smaller building, for the archives of the Legation. Standing a little way off is a building called the Pavilion, set apart for guests. In the arrangement of the grounds and the buildings you note American simplicity and American energy.



A STREET IN PEKIN.

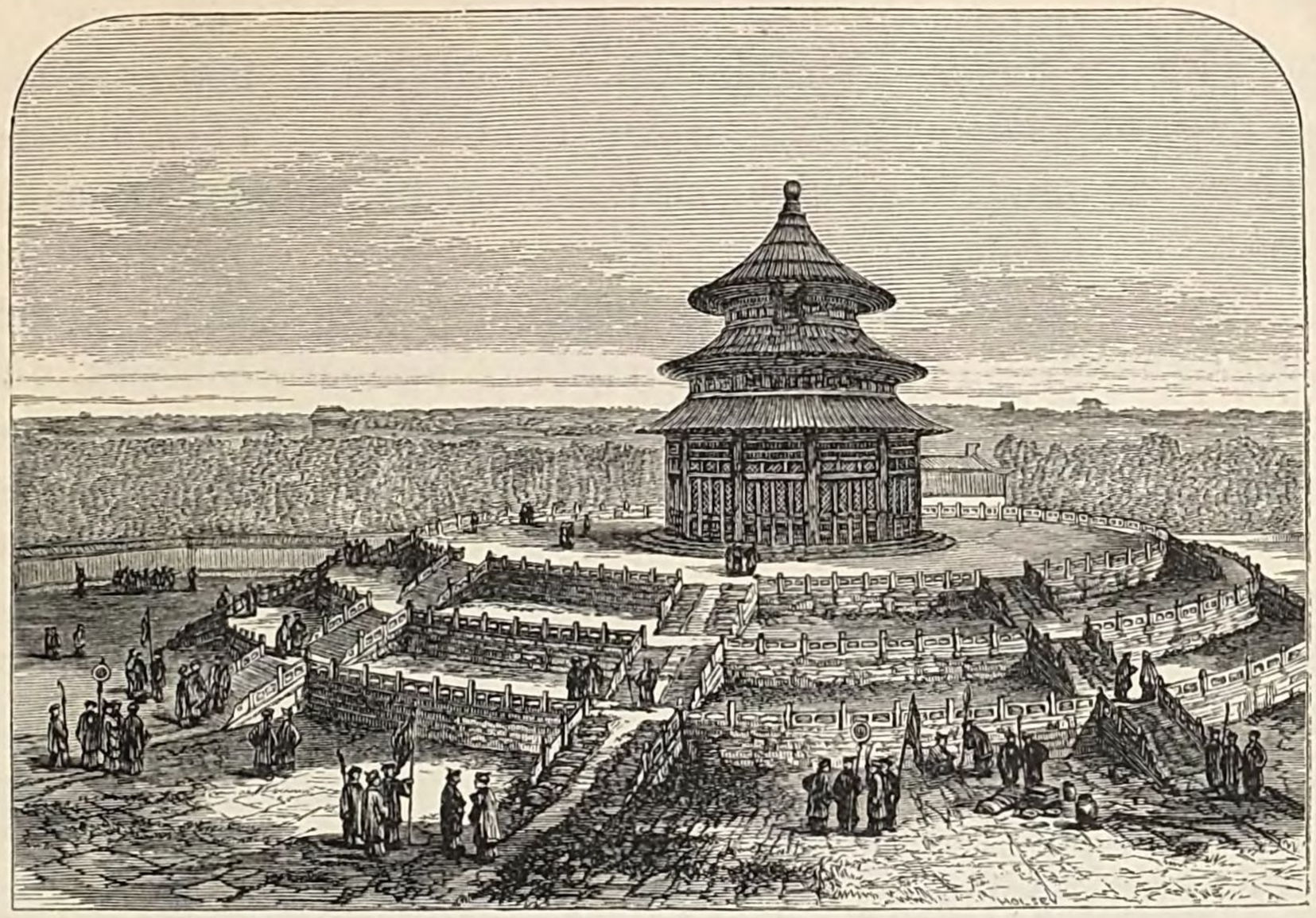
The energy seems to be devoted to making flowers and trees grow. There are flowers and trees in abundance, and coming out of the hot, dusty town, as I did an hour ago, it was grateful to be welcomed by them. They have a forlorn time in this hard soil, and I have no doubt if the secrets of the Legation were unfolded it would be found that the preservation of the roses and the cedar was among the high cares of office. Under my window is a rosebush, a couple of roses depending from one stem being all that remain of its beauty. It seems to gasp for rain. Dr. Elmore, the Peruvian Minister, lives in Mr. Seward's section, and, as he gives a dinner to General Grant

this evening, he has a small army of coolies watering his plants and trying to induce them to smile upon his guests. General Grant lives in Mr. Holcombe's apartments: the Colonel and I are in the Pavilion. Our naval friends are in Mr. Seward's house, under Dr. Elmore's hospitality, which is thoughtful and untiring. The Legation offices are plain but neatly kept. You have a library with the laws of the United States, Congressional archives, newspapers, and the latest mails. In a side room is an English clerk and a Chinese clerk. Behind this office is a row of other buildings, where the servants live and where the horses are kept.

On the evening of our arrival the American residents in Pekin called in a body on the General to welcome him and read an address. Dinner over our party entered the Legation parlors, and were presented to the small colony of the favored people who have pitched their tents in Pekin. The members of this colony are missionaries, members of the customs staff, diplomatists, and one or two who have claims or schemes for the consideration of the Chinese Government. After being introduced to the General and his party, Dr. Martin, the president of the Chinese-English University, stepped forward and read an address, to which General Grant responded, thanking his fellow citizens for their kindness, wished them all prosperity in their labors in China and a happy return to their homes, where he hoped some day to meet them.



A FIRE IN TOKIO.



THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

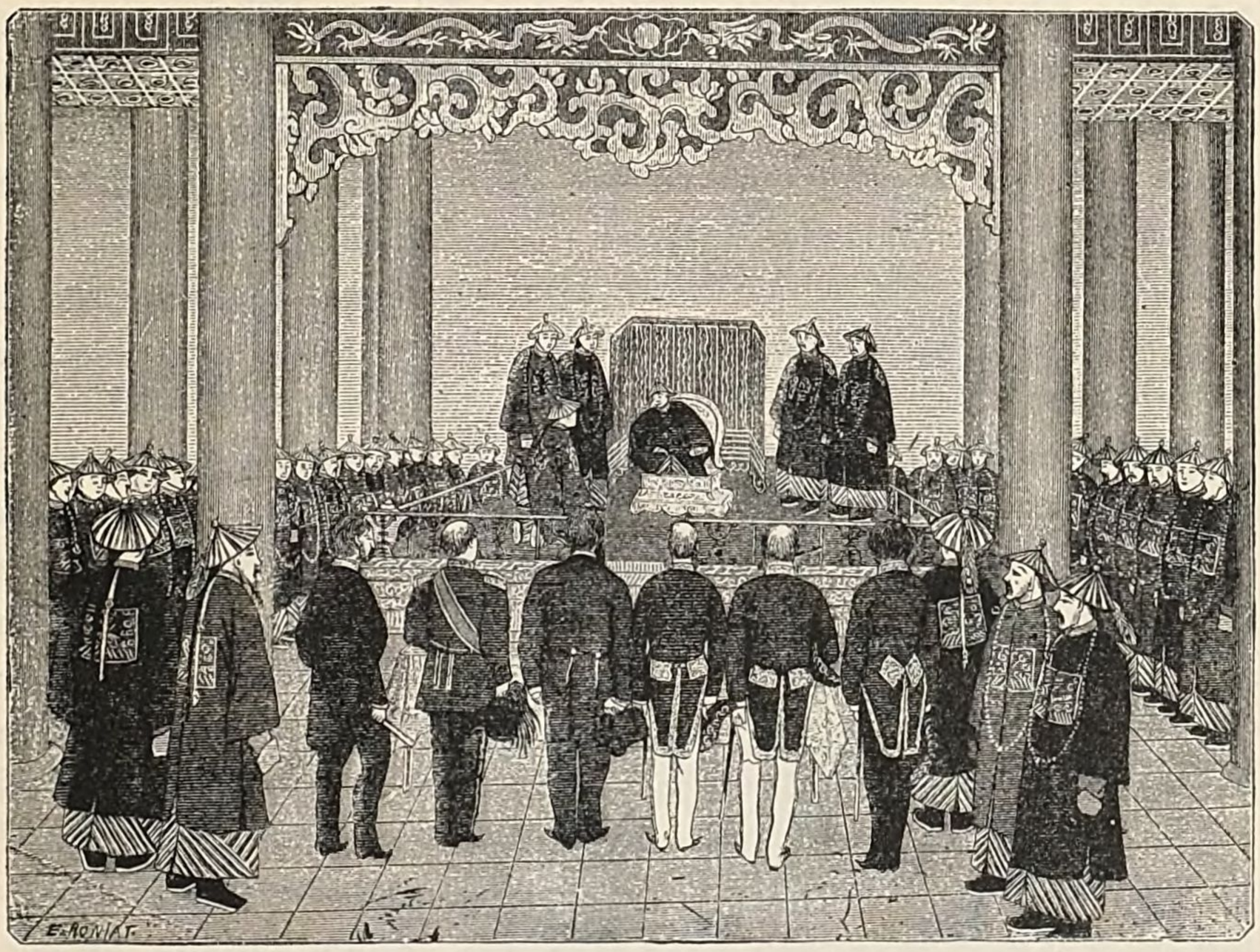
CHINA—CONVERSATIONS WITH PRINCE KUNG AND THE VICEROY OF TIENTSIN.

WITHIN an hour or two after General Grant's arrival in Pekin he was waited upon by the members of the Cabinet, who came in a body, accompanied by the military and civil governors of Pekin. These are the highest officials in China, men of stately demeanor. They were received in Chinese fashion, seated around a table covered with sweetmeats, and served with tea. The first Secretary brought with him the card of Prince Kung, the Prince Regent of the empire, and said that his Imperial Highness had charged him to present all kind wishes to General Grant, and to express the hope that the trip in China had been pleasant. The Secretary also said that as soon as the Prince Regent heard from the Chinese Minister in Paris that General Grant was coming to China he sent orders to the officials to receive

him with due honor. The General replied that he had received nothing but honor and courtesy from China. This answer pleased the Secretary, who said he would be happy to carry it to the Prince Regent.

General Grant did not ask an audience of the Emperor. The Emperor is a child seven years of age, at his books, not in good health, and under the care of two old ladies called the empresses. When the Chinese Minister in Paris spoke to the General about audience, and his regret that the sovereign of China was not of age, that he might personally entertain an ex-President, the General said he hoped no question of audience would be raised. He had no personal curiosity to see the Emperor, and there could be no useful object in conversing with a child. This question of seeing the Emperor is one of the sensitive points in Chinese diplomacy. The Chinese idea is that the Emperor is the Son of Heaven, the titular if not the accepted king of the world, king of kings, a sacred being, not to be seen by profane, barbarian eyes. Foreign powers have steadily fought this claim, and have insisted by every means upon the Emperor standing on the same level as other sovereigns and heads of States, receiving and sending ministers, and taking an active personal interest in international affairs. These arguments went so far as to induce the last Emperor to receive the foreign ministers in the palace. This was a great triumph. It made a sensation at the time. I have seen a picture of the audience, drawn from memory by one of the interpreters. There are ministers standing in a row, the Emperor on his throne, mandarins in the background, Prince Kung on his knees handing the credentials of the ministers to the pale, thin, puny sovereign. The audience lasted some minutes, and was confined to the utterance of a few words in Tartar language to the effect that the credentials would be considered. That is the only time in recent years when barbarian eyes have looked on sacred majesty. The emperor who then reigned has, to use courtly speech, ascended on the great dragon to be a guest on high. The youth of the present sovereign has prevented any audience, for, of course, an audience would be a

comedy, with the sovereign a timid unhealthy boy, who had never seen a foreigner, and who would probably run off crying. The Chinese, therefore, have postponed the audience question until the Emperor comes of age. At the same time the foreign ministers have always made a point of their right to demand it. The fact that General Grant had been the head of a nation, and had corresponded directly with the Emperor, gave him the right to request an audience. There was no reason, even in

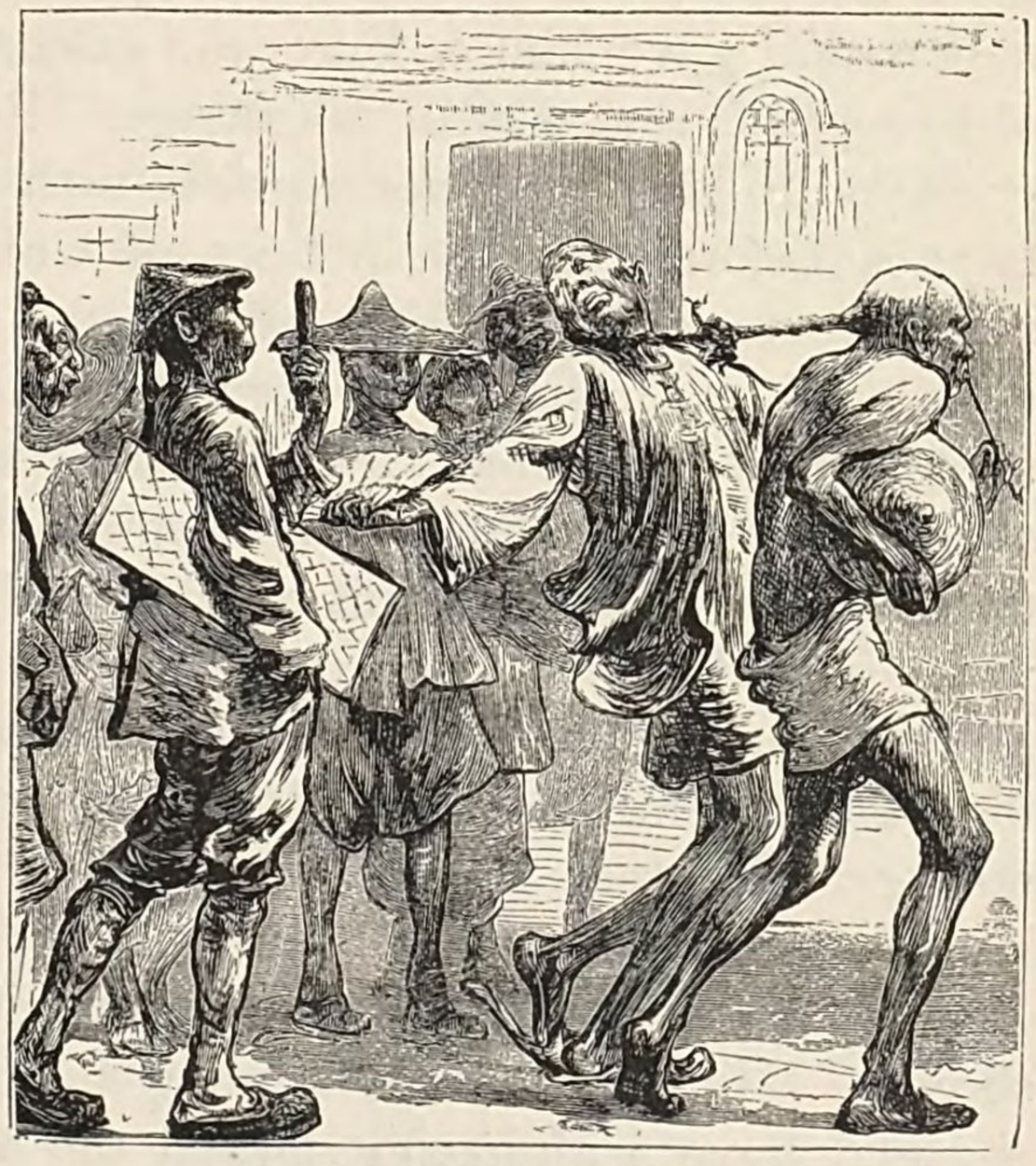


THE AUDIENCE WITH THE EMPEROR (*from a Chinese drawing*).

Chinese logic, why such a request should be refused. Many of those well informed on Eastern questions were anxious that this request should be made; that it would render things easier in dealing with the Chinese; that, in fact, the only way of dealing with the government was to hammer and hammer, and always to hammer, until these prejudices were broken down. But the General had not come to China in a hammering mood, and had no curiosity to see a boy seven years old, and the question dropped.

The day after his arrival in Pekin General Grant saw Prince Kung. The General and party left the Legation at half-past two, the party embracing Mr. Holcombe, the acting Minister; Colonel Grant, Lieutenant Charles Belknap, C. W. Deering, and A. Ludlow Case, Jr., of the "Ashuelot." The way to the Yamen was over dirty roads, and through a disagreeable part of the town, the day being unusually warm, the thermometer marking 101 degrees in the shade. This is a trying temperature under the best circumstances, but in Pekin there was every possible condition of discomfort in addition. When we came to the courtyard of the Yamen the secretaries and a group of mandarins received the General and his party, and escorted them into the inner court. Prince Kung, who was standing at the door, advanced and saluted the General, and said a few words of welcome, which were translated by Mr. Holcombe. The sun was beating down, and the party passed into a large, plainly-furnished room, where was a table laden with Chinese food. The Prince, sitting down at the center, gave General Grant the seat at his left, the post of honor in China. He then took up the cards, one by one, which had been written in Chinese characters, on red paper, and asked Mr. Holcombe for the name and station of each member of the General's suite. He spoke to Colonel Grant, and asked him the meaning of the uniform he wore, his rank, and his age. He asked whether the Colonel was married and had children. When told that the Colonel had one child, a daughter, the Prince condoled with him, saying, "What a pity." In China, you must remember that female children do not count in the sum of human happiness, and when the Prince expressed his regret at the existence of the General's granddaughter, he was saying the most polite thing he knew. The Prince earnestly perused the face of the General, as though it were an unlearned lesson. He expected a uniformed person, a man of the dragon or lion species, who could make a great noise. What he saw was a quiet, middle-aged gentleman, in evening dress, who had ridden a long way in the dust and sun, and who was looking in subdued dismay at servants who swarmed around him with dishes of soups and sweet-

meats, dishes of bird's-nest soup, sharks' fins, roast ducks, bamboo sprouts, and a teapot with a hot, insipid tipple made of rice, tasting like a remembrance of sherry, which was poured into small silver cups. We were none of us hungry. We had just left luncheon, and were on the programme for a special banquet in the evening. Here was a profuse and sumptuous entertainment. The dinner differed from those in Tientsin, Canton, and Shanghai, in the fact that it was more quiet; there was no display or parade, no crowd of dusky servants and retainers hanging around and looking on as though at a comedy. I didn't think the Prince himself cared much about eating, because he merely dawdled over the bird's-nest soup and did not touch the sharks' fins.



CONVEYING PRISONERS TO THE LOCKUP.

Nor, in fact, did any of the ministers, except one, who, in default of our remembering his Chinese name and rank, one of the party called Ben Butler. The dinner, as far as the General was concerned, soon merged into a cigar, and the Prince toyed with the dishes as they came and went, and smoked his pipe.

As princes go I suppose few are more celebrated than Prince Kung. He is a prince of the imperial house of China, brother of a late emperor and uncle of the present. He wore no distinguishing button on his hat, imperial princes being of a rank so exalted that even the highest honor known to Chinese nobility is too low for them. In place of the latter he wore a small knot of dark red silk braid, sewed

together so as to resemble a crown. His costume was of the ordinary Chinese, plainer if anything than the official's. His girdle was trimmed with yellow, and there were yellow fringes and tassels attached to his pipe, his fan, and pockets. Yellow is the imperial color, and the trimming was a mark of princely rank. In appearance the Prince is of middle stature, with a sharp, narrow face, a high forehead—made more prominent by the Chinese custom of shaving the forehead—and a changing, evanescent expression of countenance. He has been at the head of the Chinese government since the English invasion and the burning of the Summer Palace. He was the only prince who remained at his post at that time, and consequently when the peace came it devolved upon him to make it. This negotiation gave him a European celebrity and a knowledge of Europeans that was of advantage. European powers have preferred to keep in power a prince with whom they have made treaties before. In the politics of China, Prince Kung has shown courage and ability. When the emperor, his brother, died in 1861, a council was formed composed of princes and noblemen of high rank. This council claimed to sit by the will of the deceased emperor. The inspiring element was hostility to foreigners. Between this regency and the Prince there was war. The Emperor was a child—his own nephew; just as the present emperor is a child. Suddenly a decree coming from the child-emperor was read, dismissing the regency, making the dowager Empress Regent, and giving the power to Prince Kung.

This decree Prince Kung enforced with vigor, decision, and success. He arrested the leading members of the regency, charged them with having forged the will under which they claimed the regency, and sentenced three of them to death. Two of the regents were permitted to commit suicide, but the other was beheaded. From that day, under the empresses, Prince Kung has been the ruler of China. Under the last emperor the party in opposition succeeded in degrading him. I have read the decree of degradation as it appeared in the Pekin *Gazette*. The principal accusation against the prince

was that he had been haughty and overbearing, which I can well believe. The decree was sweeping and decisive. The Prince was degraded, deprived of his honors, and reduced to the common level. But the power of the Prince was not to be destroyed by a decree. In a few days appeared another decree, saying that as the Prince had crept to the foot of the throne in tears and contrition he had been pardoned. The real fact, I suppose, was that the young emperor and the empress found that the Prince was a power whose wrath it was not wise to invoke. Since his restoration to his honors, his power has been unquestioned, and one of the recent decrees conferred new honors upon himself and his son for their loyalty to the empire, and especially for their fervent prayers at the ceremonies to the manes of the dead emperor.

The interview with his Imperial Highness, aside from those courteous phrases which are the burden of Chinese conversation, was about education and the development of the resources of China. One allusion made by General Grant to the influence the development of the coal and iron interests of England had upon her greatness seemed to impress the ministers, especially the Secretary of the Treasury, who repeated the statement and entered into conversation with one of his colleagues on the subject. Prince Kung said nothing, but smoked his pipe and delved into the bird's-nest soup. The dishes for our repast came in an appalling fashion—came by dozens—all manner of the odd dishes which China has contributed to the gastronomy of the age. Prince Kung was more interested in the success of his dinner than in the material prosperity of the nation, and, with the refinement of politeness characteristic of the Chinese, kept piling the General's plate with meats and sweetmeats until there was enough before him to garnish a Christmas tree. The General, however, had taken refuge in a cigar and was beyond temptation.

A Chinese entertainment gives time for talk and food. The speeches have to be translated from Chinese into English, and from English into Chinese, an office that Mr. Holcombe performed with readiness. Prince Kung did not enter with enthu-

siasm into the talk about material progress. It seemed as if the subject bored him. But Prince Kung lives in the center of political intrigue. He is the head of the government—the regent—brother of one emperor and uncle of another, the ruling member of the ruling house. The burning question in Chinese



INTERVIEW WITH PRINCE KUNG.

politics is the influence of the foreigner. Parties divide on this question as at home they used to divide on the question of slavery, and when it comes up, as it is always coming, Chinamen show temper, as at home an average statesman of either party would show temper if you pressed him closely on the currency question or State rights. Prince Kung is as far advanced on the subject as you could expect from a Tartar states-

man who had never seen the sea or a ship, who had always lived in China—and nearly always in a palace—who belonged to an alien governing race which held China by force and prestige, and who had behind him his own Tartar class, who oppose all European customs. He could not go as far as Li Hung Chang, the Viceroy at Tientsin; but the Viceroy has had more opportunities of seeing the world, and of knowing what good would come to China from a progressive policy. The talk about the improvement of China, therefore, at this interview, was mainly on the part of General Grant. The part of the conversation which impressed Prince Kung most was the suggestion that real progress in China, to be permanent, must come from the inside—from the people themselves. A remark of this kind, so unlike the observations generally addressed to Orientals by the outside world, was calculated to make, as it did, a deep impression. We could not wait to finish our dinner, as there was an engagement to visit the Tunguon College, for the teaching of English to Chinese youth, an institution founded by Dr. Martin, an American. On taking leave of Prince Kung we visited the college, and Dr. Martin presented General Grant to the students and professors. One of the students read an address, to which the General made a response.

Prince Kung was punctual in returning the call of General Grant. Several officers of the "Richmond" happened to be in Pekin on a holiday, and General Grant invited them, as well as our friends of the "Ashuelot," who were also at the Legation, to assist in receiving the Prince. Among these officers were Lieutenants Sperry and Patch, and Master Macrae. Prince Kung was accompanied by the Grand Secretary of State. As soon as he was presented to the members of the General's party we passed into the dining-room, and sat around a table garnished with tea, sweetmeats, and champagne. During this visit there occurred a remarkable conversation, the points of which I will briefly note, because of its possible effects on the politics of the East. Prince Kung spoke of his anxiety to have General Grant remain longer in China. China, he said, had

always been treated well by America, and never more so than under the administration of General Grant. China would never forget the services rendered by Mr. Burlingame. General Grant responded that the policy of America in dealing with foreign powers was one of justice. "We believe," he said, "that fair play,' consideration for the rights of others, and respect for international law will always command the respect of nations and lead to peace. I know of no other consideration that enters into our foreign relations. There is no temptation to the United States to adventures outside of our own country. Even in the countries contiguous to our own we have no foreign policy except so far as it secures our own protection from foreign interference."



COL. FREDERICK D. GRANT.

Prince Kung said there was a question about which he would like to speak further to General Grant, and that if China could secure the General's good offices, or advice, it would be a great benefit to all nations, especially to the East. He explained that there was a question pending between China and Japan about the sovereignty of the Loochoo Islands, and the attempt of the Japanese to extinguish the kingdom, which had always paid tribute to China, which had always been friendly, and, according to the Prince, had been seized by Japan and absorbed into the Japanese empire. The Prince continued by expressing a feeling of delicacy at referring to a mere matter of business on the occasion of General

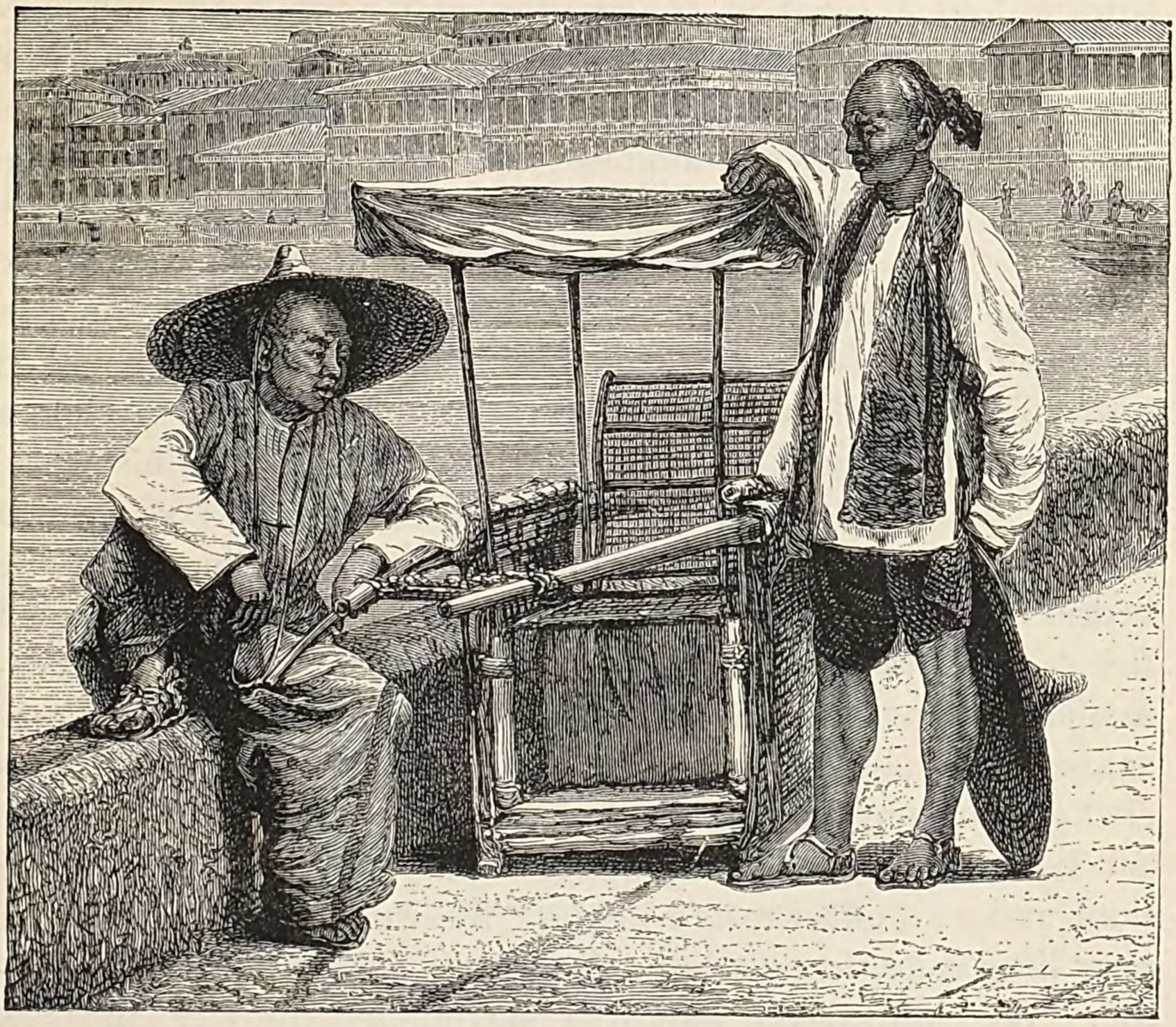
Grant's visit to Pekin, and said that he would not have ventured upon the subject but for the fact that the Viceroy of Tientsin had written him of the kind manner in which he had received the Viceroy's allusions to the matter. General Grant responded that he had told the Viceroy that anything he could do in the interest of peace would be a pleasure to him. But he was not an officer; he was merely a private citizen, with no share in the government and no power. Prince Kung responded that he quite understood that, but he knew that General Grant would always have a vast influence, not only upon his people at home but upon other nations. He was going to Japan, also, as the guest of the people and the Emperor, and would have opportunities of presenting the views of China to the Japanese Cabinet. "For generations," said the Prince, "Loochoo had recognized the sovereignty of China, not alone the present dynasty, but the dynasty of the Mings. The king of this island was taken to Japan and deposed, and the sovereignty was extinguished." The Prince continued by saying that this was an offense against international law, and complained that the Japanese would not discuss the question with either their minister in Pekin or the Chinese minister in Tokio. The Chinese minister in Tokio was so angry that he asked permission to withdraw. General Grant thought that any course short of national humiliation or national destruction was better than war. War, he said, was in itself so great a calamity that it should only be invoked when there was no way of avoiding a greater, and war, especially between two nations like China and Japan, would be a measureless misfortune. Prince Kung replied that it would be a great misfortune for the outside neutral powers, because it would be a heavy blow to the trade which other nations so much depended upon. China, he said, was a peaceful nation, and no nation would make more sacrifices for peace; "but," he continued, "forbearance cannot be used to our injury, to the humiliation of the Emperor, and the violation of our rights. On this subject we feel strongly, and when the Viceroy wrote the Emperor from Tientsin that he had spoken to you on the subject, and that you might be

induced to use your good offices with Japan, and with your offices your great name and authority, we rejoiced in what may be a means of escaping from a responsibility which no nation would deplore more than myself."

General Grant said that while he was only a traveler, seeing sights and looking at new manners and customs, that he would, upon going to Japan, take pleasure in informing himself on the subject and conversing with the Japanese authorities. "I have no idea," said the General, "what their argument is. They, of course, have an argument. I do not suppose that the rulers are inspired by a desire wantonly to injure China. I will acquaint myself with the Chinese side of the case, as your Imperial Highness and the Viceroy have presented it, and promise to present it. I will do what I can to learn the Japanese side. Then, if I can in conversation with the Japanese authorities do anything that will be a service to the cause of peace, you may depend upon my good offices. But, as I have said, I have no knowledge on the subject, and no idea what opinion I may entertain when I have studied it." The General continued by referring to the arbitration between Great Britain and America on the Alabama question as an example for China and Japan to follow. "That arbitration," he said, "between nations may not satisfy either party at the time, but it satisfies the conscience of the world, and must commend itself, as we grow in civilization, more and more, as the means of adjusting international disputes."

Prince Kung spoke during this interview with great animation. His voice is low and soft, and his gesticulations more those of an Italian than a Chinaman. At the pauses in the conversation, while Mr. Holcombe was interpreting into English what had been said in Chinese, the attendant would hand the Prince his pipe, and leaning back in his chair he would take two or three whiffs. Sometimes a thought would occur to him, and he would again break into the translation with a rapid and nervous expression. When he spoke of China's resolve to defend her sovereignty he showed emotion, something extraordinary in an Oriental, and mastering himself with a sudden

wrench, as though he were seizing the reins of an escaping steed, apologized for the impulse and went on with the conversation. Again, at the close of a rather long speech, he said to the minister who sat next to him, with a smile, as he took his pipe, "Mr. Holcombe will never remember that much long enough to translate it"—a doubt at which all the ministers laughed heartily. What impressed me in the conversation of



CHINESE PORTERS.

Prince Kung, in distinction from other Oriental princes and statesmen whom I have seen, was its picturesqueness. It was the talk of a man of the world—an astute man, swayed by his feelings, carried along by his will. An Indian or a Moslem prince, some of our friends in Hindostan or Egypt, sat like expressions of fate, and drifted through a conversation without a change of countenance. You felt before you were through with the conversation almost as if you had been looking at

some of the stone faces in the recesses of Dendoreh or the Elephanta Caves, but Prince Kung's face lit up with the varying moods of his mind. As he spoke he fanned himself, for the day was cruelly warm, and when any point interested him he would press his fan close upon the arm of General Grant, and bend half-closed, inquiring, resolute eyes upon the General's face.

The Prince, when he had finished his conversation, drew toward him a glass of champagne, and addressing Mr. Holcombe said he wished to again express to General Grant the honor felt by the Chinese government at having received this visit. He made special inquiries as to when the General would leave, the hour of his departure, the ways and periods of his journey. He asked whether there was anything wanting to complete the happiness of the General or show the honor in which he had been held by China. In taking his leave he wished to drink especially the health of General Grant, to wish him a prosperous voyage, and long and honorable years on his return home. This sentiment the General returned, and rising, led the way to the door, where the chair of the Prince and the bearers were in waiting. The other ministers accompanied the Prince, and on taking leave saluted the General in the ceremonious Chinese style. The Prince entered his chair and was snatched up and carried away by his bearers, the guard hurriedly mounting and riding after.

The fierce, unrelenting weather prevented our doing more than make an effort to see Pekin. We were compelled, for our very life's sake, to remain in the shady gardens of the Consulate. We climbed the wall that surrounded the city, and saw from a distance the yellow roofs and domes of the buildings of the Imperial Palace. The Imperial Palace is a sacred inclosure, forbidden to all eyes except those who are in immediate attendance on his Majesty. It covers a large space of ground, and, as seen from the wall, looked to be a green, inviting place, and, evidently, from the number of the yellow-roofed buildings, the home of a large retinue. We visited, also, the Temple of Heaven, one of the most important monuments in China. This has always been closed to the barbarian world, but I am bound

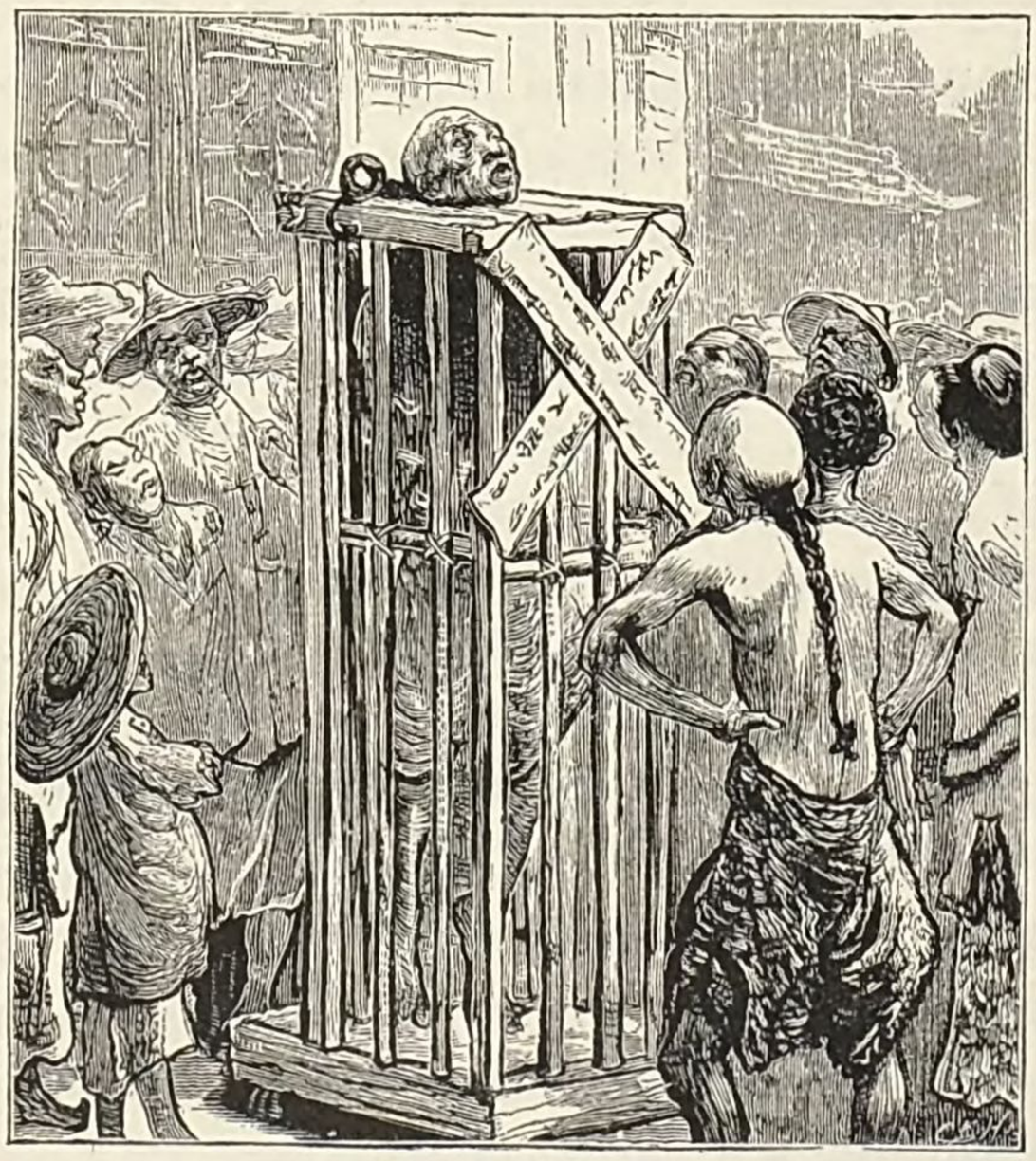
to say that most of the barbarians whom I knew in Pekin had made their way into the sacred inclosure by climbing over the wall and using money with the guards. But the government sent a mandarin and escort to open the sacred portals for the General's party, the first time that such a courtesy had ever been paid to a foreigner. We went out to the temple in chairs, saw the hall of sacrifice, and the spot where the Emperor comes to pray, and from the summit looked out upon the thriving fields which surround Pekin. The temple itself is very much in need of repair, and might be called a ruin if it were not still in use on occasions of solemn ceremony. There were visits, dinners, and receptions in Pekin, and plans for a journey toward Tartary. This plan was abandoned with reluctance; and so, after having taken our leave of Prince Kung and the officers of the government, we left Pekin early one morning for Tientsin.

General Grant reached Tientsin on the morning of the 12th of June at daybreak. He had not finished breakfast before he received a message that the Viceroy was on his way to meet him. The visit of the Viceroy is always a matter of ceremony. He comes with a guard and a small army of chair-bearers and attendants, and is received with cannon and music. A guard of honor was hurriedly marched up from the "Ashuelot" and formed under the trees in front of the Consulate, under the command of Lieutenant Belknap. General Grant, accompanied by Minister Seward and Consul Denny, was waiting on the veranda, and as the Viceroy stepped out of his chair the General advanced and welcomed him. Together they passed into an inner room and received tea and sweetmeats.

It was at this conversation that the Viceroy pressed upon General Grant the desire of the Chinese government that he should act as arbitrator between Japan and China on the Loochoo question. Li Hung Chang repeated the arguments of Prince Kung, and added to them many others, especially one argument to the effect that the possession of the Loochoo Islands by Japan would block the channel of Chinese commerce to the Pacific, and that China could not permit this. General Grant repeated to the Viceroy the assurances he gave Prince Kung.

He was afraid, he said, that the Chinese overrated his power, but not his wish, to preserve peace, and especially to prevent such a deplorable thing as a war between China and Japan. He would study the Japanese case as carefully as he proposed to study the Chinese case. He would confer with the Japanese authorities, if possible, on reaching Japan. If the question took such a shape that he could advise or aid in its peaceful solution he would be happy; and, as he remarked to Prince Kung, his happiness would not be diminished if the advice he gave did not disappoint the Chinese government.

The "Richmond" had arrived at the Peiho River, and was waiting to carry us to Japan. The General was anxious to leave, but the Viceroy would not let him go, and seemed desirous to be in his company as much as possible. All the traditions of Chinese reserve and hatred of foreigners vanished in the presence too of the haughtiest statesman in the empire. Heretofore distinguished men who have visited China came either as seekers for the curious and quaint or as ambassadors of rival and not always friendly powers. You can well understand that China would look with reserve upon the friendship of powers whose most conspicuous contributions to Chinese civilization are the burning of the Summer Palace and the opening of the opium trade. General Grant represented a nation whose relations to China had always been friendly and sympathetic, which had no policy in the East inconsistent with the indepen-



DEATH IN THE CAGE.

dence of the country, and which, because of the emigration to China, and from other causes, was becoming most important. Furthermore, no foreigner of the distinction and antecedent rank of General Grant had ever visited China. It so happened that there were points of resemblance in the careers of the Viceroy and the General that interested the former. Beyond this the political condition of China, not alone in its relations to the outside world, but in the development of home affairs, is such as to make its statesmen anxious for wisdom and information and sympathy. There were a multitude of questions discussed between the Viceroy and General Grant that have not found a place in this narrative. But I have no doubt that the destinies of China, and the policy of her government will show the influence and the advice of the General.

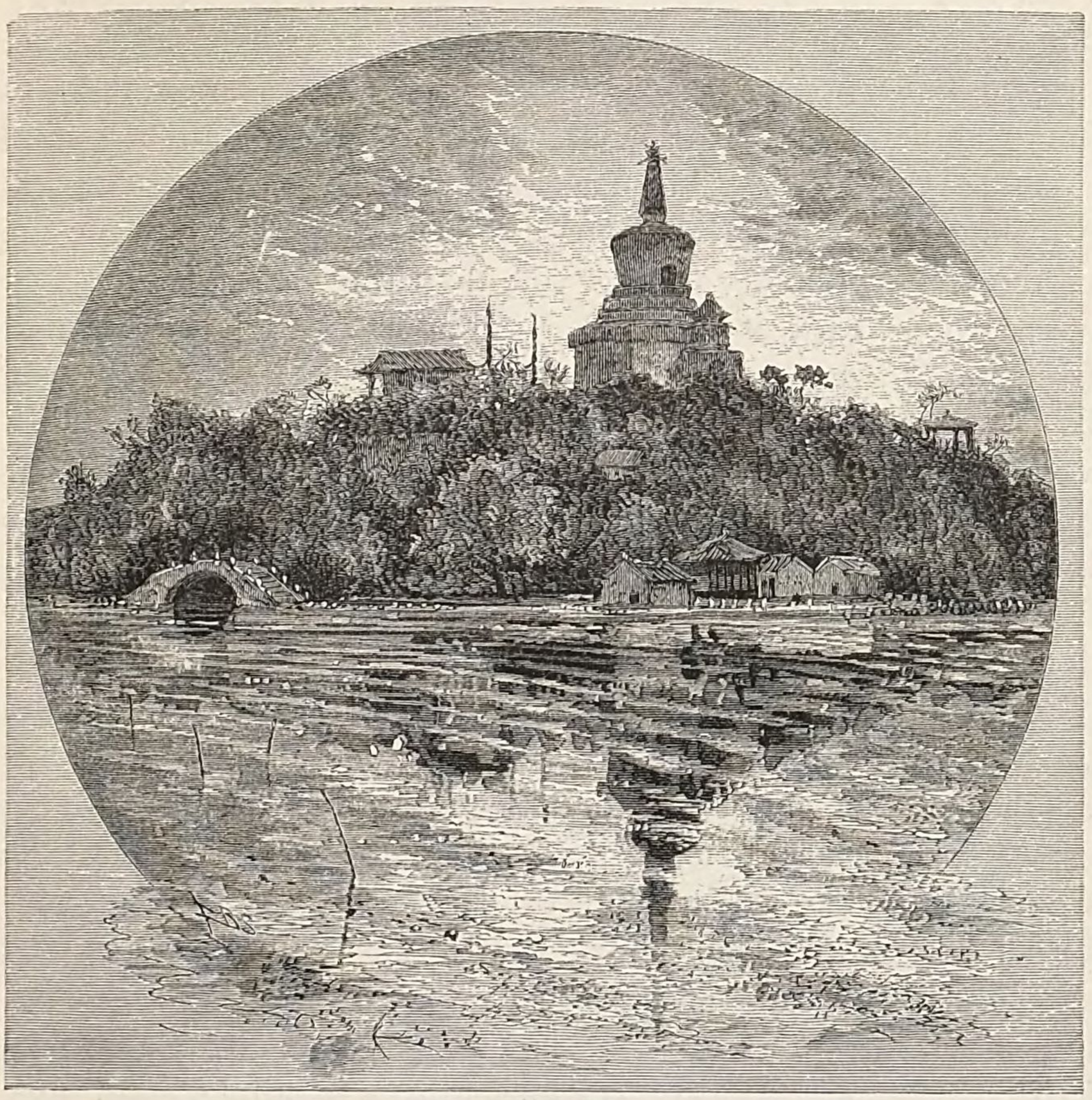
Mr. Detring, the customs commissioner, gave a dinner and evening party in honor of General Grant and the Viceroy. The Viceroy, for the first time in his career and in the career of Chinese statesmen, has met Europeans in social intercourse at a dinner-table where ladies were present. Woman does not hold a position in China that justifies Chinamen in meeting on equality even the ladies of European and American families. Accordingly, when the Viceroy expressed his willingness to attend dinner parties at which ladies were present, there was some anxiety to know what should be done with them. Mr. Dillon, the French consul, solved the problem by massing all the ladies together on one side of the table and the gentlemen on another. The Viceroy and General Grant walked in alone and ahead, then the ladies, while the remainder of the guests placed themselves in the odd spaces. Mr. Detring made a step in advance at his dinner, and the ladies went into dinner escorted by the gentlemen in European fashion, the Viceroy walking ahead and alone. The dinner was served in a temporary dining-room arranged on the veranda, with flags of all nations forming shelter. There were about fifty guests present, including the Viceroy and suite, General Grant and party, Mr. Seward, our Minister, who had just come from America, the members of the consular body and their wives, officers of the

navy, and leading citizens. When the dinner was over, Mr. Detring arose and made a brief address in the name of the Viceroy. In this speech the Viceroy spoke with feeling of the pleasure it had given him to meet General Grant, how he had looked for his coming, how anxious he was to meet him, how much he had enjoyed the visit, and hoped that General Grant would not forget him when he returned home, but regard him as a friend and admirer. The speech was manly and simple, but its real value was in the fact that it was the speech of the foremost man in China—of a man whose name will be remembered as among the greatest of Chinese soldiers and statesmen. General Grant acknowledged the Viceroy's speech in the following words:

"YOUR EXCELLENCY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am very much obliged for the honor you do me, and especially for the complimentary terms in which the Viceroy proposes my health. I have enjoyed exceedingly my visit to China. It has been full of interest and advantage, and the recollections of the trip will remain with me all my life. There is no part of those recollections that I shall dwell upon with more pleasure than my meeting with the Viceroy, of whose fame I had heard before I came to China, and whom I was glad to meet. I can never forget his kindness, and now that I am leaving China, I hope that I may express the wish that I may not be altogether forgotten by him. To you all, ladies and gentlemen, I return my thanks for the hospitality shown to my party and myself in Tientsin. In conclusion, I ask you to unite with me in drinking the health of the Viceroy and the prosperity of China."

The address of General Grant was translated to the Viceroy, who remained standing during its delivery. He bowed his thanks, and then proposed the health of Mr. Seward, the American Minister to China. The dinner over we strolled about the grounds. Among the illuminations was one of Chinese lanterns formed so as to represent the name of the Viceroy in a Chinese character. There were jugglers whose tricks became tedious. The General and Viceroy remained until midnight. After they had retired there was dancing. The music came from the band of the "Richmond," which Captain Benham sent up. The presence of this band in Tientsin was an event of transcendent importance. The European colony in Tientsin has never been more than a handful. It is isolated,

out of the way of travel and trade. The average traveler generally sees enough of China as soon as he leaves Shanghai, and hurries away to the green and sunny hills of Japan. Only brave travelers like our Alpine friends, who rummage the world for inaccessible peaks and seek out the byways and odd places,



THE PALACE, PEKIN.

ever come to Tientsin. Travelers have their tracks around the world like those of the buffalo in a prairie, and these tracks leave Tientsin on the one side. While Tientsin has grown a good deal, it has no such growth as Shanghai or Canton. The foreign population would form a good-sized club. There are not enough to quarrel, and all seemed to live on harmonious terms. Tientsin is the only settlement of Europeans in Asia in which

I did not hear of some scandal—of somebody having a skeleton in his closet. The traveler in these Asiatic colonies is sure to meet the candid friend who belongs to society and takes a dismal pleasure in rattling for your amusement the bones of his friends' private skeletons. I heard nothing of this in Tientsin. I suppose there are skeletons, as there are in the most stately and respectable homes; but the people hid them away and draped their houses with greenery and flags, and united to honor General Grant as heartily as though they all belonged to the same family. The European in Asia is, at the best, in banishment. You have no more connection with the inside life of the native people around you than the moss with the tree upon whose bark it nestles. Life in Tientsin is aggravated banishment, and our welcome was a good deal like that given by the descendants of the "Bounty" mutineers to the English vessel that first visited them. We came as a tradition, and our coming brought the band of the "Richmond." We found the band on our return from Pekin, and soon saw that the popularity of General Grant was under a shadow. During the residence of General Grant at the Consulate the afternoon amusement of the people was to assemble in front of the grounds and watch for the going and coming of the General. Crowds have a great deal of curiosity and patience at home, but a Chinese crowd can surpass them. All day long, in the lanes around the Consulate, the crowd stood and stared, and if the General ventured out followed him. This crowd became an institution, and enterprising merchants established booths and peddling stalls, and street gamblers plied their calling. The street gamblers had rings of bamboo ware in which were a handful of thin bone sticks, each stick bearing a number. You paid cash and took out as many of the sticks as you pleased. According to the aggregate numbers you won or lost. The quiet, retired Consulate became a fair, and it was not without a quiet triumph that the consul, Judge Denny, walked about and saw his irresistible attraction and how well it drew. There is no sentiment in which there is so much human nature as in the showman feeling, and the Consulate was the most conspicuous place in Tien-

tsin. But when the band came and marshaled its meager numbers on the deck of the "Ashuelot," and broke out with "God Save the Queen" and "Hail Columbia," the town rose and flocked to the river, and sight-seers, peddlers, and gamblers hurried away to witness the new revelation. It was the first band that had ever been heard in Tientsin. Tientsin has a charming, cultivated society, and the Europeans solace their banishment with nothing so much as music, but it had been the music of the piano and flute and fiddle. But music coming in force, with drum and bugle and braying trumpets, asserting itself over the whole settlement—this had never before been known in Tientsin. To the Chinese the band was simply a new phase of that foreign barbarism and deviltry which is always assuming new shapes on the coasts—now a steam-engine, now a telegraph, now a band! To the foreigner it brought all the memories of home, for the music was honest home music—Danube waltzes and "Home, sweet Home" and "Hail Columbia," and steady-going heel-and-toe dancing music—and the days of banishment at Tientsin lost their gloom.

When we returned from Pekin, Tientsin was thrilling with the ecstasy of the new band, and little children who had never been home were in a wonderland over this strange, entrancing phenomenon. Judge Denny, however, seemed to take a serious view of the rival show. The ex-President was an immense attraction, and his presence gave dignity to the Consulate and brought the crowd; but no ex-President—not all the ex-Presidents, beginning with the venerable shade of Washington—could stand the rivalry of that band; and as a patriotic American, so long as General Grant remained in Tientsin there must be no successful rivalry. With the instinct of true genius the judge settled the question, and the evening of our arrival, as we marched into dinner, there, under our very windows, in a little embowered enclosure, was the band. The judge had captured it, I don't know how, but the capture was effective, and so long as we remained in Tientsin the Consulate, possessing the General and the band, had an uncontested triumph.

Pleasant were our days in Tientsin, pleasant even with the severe and baking weather. Our host had the happy tact not to make his hospitality oppressive, and there was time to walk in the lanes, to go down on the ships, to sit on the piazza, and study out the wealth of flowers and shrubbery with which the judge had decorated his garden, at the expense of all the other gardens in Tientsin. And the pleasant men and women you met in Tientsin, whose names you wish it were graceful to recall, but whose kindness you cannot fail to bear on and on in your memory! Pleasant, notably, were our relations with the great Viceroy, whose kindness seemed to grow with every hour, and to tax itself for new forms of expression. If it had been the kindness of a mere citizen, a merchant with tea to sell, it would have been pleasant, as showing good feeling; but coming from the greatest of Chinese statesmen, one of the first noblemen in the empire, ruler over an empire itself in the extent and population of his province, with power of life and death, with armies to follow him and ships to carry his will, it passed out of the range of hospitality and became a question of international politics. Li Hung Chang's reception of General Grant was as notable an event in



THE LESSON.

the utter setting aside of precedents and traditions as can be found in the recent history of China. It required a great man, who could afford to be progressive and independent, to do it. I know that this appears to be trivial and is the record of small things; but in the East, and especially in China, it is only in trivial things that you can see the great progress which has been made in the opinions of the country. Whatever shows an advance on the part of Chinese rulers and statesmen toward America is so much an improvement on the cruel bayonet and broadside policy which has borne sway that I am glad to note it. There was probably nothing more notable than the entertainment given to Mrs. Grant by the wife of the Viceroy.

You must remember the position in which woman is held in China—her seclusion, her withdrawal from affairs, from social life, her relation to a society which acknowledges polygamy and the widest freedom of divorce—to understand how radical a thing it was for the Viceroy to throw open the doors of his house and bring the foreign barbarian to his hearthstone. This dinner was arranged for our last night in Tientsin, and in honor of Mrs. Grant. The principal European ladies in the colony were invited. Some of these ladies had lived in Tientsin for years and had never seen the wife of the Viceroy—had never seen him except through the blinds of the window of his chair. The announcement that the Viceroy had really invited Mrs. Grant to meet his wife, and European ladies to be in the company, was even a more extraordinary event than the presence of General Grant or the arrival of the band. Society rang with a discussion of the question which, since Mother Eve introduced it to the attention of her husband, has been the absorbing theme of civilization—what shall we wear? I have heard many expositions on this theme, but in Tientsin it was new and important. Should the ladies go in simple, Spartan style—in muslin and dimity, severely plain and colorless, trusting alone to their graces and charms, and thus show their Chinese sister the beauty that exists in beauty unadorned—or should they go in all their glory, with gems and silks and satins and the latest development of French genius in the arrangement of their hair?

It was really an important question, and not without a bearing, some of us thought, on the future domestic peace of the Viceroy. The arguments on either side were conducted with ability, and I lament my inability to do them justice, and hand them over to the consideration of American ladies at home. The discussion passed beyond me and entered into the sphere of metaphysics, and became a moral, spiritual—almost a theological theme, and was decided finally in favor of the resources of civilization. The ladies went in all the glory of French fashion and taste.

No gentlemen were invited to the Viceroy's dinner, and the Viceroy himself did not entertain his guests. It was arranged that the ladies should go in chairs. Of ladies there were in all, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Detring, Mrs. Denny, Mrs. Dillon, Mrs. Forrest, Miss Dorian, and Miss Denny. It was a distance of two miles to the Yamen, and the streets were filled with a curious multitude watching the procession of chairs, and having their own thoughts, we can well fancy, at this spectacle of the viceregal home invaded by the wives of foreign barbarians. It was quite dark when the ladies reached the Yamen. They alighted in a courtyard illuminated with lanterns, and crowded with officials in their quaint costumes. The band of the "Richmond" had been sent ahead by Captain Johnson, and as our ladies arrived they were welcomed with the familiar notes of home music. The Viceroy also had a band, and the musical effect of the two styles of music—the Chinese running largely to gongs, and the American with trumpet and drum—was unique, and added to the strangeness of the ceremony. As Mrs. Grant, who was in the first chair, descended, she was met by the wife of the Viceroy, who took her hand and escorted her into the house. The other ladies were shown in by one of the missionary ladies who came to act as interpreter. They passed through a sort of hall into a small library. The walls of this library were cut up into pigeon-holes filled with Chinese books made of soft, tough paper. The Viceroy's wife took her seat at the head of the table, and as each lady entered she was introduced by the interpreter. The hostess arose and shook hands with each in cordial European fashion, with perfect grace,

and as though it had been her custom all her life to use this form of salutation. The wife of the Viceroy was found by our lady friends to be, if I may quote what one of them said to me, "the personification of well-bred ease and affability, a fine, intelligent-looking lady of middle age, her features show-



THE DANCE AT THE VICEROY'S.

ing marked beauty and character. When she smiled, two charming dimples played around her cheeks." The hostess wore a very long jacket and trousers of rich dark silk. Her ornaments were a long necklace of jade stone, with beads and bracelets of the same material, an immense butterfly-shaped ornament of pearls, and bits of green jade stone covering the whole back of the head. There were two other ladies of the

viceregal family present, the daughter of the Viceroy, a maiden of sixteen, and his daughter-in-law, a lady of twenty-three. They sat at the opposite end of the table from the hostess, looking on with curious interest at the company of foreign ladies, the first they had ever seen. Still they restrained their curiosity, showing no wonder, no surprise, and received their European friends with as much ease as if they had been accustomed to a London drawing-room. The daughter-in-law of the Viceroy was dressed in subdued colors, much the same as the hostess, but the maiden was brilliantly costumed in a bright pink satin jacket, and green satin trousers, the whole embroidered with gold thread, and silk of a variety of colors. At every movement she tinkled with her abundant ornaments of pearl and jade, which hung in long pendants from her ears, wrists, fingers, and the cord of her fan. She wore two long gold finger-nail shields on the third and fourth fingers of her left hand, a curious ornament made necessary by the custom of high-bred persons in China of allowing the finger-nails to grow. Both of the young ladies wore their hair ornamented in the same manner as the wife of the Viceroy.

The company sat in the library about ten minutes. During this time they were served with strong pale tea, without sugar or milk, in tiny porcelain cups. Then, at a gesture from the hostess, the ladies arose and walked into another room, a larger one, the hostess conducting Mrs. Grant. Crowds of servants swarmed about, and other crowds of curious persons looked in at the windows and doors at the unusual spectacle. The dining-room was furnished in European fashion, with divans and chairs. A chandelier of four gas jets hung over the center of the table, and was an object of curiosity to all, as Tientsin has not yet attained to the blessing of gas. The dinner table was set in European style, with silver and French china, and decorated with a profusion of flowers. The ladies took seats according to the rank of their husbands, Mrs. Grant sitting on the right and Mrs. Denny on the left of the hostess. Each of the ladies had her own servant, who waited on her. The dinner was a blending of Chinese and European cookery. First came a

European course. Then came a Chinese course, served in silver cups with small silver ladles and ivory chopsticks. Smaller silver cups in saucers sat at each plate, filled with the warm Chinese wine which you find at every dinner. The ladies tasted their Chinese food with fortitude, and made heroic efforts to utilize the chopsticks. The Chinese ladies partook only of their own food. The hostess kept up a conversation with all the ladies. First she asked each one her age, which in China is the polite thing to do. I have no information as to the responses elicited by this inquiry, the sources of my knowledge failing at this point. Then questions were asked as to the number of children in the families of the married ladies, and the age of each child. The younger Chinese ladies of the party sat at the other end of the table, and having no interpreter made themselves understood by signs—by graceful little gestures of the hand, nods, questioning eyes. It is wonderful how much talk can be done by pantomime, and the Chinese ladies with their quick intelligence soon found themselves in earnest conversation with their European friends. During the dinner there was a Chinese Punch and Judy show, and the noise of this entertainment, with the chatter of the servants, and the curious gazing crowd who never left the doors and windows, made an unceasing din. China has democratic customs and privileges which are never invaded. Whenever General Grant and party dined as the guest of a Chinaman, in Canton, or Shanghai, or Tientsin, it was always in presence of a multitude. If the people were to have the doors closed upon them, even the doors of the Viceroy, it would make trouble. And now, of all days in the calendar of China, this day when female barbarians are welcomed to a nobleman's house, it is important that all the world should stand by and see the wonder.

The hostess, with a gesture and smile of welcome, drank from her cup of warm wine a toast to her friends. The ladies sipped their wine in response. This astonished the hostess, who had been told that it was the custom of barbarian ladies to drink their glasses dry. But it was explained that while some ambitious gentlemen in foreign society ventured upon such ex-

periments the ladies never did. The hostess wondered at this, and seemed to think that somehow it would be more like what she had heard if the ladies drank more champagne, if they drained their glasses and turned them upside down. Then the jewels were passed from hand to hand to be examined by the Chinese ladies. This study of jewelry, of diamond and emerald, of ruby and turquoise, occupied most of the time that remained to the dinner. Once or twice the tall form of the Viceroy could be observed looking over the heads of the crowd to see how his wife and her foreign friends were enjoying themselves. When observed his Excellency withdrew. Although not appearing during the dinner, nor at the reception before, the Viceroy was now and then seen moving about among the curious gazers, evidently anxious about his feast, anxious that nothing should be wanting in honor of his guests.



CHINESE LADIES.

After the dinner the party went into another room. Here was a piano which had been brought from the foreign settlement. This was a new delight to the hostess, who had never seen a piano, and she expressed her pleasure and surprise. One of the pieces was a waltz, a merry German waltz, and two of the ladies went through the measures, giving variety to the

dance by balancing separately with one arm akimbo, the other holding up the skirt, then twirling away to different parts of the room and coming together again. This revelation of barbarian customs created great astonishment, and when the dance stopped there was a chorus of approbation from the Chinese, as if they had discovered a new pleasure in the world, the hostess nodding and smiling with more energy of manner than she had shown during the evening. This performance was witnessed by the Viceroy, who perhaps had his own thoughts as a far-seeing statesman as to what China would become if German music ever found its way into Chinese households, and mothers and maidens gave way to the temptations of the waltz. There were snatches of singing, one of the ladies who had an expressive voice warbling some roundelay from the Tyrol. This created another sensation, and was so new, and strange, and overwhelming that the Chinese maiden in the dazzling pink jacket lost her Oriental composure and gave a faint start and laughed, and fearing she had committed some breach of propriety, suddenly recovered herself and coyly looked about to see if she had in any way given offense to her barbarian guests. The hostess, however, sat by the side of Mrs. Grant during the whole performance, and looked on as calmly at these strange phenomena of an unknown civilization as if she had known the waltz and heard Tyrolean ditties all her days. The hostess, with high-bred courtesy, always arose when her guests did, and never sat down until they were seated. The feet of the Chinese ladies were extremely small—scarcely more than two or three inches long—and when they walked it was with difficulty, and only by the aid of the waiting-women who walked behind. A Chinese lady of rank does nothing without the aid of servants. If she wishes to take a handkerchief out of her pockets a servant performs the office. But during the whole evening, at every phase of the reception and the entertainment, the hostess showed a self-possession and courtesy that might have been learned in the drawing-rooms of Saint Germain. She took pains to show attention to every one. When the time came to

leave she went with Mrs. Grant to her chair. When the others left she took her leave of them at the door, and they parted with good wishes and polite little speeches of thanks and welcome. A little rain began to fall as the guests went away. And as the country was suffering for rain, and priests had been to the temples to invoke divine propitiation in behalf of the harvests, the rain came as an omen and a blessing, and the hostess rubbed her hands with glee and laughed joyously as though heaven had sent the rain as a benediction upon her feast. Amid the hum of voices, the obeisance of courtiers, the din of the Punch and Judy show, and the fragrant sandal-wood incense, the party went out into the open courtyard, where the "Richmond's" band played "Hail Columbia." From thence into the dark street and homeward the procession of chairs kept its way. When the ladies reached home they found that the hostess had marked her appreciation of her guests by giving each one a roll of Chinese silk. The gentlemen were waiting, and it was near midnight when the line of chairs turned into the Consulate.

When the ladies returned from the dinner, General Grant and party came immediately on board the "Ashuelot." There we said farewell to our kind friends, and said our good-by, as lovers are supposed to prefer, under the stars. Our visit had been so pleasant, there had been so much grace and courtesy and consideration in our reception, that it was with sincere regret that we said farewell. The Viceroy had sent word that he would not take his leave of General Grant until we were on the border of his dominions and out at sea. He had gone ahead on his yacht, and with a fleet of gun-boats, and would await us at the mouth of the river and accompany the General on board of the "Richmond." We left our moorings at three in the morning, and were awakened by the thunder of the guns from the forts. Orders had been given that the forts should fire salutes as the General passed, that the troops should parade, and the vessels dress with flags. The day was warm and clear, and there was Oriental splendor in the scene as we slowly moved along the narrow stream and saw the people hurrying from the



NEAR NIKKO.

villages to the river side, and the smoke that came from the embrasures, and the clumsy, stolid junks teeming with sight-seers, the lines of soldiery, and the many-colored pennants fluttering in the air. The river widened as we came to the sea, and about eleven o'clock we came to the viceregal fleet at anchor under the guns of the Waku forts. As we passed, every vessel manned yards, and all their guns and all the guns from the forts thundered a farewell. Two or three miles out we saw the tapering masts of the "Richmond," which, after so long a chase, had at last found General Grant. The "Ashuelot" answered the salute and steamed over the bar at half speed, so as to allow the Viceroy's fleet to join us. The bar was crossed and the blue sea welcomed us, and we kept on direct toward the "Richmond." In a short time the white smoke was seen leaping from her deck, the sailors rushed up to the rigging, and we swung around amid the thunder of her guns. Then Captain Benham came on board and was presented to General Grant. The Chinese fleet came to an anchor, and at noon precisely General Grant passed over the side of the "Ashuelot." On reaching the "Richmond" the General was received by another salute, all the officers being on deck in full uniform. The American ensign was run up at the fore and another salute was fired, the Chinese vessels joining.



RETURNING FROM THE VICEROY.

After the General had been received the barge was sent to the Viceroy's boat, and in a few minutes was seen returning with Li Hung Chang, followed by other boats carrying the high officers of his government. General Grant received the

Viceroy, and again the yards were manned and a salute of nineteen guns was fired. The Viceroy and his suite were shown into the cabin. Tea was served, and Li Hung Chang having expressed a desire to see the vessel, he was taken into every part, and gave its whole arrangement, and especially the guns, a minute inspection. The working of the large guns especially interested him, and Captain Bonham ordered a special drill, so as to show his Excellency the manner in which Americans worked these engines of our sinister civilization. The crew's quarters, the store-rooms, the sick bay, the engines, all the machinery were examined, and not with the curiosity of an idle sightseer, but with the interest of intelligence, as one anxious to know, and know thoroughly. The inspection lasted for an hour, and the Viceroy returned to the cabin to take his leave. He seemed loath to go, and remained in conversation for some time. General Grant expressed his deep sense of the honor which had been done him, and his pleasure at having met the Viceroy. He urged the Viceroy to make a visit to the United States, and in a few earnest phrases repeated his hope that the statesmen of China would persevere in a policy which brought them nearer to our civilization—a policy that would give new greatness to China, enable them to control the fearful famines that devastated China, and secure the nation's independence. He repeated his belief that there could be no true independence unless China availed herself of the agencies which gave prestige to other nations, and with which she had been so largely endowed by Providence. The Viceroy was friendly, almost affectionate. He hoped that General Grant would not forget him; said that he would like to meet the General now and then, and prayed that if China needed the General's counsel he would give it. He feared he could not visit foreign lands, and regretted that he had not done so in earlier years. He spoke of the friendship of the United States as dear to China, and again commended to the General and the American people the Chinese who had gone to America. It made his heart sore to hear of their ill usage, and he depended upon the justice and honor of our government for their

protection. He again alluded to the Loochoo question with Japan, and begged that General Grant would speak to the Japanese Emperor, and in securing justice remove a cloud from Asia, which threw an ominous shadow over the East. The General bade the Viceroy farewell, and said he would not forget what had been said, and that he would always think of the Viceroy with friendship and esteem. So we parted, Li Hung Chang departing amid the roar of our cannon and the manning of the yards, while the "Richmond" slowly pushed her prow into the rippling waves and steamed along to Japan.



THE MING TOMBS.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LEAVING CHINA—CONVERSATIONS WITH GENERAL GRANT.

AS soon as the Viceroy took his leave, the "Richmond" steamed slowly up the coast, for the purpose of visiting the Great Wall of China. It had been proposed to make this journey overland, and see also the tombs of the Ming dynasty. But we were under the cruel stress of unusually warm weather, and our journeys to the Temple of Heaven, the city walls, and other temples, had been attended with unusual discomfort. It was our good fortune to have a smooth sea, and when the morning came we found ourselves steaming slowly along the shores of Northern China. Navigation in the China seas is always a problem, and the coast along which we were sailing is badly surveyed. As a general thing, so carefully has science mapped and tracked the ocean that you have only to seek counsel from a vagrant, wandering star, and you will be able to tell to the minute when some hill

or promontory will rise out of the waves. There was no such comfort on the China coast, and the "Richmond" had to feel her way, to grope along the coast and find the Great Wall as best we could. Fortunately the day was mild and clear, and we could steam close to shore. All the morning we sailed watching the shore, the brown, receding hills, the leaping, jutting masses of rock, the bits of greenery that seemed to rejoice in the sun, the fishing villages in houses of clay that run toward the shore. It was a lonely sea. Heretofore, in our cruise on the China coast, we had been burdened with company. The coasting track is so large that junks were always in sight, junks and fishing-boats and all manner of strange, clumsy craft. If you are used to travel on the vast seas, where a sail a week is a rapture, this presence of many ships is a consolation. It takes away the selfishness of sea life and makes you think that you are a part of the real world. But it is at the same time a trial to the sailor. The junk is an awkward, stupid trap, and always crossing your bows or edging up against you. The Chinaman thinks it good luck to cross your bows, and if he can do so with a narrow shave, just giving you a clip with his rudder as he passes, he has had a joyous adventure. While creeping up the China coast we were always on the watch for junks, but never ran one down. It was trying, however, to naval patience, and we found it so much better to be alone on the sea and look for our Great Wall as well as we could, undisturbed by the heedlessness of Chinese mariners.

About two o'clock in the afternoon Lieutenant Sperry, the navigator, had an experience that must have reminded him of Columbus discovering America. He had found the Great Wall. By careful looking through the glasses, in time we saw it—a thick, brown, irregular line that crumbled into the sea. The "Richmond" steamed toward the beach, and so gracious was the weather that we were able to anchor within a mile of shore. All the boats were let down, and as many as could be spared from the vessel went ashore—the captain, the officers, sailors in their blue, tidy uniforms, and an especial sailor with a pot of white paint to inscribe the fact that the "Richmond"

had visited the Great Wall. The Great Wall is the only monument I have seen which could be improved by modern sacrilege, and which could be painted over and plastered without compunctions of conscience. From what I read of this stupendous achievement it was built under the reign of a Chinese emperor who flourished two centuries before Christ. This emperor was disturbed by the constant invasion of the Tartars, a hardy nomadic race, who came from the hills of Mongolia, and plundered his people, who were indeed afterward to come, if only the emperor could have opened the book of fate and known, and rule the country and found the dynasty which exists, after a fashion, still. So his majesty resolved to build a wall which should forever protect his empire from the invader. The wall was built, and so well was it done that here we come, wanderers from the antipodes, twenty centuries after, and find it still a substantial, imposing, but in the light of modern science a useless wall. It is 1,250 miles in length, and it is only when you consider that distance and the incredible amount of labor it imposed that the magnitude of the work breaks upon you. We landed on a smooth, pebbly beach, studded with



AN IDOL OUT OF REPAIR.

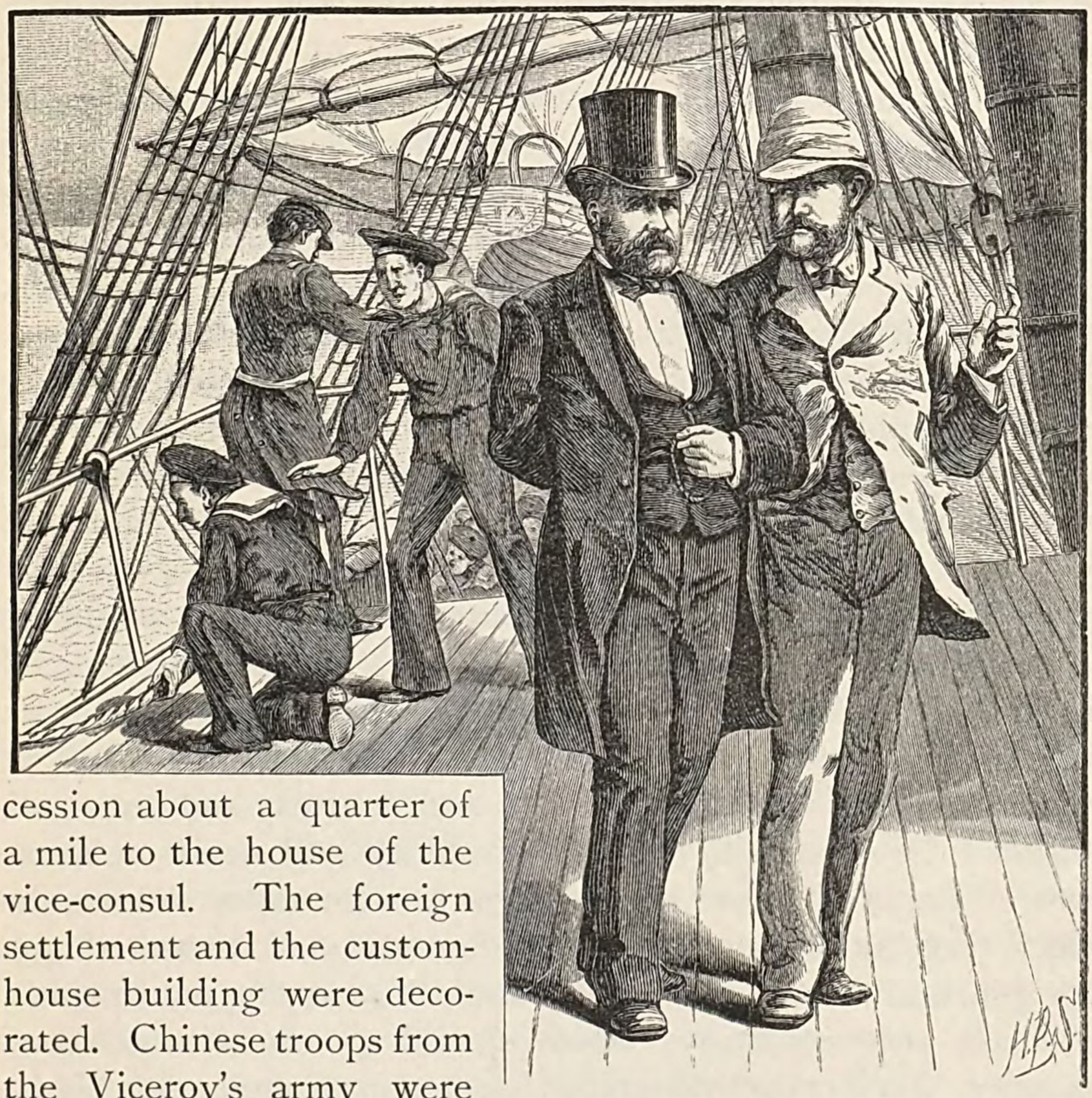
shells which would have rejoiced the children. We found a small village and saw the villagers grinding corn. The children, a few beggars, and a blind person came to welcome us. The end of the wall, which juts into the sea, has been beaten by the waves into a ragged, shapeless condition. There was an easy ascent, however, up stone steps. At the top there was a small temple, evidently given to pious uses still, for there was a keeper who dickered about letting us in, and the walls seemed to be in order, clean, and painted. The wall at the site of the temple was seventy-five or a hundred feet wide, but this was only a special width to accommodate the temple and present an imposing presence to the sea. As far as we could see, the wall stretched over hill and valley, until it became a line. Its average width at the top is from twenty to twenty-five feet. At the base it varies from forty feet to a hundred. It is made of stone and brick, and, considering that twenty centuries have been testing its workmanship, the work was well done.

As a mere wall there is nothing imposing about the Great Wall of China. There are a hundred thousand walls, the world over, better built and more useful. What impressed us was the infinite patience which could have compassed so vast a labor. Wonderful are the Pyramids, and wonderful as a dream the ruins of Thebes. There you see mechanical results which you cannot follow or solve, engineering achievements we could not even now repeat. The Great Wall is a marvel of patience. I had been reading the late Mr. Seward's calculation that the labor which had built the Great Wall would have built the Pacific Railways. General Grant thought that Mr. Seward had underrated its extent. "I believe," he said, "that the labor expended on this wall could have built every railroad in the United States, every canal and highway, and most if not all of our cities." The story is that millions were employed on the wall; that the work lasted for ten years. I have ceased to wonder at a story like this. In the ancient days—the days which our good people are always lamenting, and a return to which is the prayer of so many virtuous and pious souls—in the ancient days, when an emperor had a wall or a pyramid

to build, he sent out to the fields and hills and gathered in the people and made them build on peril of their heads. It required an emperor to build the Great Wall. No people would ever have done such a thing. When you see the expression of a people's power it is in the achievements of the Roman, the Greek, and the Englishman—in the achievements of Chinamen when they have been allowed their own way. The Great Wall is a monument of the patience of the people and the prerogative of a king. It never could have been of much use in the most primitive days, and now it is only a curiosity. We walked about on the top and studied its simple, massive workmanship, and looked upon the plains of Mongolia, over which the dreaded Tartar came. On one side of the wall was China, on the other Mongolia. We were at the furthest end of our journey, and every step now would be toward home. There was something like a farewell in the feeling with which we looked upon the cold land of mystery which swept on toward the north—cold and barren even under the warm sunshine. There was something like a welcome in the waves as we again greeted them, and knew that the sea upon which we are again venturing with the confidence that comes from long and friendly association, would carry us home to America, and brighten even that journey with a glimpse of the land of the rising sun.

At five in the afternoon we were under way. The ocean settled into a dead calm—a blessing not always vouchsafed in the China seas. We ran along all night across the gulf, and early in the morning found ourselves at Chefoo. Judge Denny had gone ahead, Chefoo being within his consular jurisdiction, to see that all preparations were made for the reception of General Grant. Chefoo is a port, a summer watering-place for the European residents of Shanghai and Tientsin. The bay, when we came, was studded with junks, which were massed close to the shore. A fleet of gun-boats were drawn up near the landing, and were streaming with flags on account of the arrival. We landed about eleven, and the barge made a detour through the fleet. The vessels all fired salutes, and the

point of debarkation was tastefully decorated. The General and Mrs. Grant on landing were met by Consul Denny, the vice-consul, Mr. C. L. Simpson, the commissioner of customs, and all the foreign residents. The General's party were escorted to a small pavilion, where presentations took place to the ladies and gentlemen present. From here there was a procession about a quarter of a mile to the house of the vice-consul. The foreign settlement and the custom-house building were decorated. Chinese troops from the Viceroy's army were drawn up on both sides of the road. A temporary arch was erected, in which the American and Chinese flags were intertwined. Mounted Chinese officers rode ahead, and the General followed after in a chair carried by eight bearers. The people of the Chinese town had turned out, and amid the firing of cannon, the playing of Chinese music, and the steady, stolid, inquiring gaze of thousands,



A MORNING WALK.

we were carried to the Consulate. Here there was luncheon. After luncheon General Grant strolled about the town, and in the evening attended a dinner at the house of the customs commissioner, Mr. Simpson. At the end of the dinner there was a ball, attended by most of the officers of the "Richmond" and the "Ashuelot," and the principal residents. There were fireworks, lanterns, and illuminations, and the little conservative town had quite a holiday.

At midnight General Grant and party, accompanied by Captain Benham, returned on board the "Richmond." There was one incident on the return of a novel and picturesque character. According to the regulations of the American navy no salutes can be fired by men-of-war after the sun goes down. But the "Richmond" was to sail as soon as the General embarked, and before the sun arose would be out at sea. So the Chinese gun-boats sent word that they would fire twenty-one guns as General Grant passed on his barge. The announcement caused some consternation in the well-ordered minds of our naval friends, and there was a grave discussion as to what regulations permitted under the circumstances. It would be rude to China not to return her salute. There were especial reasons for going out of the way to recognize any honor shown us by the Chinese. Our mission in those lands, so far as it was a mission, was one of peace and courtesy and good-will. Captain Benham, with the ready ability and common sense which as a naval officer he possesses in an eminent degree, decided that the courtesy should be honored and answered gun for gun, and that in so doing he would be carrying out in spirit, at least, the regulations which should govern a naval commander. So it came to pass that Lieutenant-Commander Clarke found himself performing a duty which, I suppose, never before devolved upon a naval officer, holding a midnight watch with the gun-crew at quarters ready for the signal which was to justify him in startling the repose of nature on sea and shore with the hoarse and lurid menace of his guns. General Grant's launch had hardly moved before the Chinese gun-boats thundered forth, gun after gun, their terrifying compliment. These

boats have no saluting batteries, and as the guns fired were of heavy caliber, the effect of the fire was startling. The General's launch slowly steamed on, the smoke of the guns rolling along the surface of the waves and clouding the stars. When the last gun was fired there was a pause, and far off in the darkness our vessel, like a phantom ship, silent and brooding, suddenly took life, and a bolt of fire came from her bows, followed swiftly by the sullen roar of the guns. A salute of cannon under any circumstances is imposing. There is so much sincerity in the voice of a cannon that you listen to it as the voice of truth. The power it embodies is pitiless and awful, and felt at night, amid the solemn silence of the universe, it becomes indescribably grand. I have seen few things more impressive than the midnight salute fired at Chefoo in honor of General Grant.

So it came to pass that at midnight, in fire and flame—the angry echoes leaping from shore to shore, and from hill to hill, and over the tranquil waters of a whispering sea—we said farewell to China. Farewell, and again farewell to the land of poetry and romance, antiquity and dreams, of so much capacity, of so little promise, whose civilization is in some things a wonder to us, and in others a reproach. We are but as children in the presence of an empire whose population is ten times as large as ours, whose dominions are more extensive, whose records have gone back unbroken and unquestioned to the ages of our mythology, whose influence has been felt in every part of the world, whose religion and culture and achievements excite the admiration of the learned, and whose conservatism has stood the shock and solicitation of every age. Ancient, vast, unyielding, impenetrable, China sits enthroned in the solitude of Asia, remembering that she was in her splendor before the Roman empire was born, and that her power has survived the mutations of every age. What is her power to-day? That is the question of the nineteenth century, and it is a question which cannot be asked too seriously.

We have had many talks about China among the members of our party—many discussions of this Chinese question. Gen-

eral Grant, during one of these talks, made one or two observations worthy, perhaps, of remembrance. "To those who travel for the love of travel," said the General, "there is little to attract in China or to induce a second visit. My own visit has, however, been under the most favorable circumstances for seeing the people and studying their institutions. My impression is a very favorable one. The Chinese are enduring, patient to the last degree, industrious, and have brought living down to a minimum. By their shrewdness and economy they



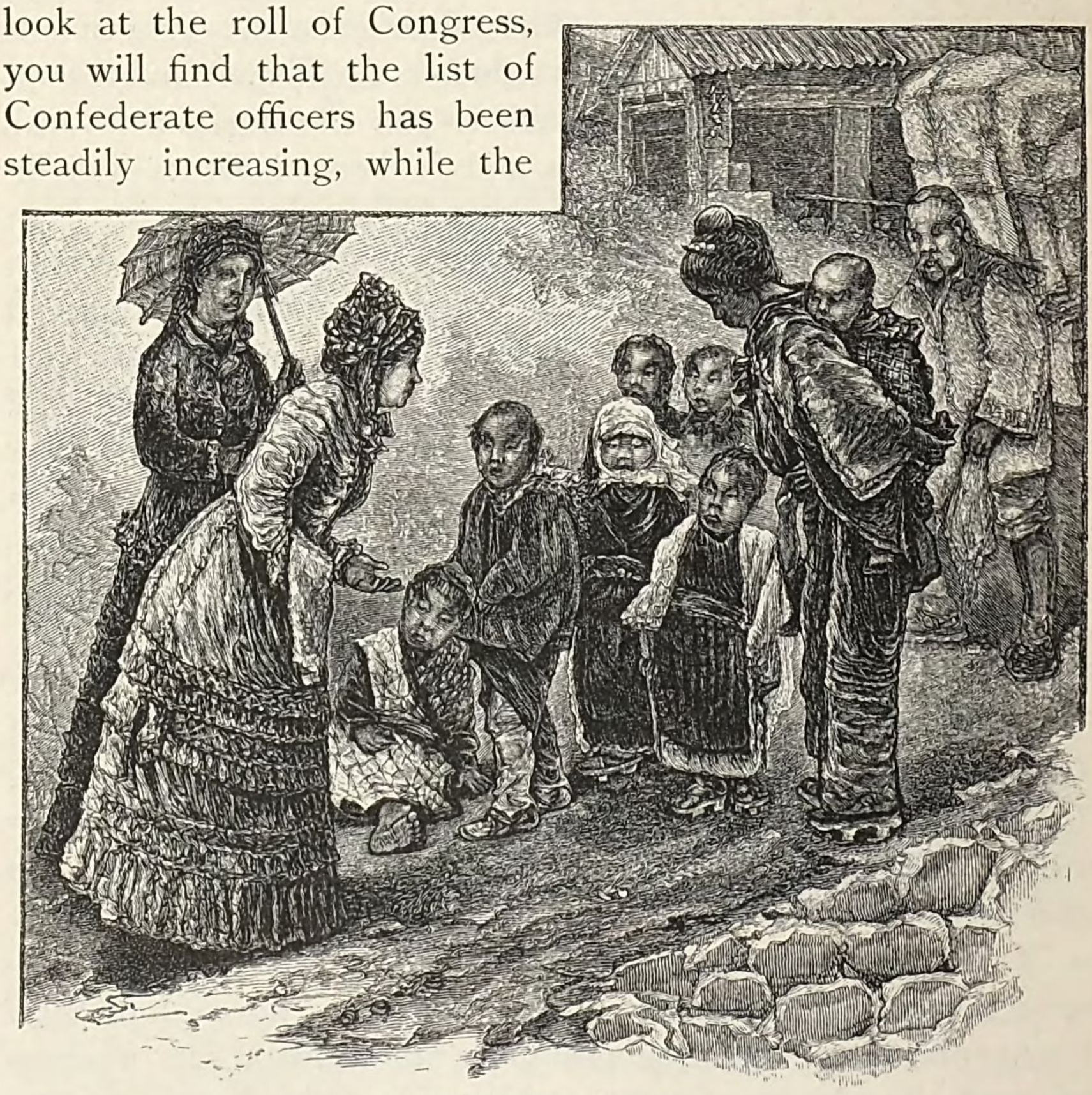
THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

have monopolized nearly all the carrying trade, coastwise, of the East, and are driving out all the other merchants. Through India, Malacca, Siam, and the islands from the shores of Africa to Japan, they are the mechanics, market gardeners, stevedores, small traders, servants, and in all callings that contribute to material progress. The Chinese are not a military power, and could not defend themselves against even a small European power. But they have the elements of a strong, great, and independent empire, and may, before many years roll around, assert their power. The leading men thoroughly appreciate

their weakness, but understand the history of Turkey, Egypt, and other powers that have made rapid strides toward the new civilization on borrowed capital and under foreign management and control. They know what the result of all that interference has been so far as national independence is concerned. The idea of those leading men of China with whom I have conversed—and I have seen most of those in the government of the empire—is to gradually educate a sufficient number of their own people to fill all places in the development of railroads, manufactories, telegraphs, and all those elements of civilization so new to them but common and even old with us. Then the Chinese, with their own people to do the work, and with their own capital, will commence a serious advance. I should not be surprised to hear within the next twenty years, if I should live so long, more complaints of Chinese absorption of the trade and commerce of the world than we hear now of their backward position. But before this change there must be a marked political change in China. It may even affect the dynasty, although that will depend upon the dynasty. The present form gives no State powers whatever. It may take off the heads of weak offenders or of a few obnoxious persons, but it is as weak against outside persons as America would be if States rights, as interpreted by Southern Democrats, prevailed. There are too many powers within the government to prevent the whole from exercising its full strength against a common enemy."

During our trip over the China seas it was pleasant to resume our conversations on home subjects and home memories. I remember a conversation with General Grant on war mementos, and the theory of some public men in the North that no memory of the war—no monument—should be preserved. "I never saw a war picture," said the General, "that was pleasant. I tried to enjoy some of those in Versailles, but they were disgusting. At the same time, there was nothing in our war to be ashamed of, and I believe in cherishing the memories of the war so far as they recall the sacrifices of our people for the Union. Personally, I have reason to be more than satisfied

with the estimate the American people have placed upon my services. I see no reason for dissatisfaction on the part of any of the chiefs of the army. But the South has been kinder to her soldiers than the North to those who composed her armies. In the South there is no surer way to public esteem than to have served in the army. In the North it is different. If you look at the roll of Congress, you will find that the list of Confederate officers has been steadily increasing, while the



THE CHILDREN ON THE SHORE.

list of Federal officers has decreased. I can only recall two senators who had any rank in our army, Burnside and Logan. In the House there are very few—Banks, Butler, and Garfield are all that occur to me. It makes one melancholy to see this diminishing roll. While I would do nothing to revive unhappy memories in the South, I do not like to see our soldiers

apologize for the war. Apart from the triumph of the Union, and the emancipation of the slaves, one of the great results of the war was the position it gave us as a nation among the nations of the world. That I have seen every day during my residence abroad, and to me it is one of the most gratifying results of the war. That alone was worth making a great sacrifice for."

"When I took command of the army," said General Grant on one occasion, "I had a dream that I tried to realize—to reunite and recreate the whole army. I talked it over with Sherman. Sherman and I knew so many fine, brave officers. We knew them in West Point and the army. We had the sympathy of former comradeship. Neither Sherman nor I had been in any way concerned in Eastern troubles, and we knew that there were no better soldiers in the army than some of those who were under a cloud with Mr. Stanton. Then I wanted to make the war as national as possible, to bring in all parties. I was anxious especially to conciliate and recognize the Democratic element. The country belonged as well to the Democrats as to us, and I did not believe in a Republican war. I felt that we needed every musket and every sword to put down the rebellion. So when I came East I came prepared and anxious to assign McClellan, Buell, and others to command. I had confidence in their ability and loyalty, confidence which, notwithstanding our differences in politics, has never faltered. But I was disappointed."

The question was asked as to whether Lincoln's administration prevented General Grant from carrying out this purpose. "Not at all," said the General, "the difficulties were not with the administration. The generals were not in a humor to be conciliated. I soon saw my plan was not feasible, and gave it up. I was very sorry, as I should have liked to have had McClellan and Buell, and others I could name, in important commands.

"In looking back at the war," said the General, "it seems most unfortunate both for themselves and the country that these officers should not have made the place in the war which

their abilities would have commanded, and that they should not have rendered their country the service which every soldier is proud to do. I have always regretted that. We had work for everybody during the war, for those especially who knew the business. What interfered with our officers more than anything else was allowing themselves a political bias. That is fatal to a soldier. War and politics are so different. I remember my own feelings about the war when it commenced. I could not endure the thought of the Union separating. When I was in St. Louis the year before Lincoln's election, it made my blood run cold to hear friends of mine, Southern men—as many of my friends were—deliberately discuss the dissolution of the Union as though it were a tariff bill. I could not endure it. The very thought of it was a pain. I wanted to leave the country if disunion was accomplished. I could not have lived in the country. It was this feeling that impelled me to volunteer. I was a poor man, with a family. I never thought of commands or battles. I only wanted to fight for the Union. That feeling carried me through the war. I never felt any special pleasure in my promotions. I was naturally glad when they came. But I never thought of it. The only promotion that I ever rejoiced in was when I was made major-general in the regular army. I was happy over that, because it made me the junior major-general, and I hoped, when the war was over, that I could live in California. I had been yearning for the opportunity to return to California, and I saw it in that promotion. When I was given a higher command, I was sorry, because it involved a residence in Washington, which, at that time, of all places in the country I disliked, and it dissolved my hopes of a return to the Pacific coast. I came to like Washington, however, when I knew it. My only feeling in the war was a desire to see it over and the rebellion suppressed. I do not remember ever to have considered the possibility of a dissolution. It never entered into my head, for instance, to consider the terms we should take from the South if beaten. I never heard Mr. Lincoln allude to such a thing, and I do not think he ever considered it. When the commissioners came

to Hampton Roads to talk peace, he said peace could only be talked about on the basis of the restoration of the Union and the abolition of slavery. That was my only platform, and whenever generals went beyond that to talk of conciliation, and hurting brethren, and States rights, and so on, they made a fatal blunder. A soldier has no right to consider these things. His duty is to destroy his enemy as quickly as possible. I never knew a case of an officer who went into the war with political ideas who succeeded. I do not mean Democratic ideas alone, but Republican as well. The generals who insisted upon writing emancipation proclamations, and creating new theories of State governments, and invading Canada, all came to grief as surely as those who believed that the main object of the war was to protect rebel property, and keep the negroes at work on the plantations while their masters were off in the rebellion. I had my views on all of these subjects, as decided as any man, but I never allowed them to influence me.



CHINESE PHYSICIAN.

"With a soldier the flag is paramount," said the General. "I know the struggle with my conscience during the Mexican War. I have never altogether forgiven myself for going into that. I had very strong opinions on the subject. I do not

think there was ever a more wicked war than that waged by the United States on Mexico. I thought so at the time, when I was a youngster, only I had not moral courage enough to resign. I had taken an oath to serve eight years, unless sooner discharged, and I considered my supreme duty was to my flag. I had a horror of the Mexican War, and I have always believed that it was on our part most unjust. The wickedness was not in the way our soldiers conducted it, but in the conduct of our government in declaring war. The troops behaved well in Mexico, and the government acted handsomely about the peace. We had no claim on Mexico. Texas had no claim beyond the Nueces River, and yet we pushed on to the Rio Grande and crossed it. I am always ashamed of my country when I think of that invasion. Once in Mexico, however, and the people, those who had property, were our friends. We could have held Mexico, and made it a permanent section of the Union with the consent of all classes whose consent was worth having. Overtures were made to Scott and Worth to remain in the country with their armies. The Mexicans are a good people. They live on little and work hard. They suffer from the influence of the Church, which, while I was in Mexico at least, was as bad as could be. The Mexicans were good soldiers, but badly commanded. The country is rich, and if the people could be assured a good government, they would prosper. See what we have made of Texas and California—empires. There are the same materials for new empires in Mexico. I have always had a deep interest in Mexico and her people, and have always wished them well. I suppose the fact that I served there as a young man, and the impressions the country made upon my young mind, have a good deal to do with this. When I was in London, talking with Lord Beaconsfield, he spoke of Mexico. He said he wished to heaven we had taken the country, that England would not like anything better than to see the United States annex it. I suppose that will be the future of the country. Now that slavery is out of the way there could be no better future for Mexico than absorption in the United States. But it would have to come, as San

Domingo tried to come, by the free will of the people. I would not fire a gun to annex territory. I consider it too great a privilege to belong to the United States for us to go around gunning for new territories. Then the question of annexa-



FAREWELL TO CHINA.

tion means the question of suffrage, and that becomes more and more serious every day with us. That is one of the grave problems of our future.

"When the Mexican War broke out," said the General, "my ambition was to become an assistant professor of mathematics

in West Point. I think I would have been appointed. But so many officers from my regiment had been assigned to other duties that it was nearly stripped, and although I should have been glad to have found an honorable release from serving in a war which I detested and deplored as much as I did our war with Mexico, I had not the heart to press the matter. But in that day conduct counted against a cadet to such a degree that any special excellence in study would be affected by the manner in which he tied his shoes. 'Conduct' did not mean necessarily bad, immoral conduct, but late rising, negligence in dress, and so on. Schofield is one of the best mathematicians in the country, and in other respects a very superior man. Yet his marks in conduct kept him down. The same with Sheridan. Poor Sheridan was put back a year in his course for a row with one of his cadets, and was so low in conduct that in the end he only squeezed through. This conduct rule was an injustice in its old operation; and one reason why I assigned Schofield to command West Point was, that knowing how the rule worked in his day, and against so able a man as himself, he might amend it. I think West Point is the best school in the world. I do not mean the highest grade, but the most thorough in its discipline. A boy to go through four years in West Point, must have the essential elements of a strong, manly character. Lacking any of these he must fail. I hear army men say their happiest days were at West Point. I never had that experience. The most trying days in my life were those I spent there, and I never recall them with pleasure.

"I was never more delighted at anything," said the General, "than the close of the war. I never liked service in the army—not as a young officer. I did not want to go to West Point. My appointment was an accident, and my father had to use his authority to make me go. If I could have escaped West Point without bringing myself into disgrace at home, I would have done so. I remember about the time I entered the academy there were debates in Congress over a proposal to abolish West Point. I used to look over the papers, and read the Congress reports with eagerness, to see the progress

the bill made, and hoping to hear that the school had been abolished, and that I could go home to my father without being in disgrace. I never went into a battle willingly or with enthusiasm. I was always glad when a battle was over. I never want to command another army. I take no interest in

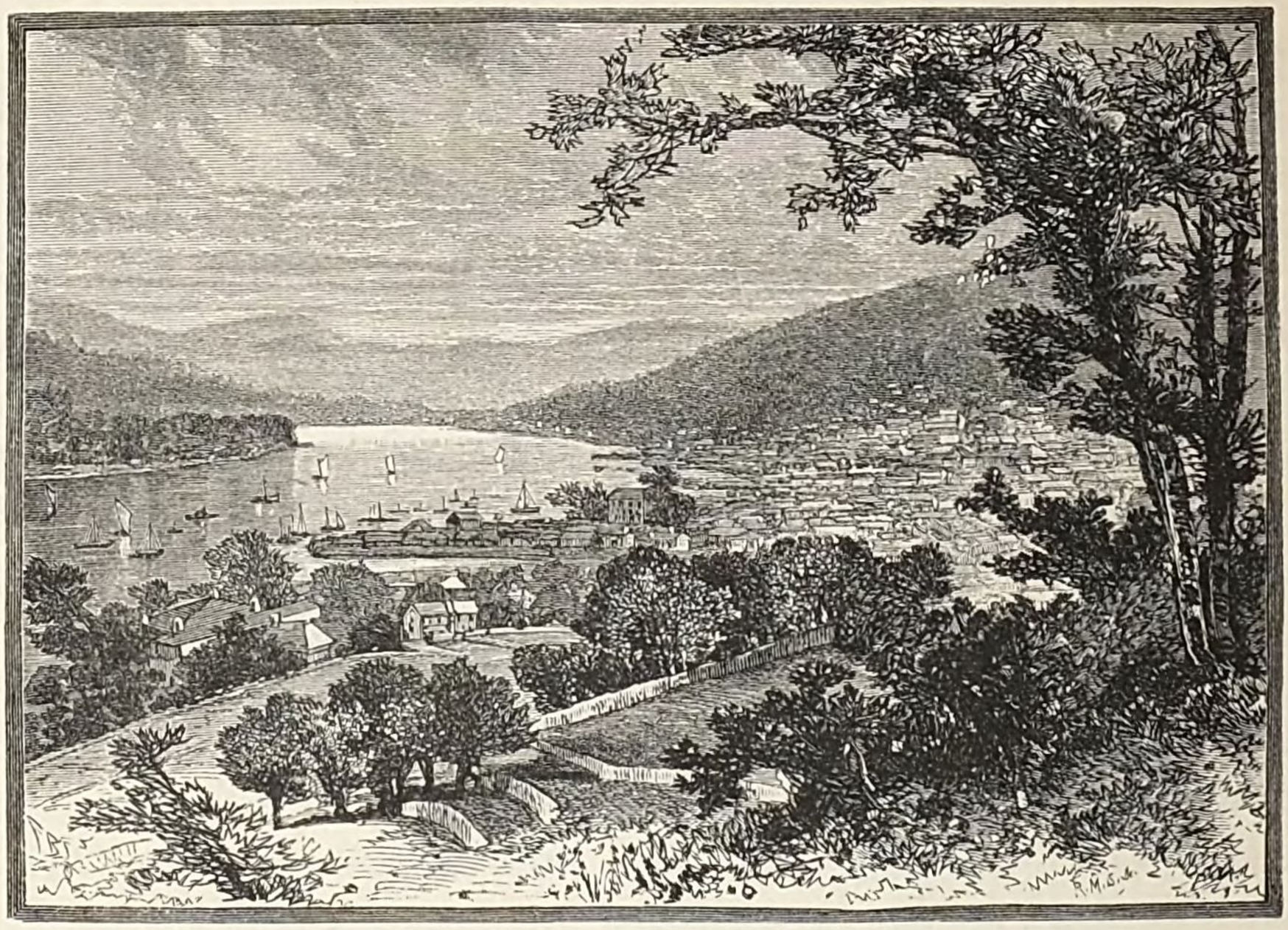


A CLOSE SHAVE.

armies. When the Duke of Cambridge asked me to review his troops at Aldershott I told his Royal Highness that the one thing I never wanted to see again was a military parade. When I resigned from the army and went to a farm I was happy. When the rebellion came I returned to the service because it was a duty. I had no thought of rank; all I did was to try and make myself useful. My first commission as

brigadier came in the unanimous indorsement of the delegation from Illinois. I do not think I knew any of the members but Washburne, and I did not know him very well. It was only after Donelson that I began to see how important was the work that Providence devolved upon me. And yet after Donelson I was in disgrace and under arrest, and practically without a command, because of some misunderstanding on the part of Halleck. It all came right in time. I never bore Halleck ill will for it, and we remained friendly. He was in command, and it was his duty to command as he pleased. But I hardly know what would have come of it, as far as I was concerned, had not the country interfered. You see Donelson was our first clear victory, and you will remember the enthusiasm that came with it. The country saved me from Halleck's displeasure. When other commands came I always regretted them. When the bill creating the grade of Lieutenant-General was proposed, with my name as the Lieutenant-General, I wrote Mr. Washburne opposing it. I did not want it. I found that the bill was right and I was wrong, when I came to command the Army of the Potomac—that a head was needed to the army. I did not want the Presidency, and have never quite forgiven myself for resigning the command of the army to accept it; but it could not be helped. I owed my honors and opportunities to the Republican party, and if my name could aid it I was bound to accept. The second nomination was almost due to me—if I may use the phrase—because of the bitterness of political and personal opponents. My re-election was a great gratification, because it showed me how the country felt. Then came all the discussions about the third term. I gave my views on that in my letters to Senator White, of Pennsylvania. It is not known, however, how strongly I was pressed to enter the canvass as a candidate. I was waited upon formally by a distinguished man, representing the influences that would have controlled the Republicans in the South, and asked to allow my name to be used. This request was supported by men in the Northern States whose position and character are unquestioned. I said then that under no circumstances would I be-

come a candidate. Even if a nomination and an election were assured I would not run. The nomination, if I ran, would be after a struggle, and before it had been unanimous. The election, if I should win, would be after a struggle, and the result would be far different from what it was before. If I succeeded, and tried to do my best, my very best, I should still have a crippled administration. This was the public view. I never had any illusions on the subject, never allowed myself to be swayed for an instant from my purpose. The pressure was great. But personally I was weary of office. I never wanted to get out of a place as much as I did to get out of the Presidency. For sixteen years, from the opening of the war, it had been a constant strain upon me. So when the third term was seriously presented to me I peremptorily declined it."



NAGASAKI.

CHAPTER XL.

CONVERSATIONS WITH GENERAL GRANT—ARRIVAL IN JAPAN.

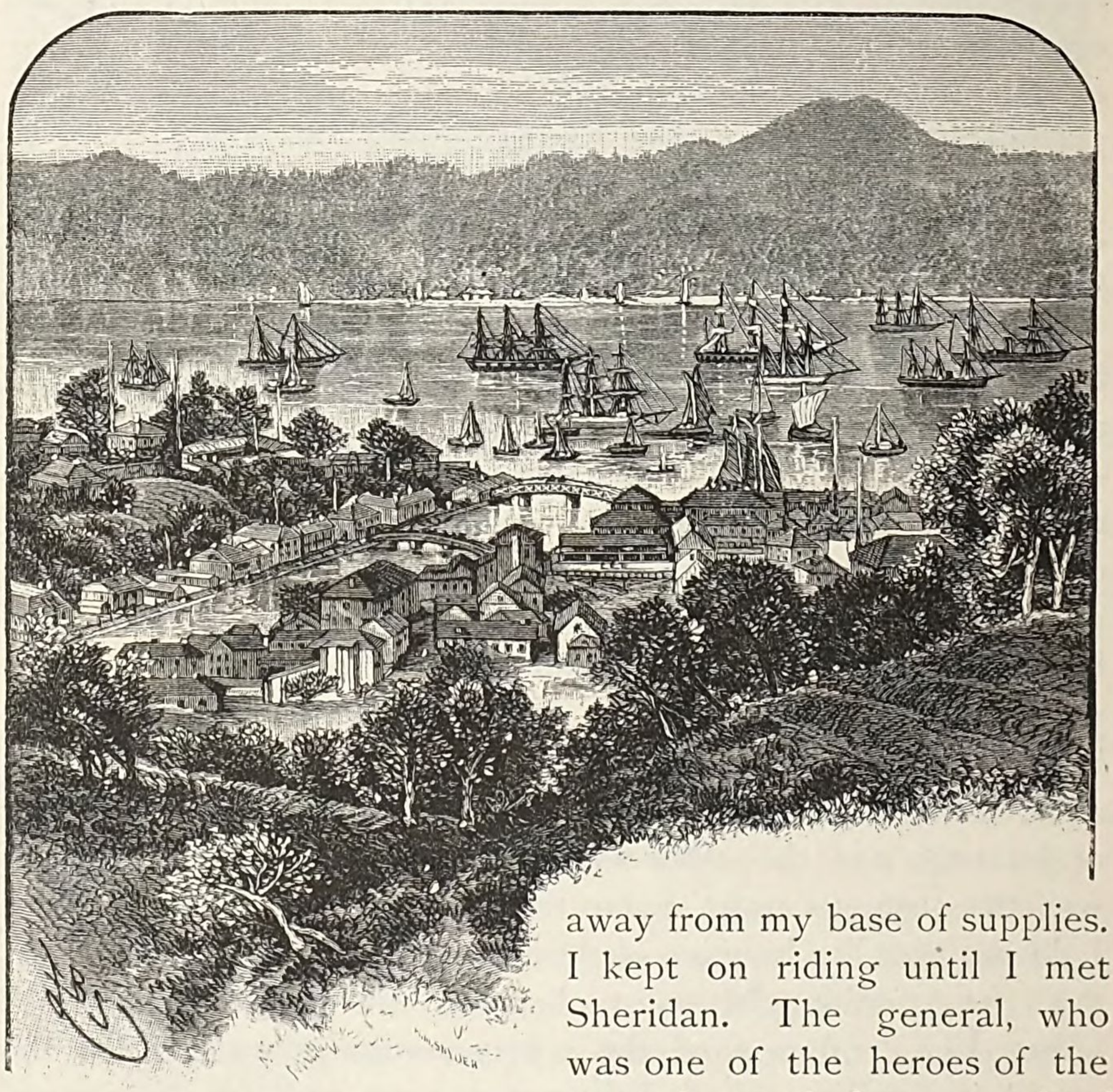
THERE was no special incident on our journey from Chefoo, except on the morning of June 18th, when the sea rose and the wind became a gale. We had had so much good weather since we left Marseilles, that when we came on deck and saw a white, frothing sea, the thermometer going down, and Captain Benham leaning over the rail and looking anxiously at the clouds, we were not in a critical but a grateful mood, for has it not been written that into all lives some rain must fall—some days be dark and dreary? At dinner in the ward-room one of my naval friends had expressed a disgust at the condition of the weather, saying that if these calm seas continued, our grandparents would take to a seafaring life, as the most comfortable way of spending their declining years. Captain Benham watched the storm for

an hour, and then sent word to the "Ashuelot," which was in our rear, to run for a harbor. Our storm was a circular cyclone, a species of tempest that sometimes prevails in these seas. We were on the edge of it, and by moderating our pace, and keeping out of its way, we avoided its fury. By seven o'clock Lieutenant Patch came in from the watch with the cheerful news that the thermometer was going up and the sea was going down. In the morning all was clear and calm again, and we rejoiced in the sunshine and looked for the green shores of Japan.

I again take advantage of the pleasant hours of sailing over a calm sea to recall my memories of the conversations with General Grant.

Here before me is the narrative of Lee's surrender: "On the night before Lee's surrender," said General Grant, "I had a wretched headache—headaches to which I have been subject—nervous prostration, intense personal suffering. But, suffer or not, I had to keep moving. I saw clearly, especially after Sheridan had cut off the escape to Danville, that Lee must surrender or break and run into the mountains—break in all directions and leave us a dozen guerilla bands to fight. The object of my campaign was not Richmond, not the defeat of Lee in actual fight, but to remove him and his army out of the contest, and, if possible, to have him use his influence in inducing the surrender of Johnston and the other isolated armies. You see the war was an enormous strain upon the country. Rich as we were I do not now see how we could have endured it another year, even from a financial point of view. So with these views I wrote Lee, and opened the correspondence with which the world is familiar. Lee does not appear well in that correspondence, not nearly so well as he did in our subsequent interviews, where his whole bearing was that of a patriotic and gallant soldier, concerned alone for the welfare of his army and his state. I received word that Lee would meet me at a point within our lines near Sheridan's head-quarters. I had to ride quite a distance through a muddy country. I remember now that I was concerned about my personal appearance. I had an

old suit on, without my sword, and without any distinguishing mark of rank except the shoulder-straps of a lieutenant-general on a woolen blouse. I was splashed with mud in my long ride. I was afraid Lee might think I meant to show him studied discourtesy by so coming—at least I thought so. But I had no other clothes within reach, as Lee's letter found me



INNER HARBOR OF NAGASAKI.

away from my base of supplies. I kept on riding until I met Sheridan. The general, who was one of the heroes of the campaign, and whose pursuit of Lee was perfect in its generalship and energy, told me where to find Lee. I remember that Sheridan was impatient when I met him, anxious and suspicious about the whole business, feared there might be a plan to escape, that he had Lee at his feet, and wanted to end the business by going in and forcing an absolute surrender by capture. In fact, he had his troops ready for such an assault when Lee's

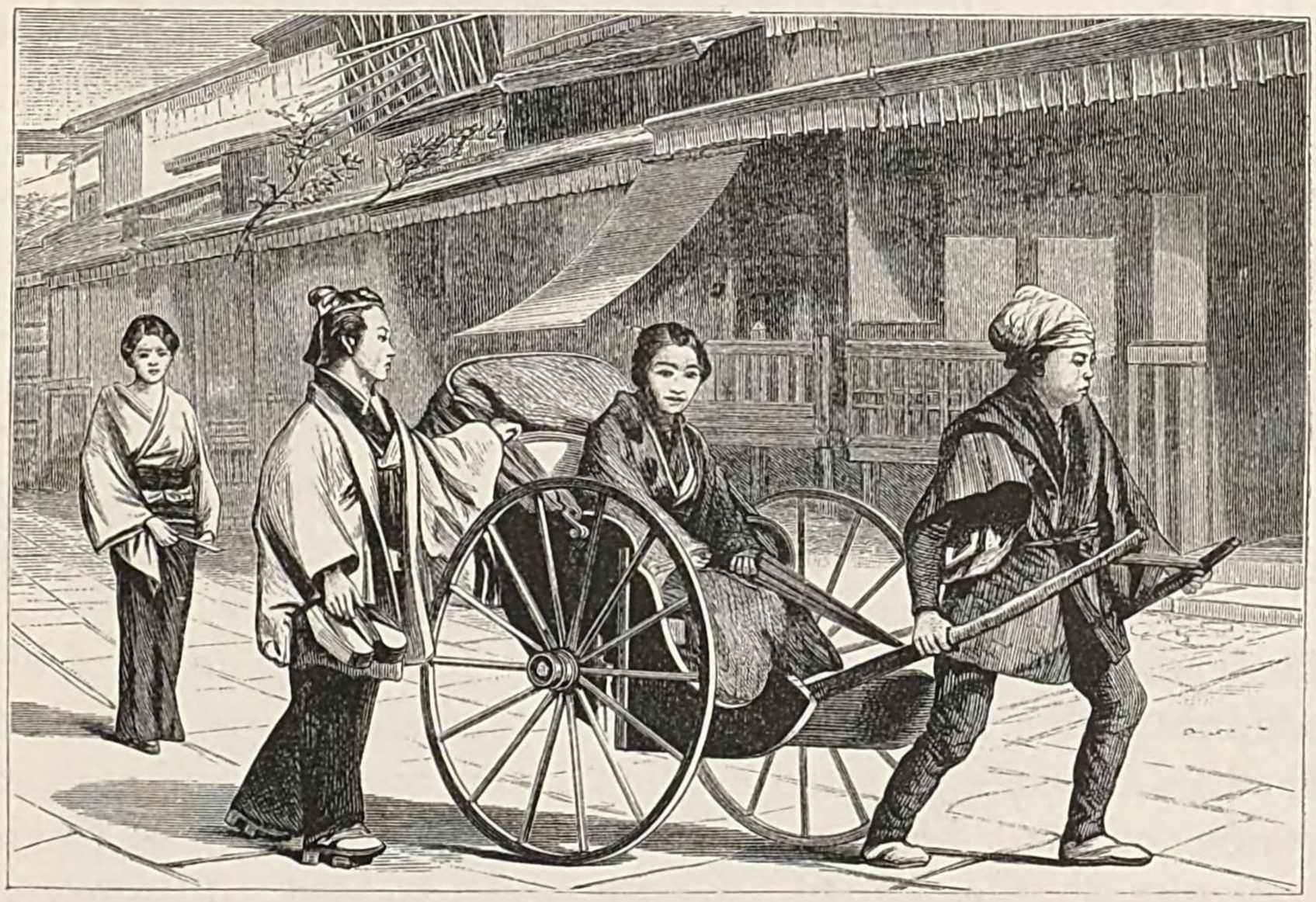
white flag came within his lines. I went up to the house where Lee was waiting. I found him in a fine, new, splendid uniform, which only recalled my anxiety as to my own clothes while on my way to meet him. I expressed my regret that I was compelled to meet him in so unceremonious a manner, and he replied that the only suit he had available was one which had been sent him by some admirers in Baltimore, and which he then wore for the first time. We spoke of old friends in the army. I remembered having seen Lee in Mexico. He was so much higher in rank than myself at the time that I supposed he had no recollection of me. But he said he remembered me very well. We talked of old times and exchanged inquiries about friends. Lee then broached the subject of our meeting. I told him my terms, and Lee, listening attentively, asked me to write them down. I took out my 'manifold' order-book and pencil and wrote them down. General Lee put on his glasses and read them over. The conditions gave the officers their side-arms, private horses, and personal baggage. I said to Lee that I hoped and believed this would be the close of the war; that it was most important that the men should go home and go to work, and the government would not throw any obstacles in the way. Lee answered that it would have a most happy effect, and accepted the terms. I handed over my penciled memorandum to an aide to put into ink, and we resumed our conversation about old times and friends in the armies. Various officers came in—Longstreet, Gordon, Pickett, from the South; Sheridan, Ord, and others from our side. Some were old friends—Longstreet and myself, for instance, and we had a general talk. Lee no doubt expected me to ask for his sword, but I did not want his sword. It would only," said the General, smiling, "have gone to the Patent Office to be worshiped by the Washington rebels. There was a pause, when General Lee said that most of the animals in his cavalry and artillery were owned by the privates, and he would like to know, under the terms, whether they would be regarded as private property or the property of the government. I said that under the terms of surrender

they belonged to the government. General Lee read over the letter and said that was so. I then said to the general that I believed and hoped this was the last battle of the war; that I saw the wisdom of these men getting home and to work as soon as possible, and that I would give orders to allow any soldier or officer claiming a horse or a mule to take it. General Lee showed some emotion at this—a feeling which I also shared—and said it would have a most happy effect. The interview ended, and I gave orders for rationing his troops. The next day I met Lee on horseback and we had a long talk. In that conversation I urged upon Lee the wisdom of ending the war by the surrender of the other armies. I asked him to use his influence with the people of the South—an influence that was supreme—to bring the war to an end. General Lee said that his campaign in Virginia was the last organized resistance which the South was capable of making—that I might have to march a good deal and encounter isolated commands here and there; but there was no longer any army which could make a stand. I told Lee that this fact only made his responsibility greater, and any further war would be a crime. I asked him to go among the Southern people and use his influence to have all men under arms surrender on the same terms given to the army of Northern Virginia. He replied he could not do so without consultation with President Davis. I was sorry. I saw that the Confederacy had gone beyond the reach of President Davis, and that there was nothing that could be done except what Lee could do to benefit the Southern people. I was anxious to get them home and have our armies go to their homes and fields. But Lee would not move without Davis, and as a matter of fact at that time, or soon after, Davis was a fugitive in the woods."

This led to a remark as to the great and universal fame of Lee—especially in Europe—a reputation which seemed to grow every day.

"I never ranked Lee as high as some others of the army," said the General, "that is to say, I never had as much anxiety when he was in my front as when Joe Johnston was in front.

Lee was a good man, a fair commander, who had everything in his favor. He was a man who needed sunshine. He was supported by the unanimous voice of the South; he was supported by a large party in the North; he had the support and sympathy of the outside world. All this is of an immense advantage to a general. Lee had this in a remarkable degree. Everything he did was right. He was treated like a demi-god. Our generals had a hostile press, lukewarm friends, and a public opinion outside. The cry was in the air that the North



THE JINRICKSHAW.

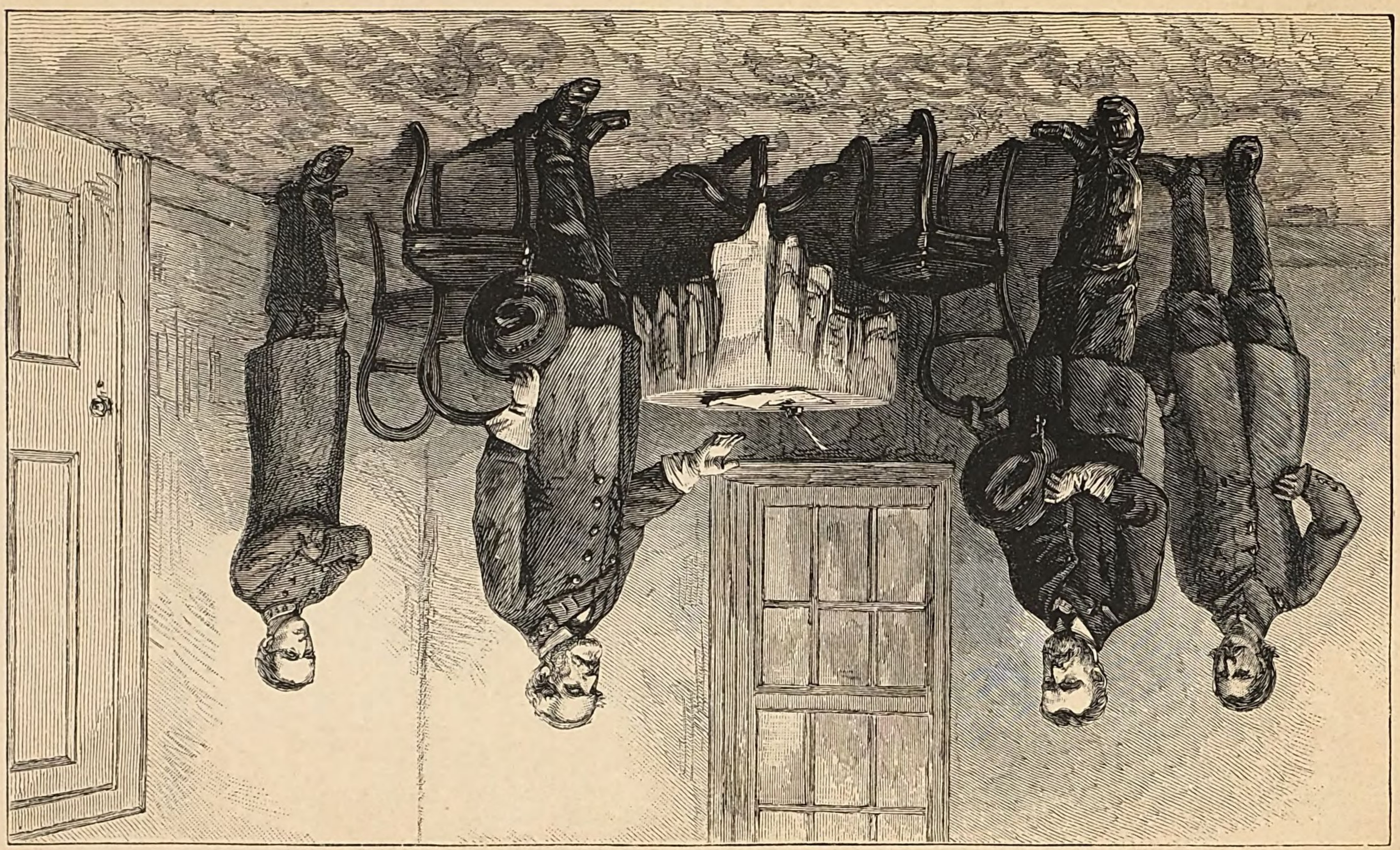
only won by brute force; that the generalship and valor were with the South. This has gone into history, with so many other illusions that are historical. Lee was of a slow, conservative, cautious nature, without imagination or humor, always the same, with grave dignity. I never could see in his achievements what justifies his reputation. The illusion that nothing but heavy odds beat him will not stand the ultimate light of history. I know it is not true. Lee was a good deal of a head-quarters general; a desk general, from what I can hear, and from what his officers say. He was almost too old for

active service—the best service in the field. At the time of the surrender he was fifty-eight or fifty-nine and I was forty-three. His officers used to say that he posed himself, that he was retiring and exclusive, and that his head-quarters were difficult of access. I remember when the commissioners came through our lines to treat, just before the surrender, that one of them remarked on the great difference between our head-quarters and Lee's. I always kept open house at head-quarters, so far as the army was concerned.

"My anxiety," said the General, "for some time before Richmond fell was lest Lee should abandon it. My pursuit of Lee was hazardous. I was in a position of extreme difficulty. You see I was marching away from my supplies, while Lee was falling back on his supplies. If Lee had continued his flight another day I should have had to abandon the pursuit, fall back to Danville, build the railroad, and feed my army. So far as supplies were concerned, I was almost at my last gasp when the surrender took place."

The writer recalled a rumor, current at the time, about the intention of President Johnson to arrest Lee. "Yes," said the General, "Mr. Johnson had made up his mind to arrest Lee and the leading Southern officers. It was in the beginning of his administration, when he was making speeches saying he had resolved to make all treason odious. He was addressing delegations on the subject, and offering rewards for Jefferson Davis and others. Upon Lee's arrest he had decided. I protested again and again. It finally came up in Cabinet, and the only Minister who supported my views openly was Seward. I always said the parole of Lee protected him as long as he observed it. On one occasion Mr. Johnson spoke of Lee, and wanted to know why any military commander had a right to protect an arch-traitor from the laws. I was angry at this, and I spoke earnestly and plainly to the President. I said, that as General, it was none of my business what he or Congress did with General Lee or his other commanders. He might do as he pleased about civil rights, confiscation of property, and so on. That did not come in my province. But a general com-

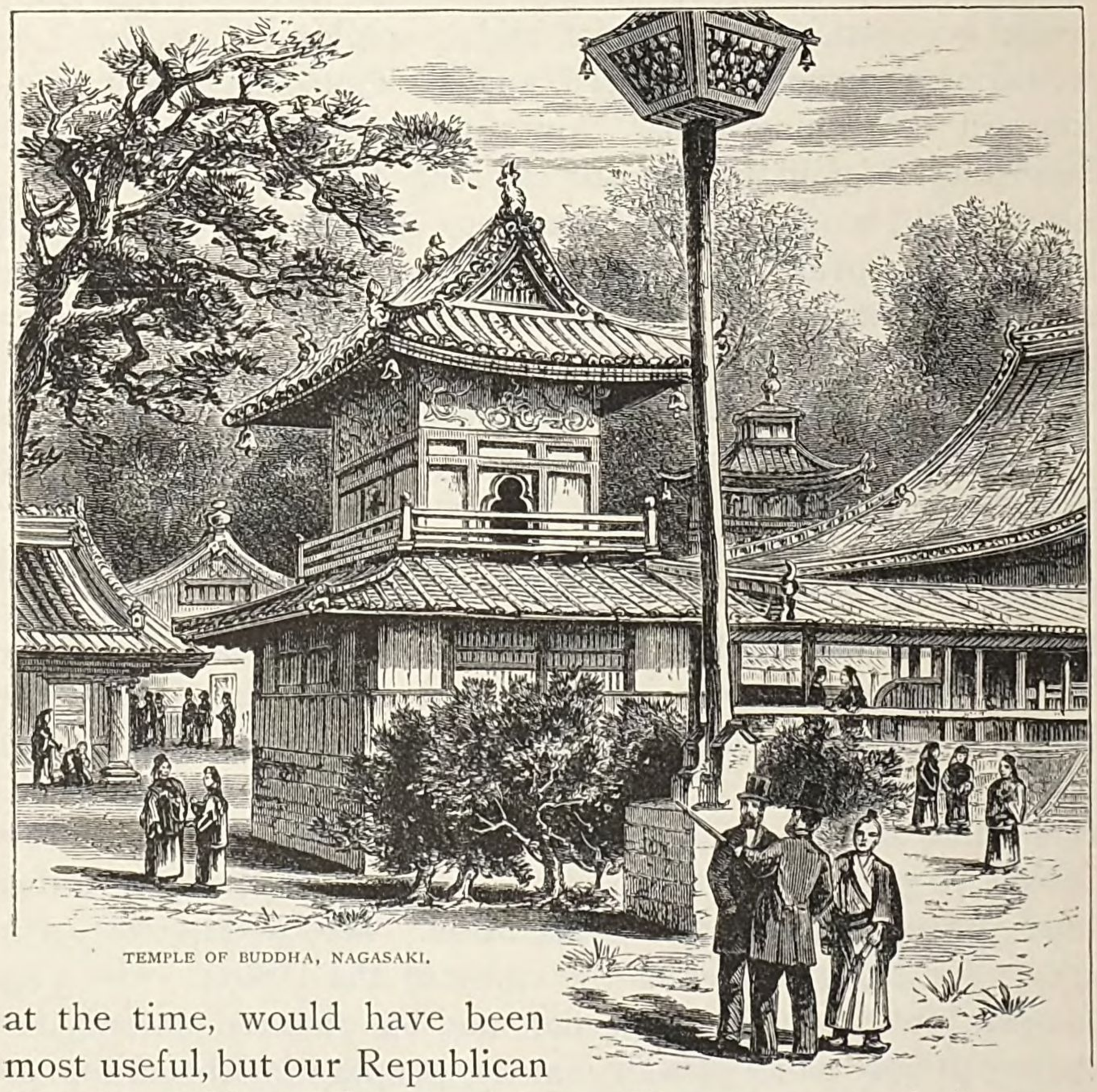
SURRENDER OF LEE.



manding troops has certain responsibilities and duties and power, which are supreme. He must deal with the enemy in front of him so as to destroy him. He may either kill him, capture him, or parole him. His engagements are sacred so far as they lead to the destruction of the foe. I had made certain terms with Lee—the best and only terms. If I had told him and his army that their liberty would be invaded, that they would be open to arrest, trial, and execution for treason, Lee would never have surrendered, and we should have lost many lives in destroying him. Now my terms of surrender were according to military law, and so long as Lee was observing his parole I would never consent to his arrest. Mr. Seward nodded approval. I remember feeling very strongly on the subject. The matter was allowed to die out. I should have resigned the command of the army rather than have carried out any order directing me to arrest Lee or any of his commanders who obeyed the laws. By the way, one reason why Mosby became such a friend of mine was because as General I gave him a safe-conduct to allow him to practice law and earn a living. Our officers in Virginia used to arrest leading Confederates whenever they moved out of their homes. Mrs. Mosby went to Mr. Johnson and asked that her husband might be allowed to earn his living. But the President was in a furious mood, and told her treason must be made odious, and so on. She came to me in distress, and I gave the order to allow Mosby to pass and repass freely. I had no recollection of this until Mosby called it to my attention. Mosby deserves great credit for his sacrifices in the cause of the Union. He is an honest, brave, conscientious man, and has suffered severely for daring to vote as he pleased among people who hailed him as a hero and in whose behalf he risked his life.

"I was anxious to pardon Breckenridge," said the General, "during my administration, but when I mentioned the matter to some of my colleagues of the Senate, I found it could not be done. Breckenridge was most anxious to restore the Union to good relations. He was among the last to go over to the South, and was rather dragged into the position.

I believe the influence of a man like Breckenridge in Kentucky would have been most beneficial. I talked with my father a good deal about it—he knew a good deal about Kentucky politics. I thought if we pardoned Breckenridge, he could become a candidate for governor, not on the Republican but on the Anti-Bourbon ticket. The influence of a man like Breckenridge,



TEMPLE OF BUDDHA, NAGASAKI.

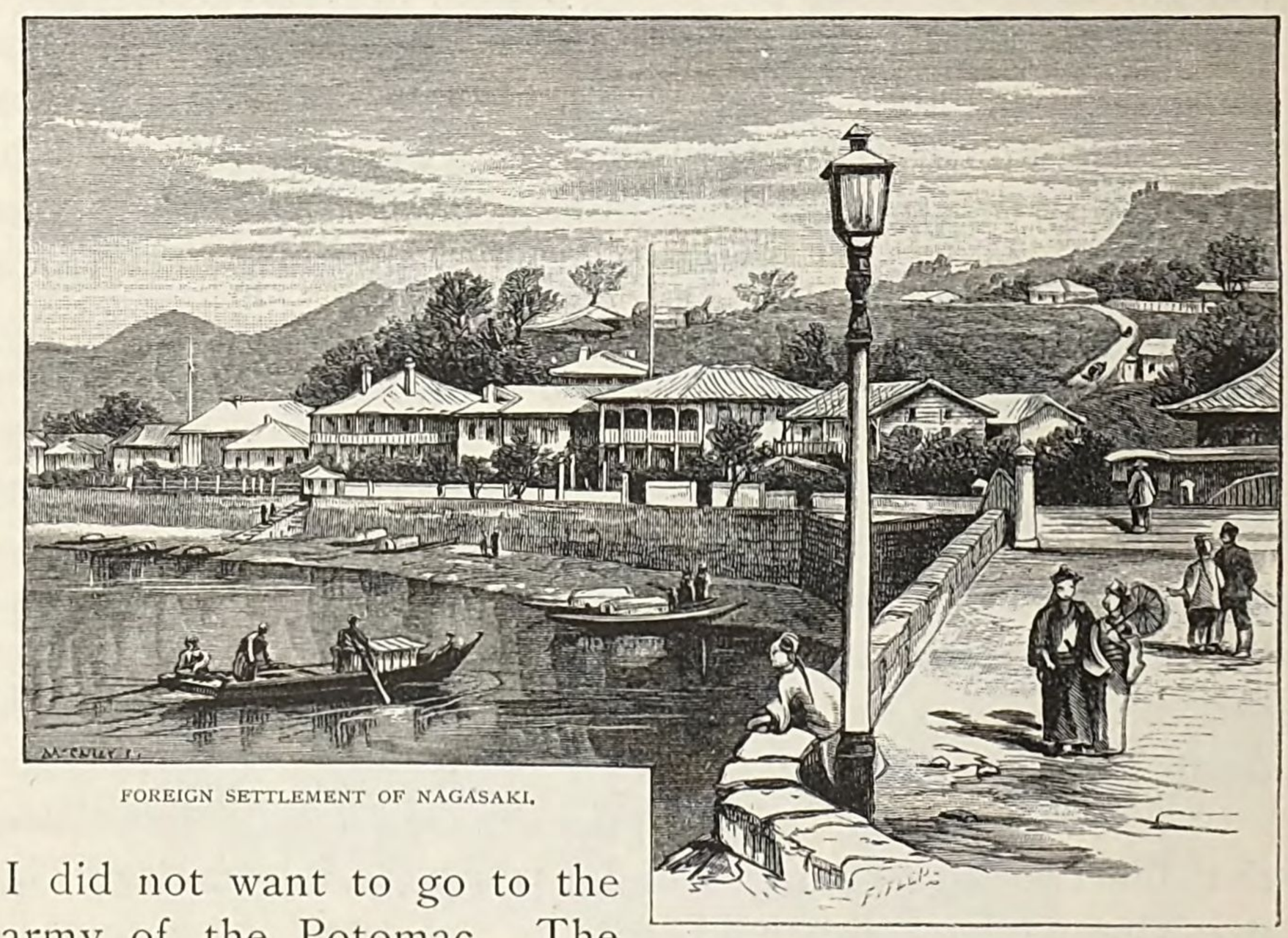
at the time, would have been most useful, but our Republican friends would not let me do it. That was one of the cases where the President had little influence in the administration."

An allusion was made to the feeling in the South that Jefferson Davis was an injury to the Confederacy, and did not do his best. "I never thought so," said the General. Davis did his best, did all that any man could do, to save the Confederacy. This argument is like some of the arguments current in his-

tory—that the war was a war against windmills; that if one man or another had been in authority the result would have been different; that some more placable man than Davis could have made a better fight. This is not true. The war was a tremendous war, as no one knows better than those who were in it. Davis did all he could, and all any man could, for the South. The South was beaten from the beginning. There was no victory possible for any government resting upon the platform of the Southern Confederacy. Just as soon as the war united and aroused the young men of the North, and called out the national feeling, there was no end but the end that came. Davis did all he could for his side, and how much he did no one knows better than those who were in the field. I do not see any evidence of great military ability in the executive conduct of the war on the part of the South. How far Davis interfered I don't know. I am told he directed Hood's movements in the West. If he did so, he could not have done us a greater service. But that was an error of judgment. As President, I see nothing in his administration to show that he was false to his side, or feeble in defending it. Davis is entitled to every honor bestowed on the South for gallantry and persistence. The attacks upon him from his old followers are ignoble. The South fell because it was defeated. Lincoln destroyed it, not Davis.

"Speaking of McClellan," said the General, "I should say that the two disadvantages under which he labored were his receiving a high command before he was ready for it, and the political sympathies which he allowed himself to champion. It is a severe blow to any one to begin so high. I always dreaded going to the army of the Potomac. After the battle of Gettysburg I was told I could have the command; but I managed to keep out of it. I had seen so many generals fall, one after another, like bricks in a row, that I shrank from it. After the battle of Mission Ridge, and my appointment as Lieutenant-General, and I was allowed to choose my place, it could not be avoided. Then it seemed as if the time was ripe, and I had no hesitation.

"My first feeling with regard to the Potomac army," said the General, "when I undertook the command was, that it had never been thoroughly fought. There was distrust in the army, distrust on both sides, I have no doubt. I confess I was afraid of the spirit that had pervaded that army, so far as I understood it in the West; and I feared also that some of the generals might treat me as they treated Pope. But this distrust died away. I went among the generals, saw what they really felt and believed, and saw, especially, that they obeyed orders.



FOREIGN SETTLEMENT OF NAGASAKI.

I did not want to go to the army of the Potomac. The command was about to be offered to me after the fall of Vicksburg. I feared that I should be as unsuccessful as the others, and should go down like the others. I suppose I should have been ordered to the command but for the interference of the Under-Secretary of War. I am indebted to him for not having been disturbed in the West. After I became Lieutenant-General, and could select my place of service, I saw that the time had come for me to take the army of the Potomac. The success of that army depended a good deal on the manner in which the commissariat and quartermaster departments were

arranged. It is an unfortunate position for a man to hold so far as fame is concerned, and Ingalls always suffered from that fact. I think it is greatly to the credit of General Ingalls that he spent hundreds of millions of dollars in the handling of the army under the various generals, and yet has never been accused of squandering a cent. But the fact is that Ingalls has wonderful executive ability. As a merchant he would have made a fortune. Nothing ever disturbed or excited him. He was ready for every emergency. He could move and feed a hundred thousand men without ruffling his temper. He was of the greatest service to me, and indeed to every general he served. I knew Ingalls at West Point and out on the Pacific coast. We were young officers together, and nothing but his holding a staff place kept him from rising to a high command. Still, men in his position have the satisfaction of having served their country, and perhaps that is the highest reward after all.

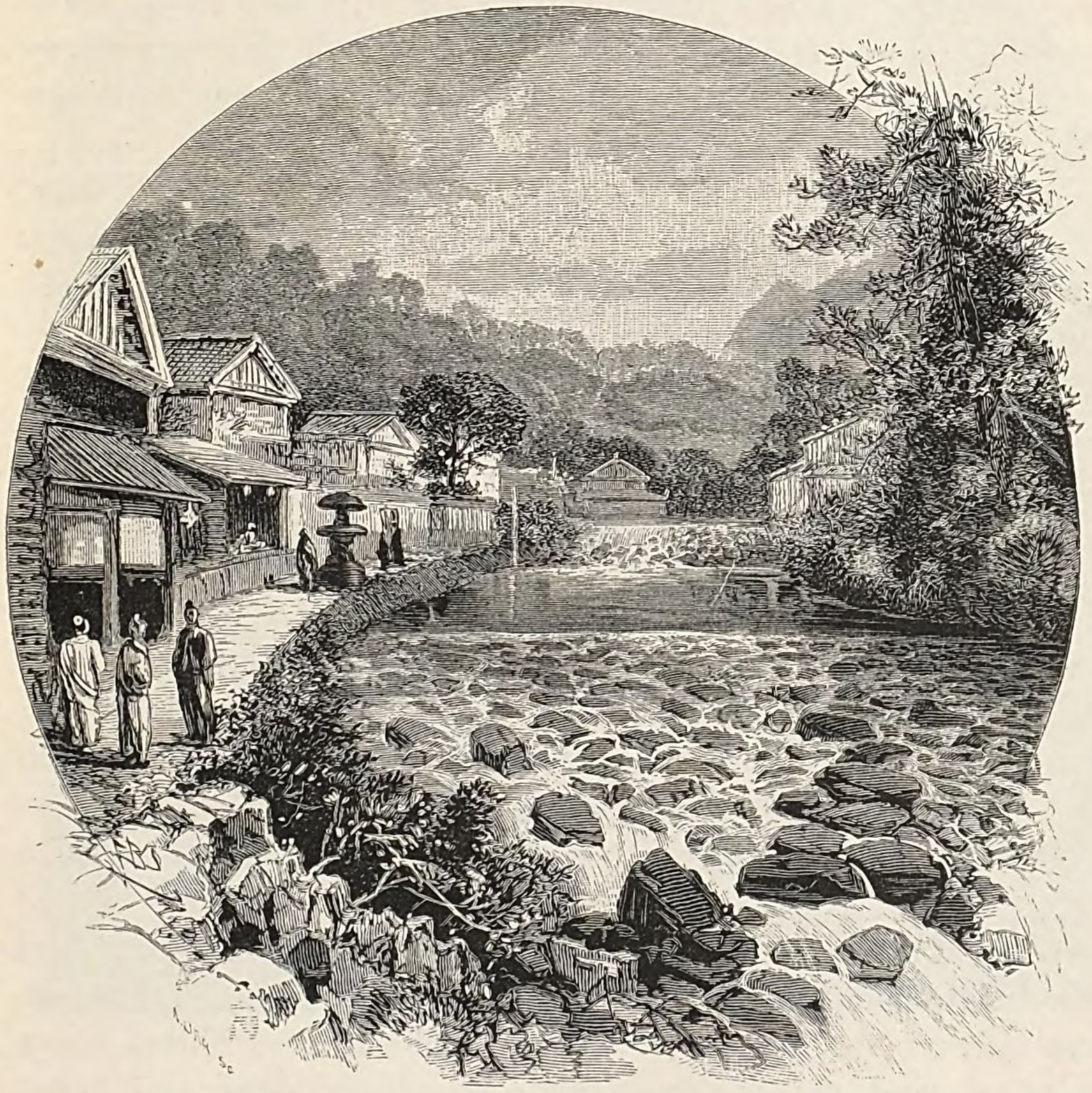
"In the early part of the war," said the General, "Halleck did very good service in a manner for which he has never received sufficient credit—I mean in his civil administration. Some of his orders were in anticipation, I think, of those of Butler's, which gave him so much fame in New Orleans. There was one about making the rebels support the families of those whose heads had gone to the war. This was a severe order, but a just one. When our troops occupied St. Louis, the secession ladies resolved to show their contempt by ostentatiously parading a white and red rosette. Instead of suppressing this by an order, as Butler did, Halleck quietly bought a lot of these rosettes. Then he sent his detectives and had them distributed among improper characters, who were instructed or employed to wear them. Then in a short newspaper article attention was called to the singular fact that all the loose characters were coming out in white and red rosettes. In a flash that rosette disappeared from the persons of all respectable St. Louis ladies who were anxious to show their secession sympathies.

"By the way," said the General, "there was some splendid work done in Missouri, and especially in St. Louis, in the

earliest days of the war, which people have now almost forgotten. If St. Louis had been captured by the rebels it would have made a vast difference in our war. It would have been a terrible task to have recaptured St. Louis—one of the most difficult that could be given to any military man. Instead of a campaign before Vicksburg, it would have been a campaign before St. Louis. Then its resources would have been of material value to the rebels. They had arranged for its capture, to hold it as a military post, and had even gone so far as to arrange about the division of the Union property. I have heard this from sources that leave no doubt in my mind of its truth. We owe the safety of St. Louis to Frank Blair and General Lyon—mainly to Blair. That one service alone entitles Blair's memory to the lasting respect of all Union men. The rebels, under pretext of having a camp of instruction, sent their militia regiments into a camp called Camp Jackson. The governor did it, as was his right. But the governor was in sympathy with the rebellion, and he had never done such a thing before. The purpose, of course, was evident. Under pretext of a militia camp, he would quietly accumulate a large force, and suddenly proclaim the Confederacy. At this very time the rebel flag was hanging out from recruiting stations, and companies were enrolled for the South. The best families, the best young men in the city, leaned that way. There were, no doubt, many Union men in the ranks of Camp Jackson; but when the time came they would have been taken into the rebellion at the point of the bayonet, just as so many of their brethren were carried in East Tennessee. It was necessary to strike a decisive blow, and this Blair resolved to do. There were some regular troops there under the command of Lyon. Blair called out his German regiments, put himself under the command of Lyon, went out to the camp, threatened to fire if it did not surrender, and brought the whole crowd in as prisoners. That was the end of any rebel camps in St. Louis, and next day the rebel flags all came down.

"I happened to be in St. Louis," said the General, "as a mustering officer of an Illinois regiment at the time. I remem-

ber the effect it produced. I was anxious about this camp, and the morning of the movement I went up to the arsenal. I knew Lyon ; but, although I had no acquaintance with Blair, I knew him by sight. This was the first time I ever spoke to him. The breaking up of Camp Jackson had a good effect and



A STREET IN THE SUBURBS.

a bad effect. It offended many Union Democrats, who saw in it an invasion of State rights, which," said the General, with a smile, "it certainly was. It was used as a means of exciting discontent among these well-disposed citizens, as an argument that the government was high-handed. Then the fact that Germans were used to coerce Americans—free Americans in

their own camp, called out by the governor of the State—gave offense. I knew many good people, with the North, at the outset, whose opinions were set Southward by this incident. But no really loyal man, to whom the Union was paramount, ever questioned the act. Those who went off on this would soon have gone on something else—emancipation or the use of troops. The taking of the camp saved St. Louis to us, saved our side a long, terrible siege, and was one of the best things in the whole war. I remember how rejoiced I was as I saw Blair and Lyon bring their prisoners into town."

An expression of regret that Lyon, who did so well then, was so soon to fall, led the General to speak of him. "I knew Lyon well," he said, "at West Point and during Mexico. He was a peculiar man, a fanatic on religious questions, like Stonewall Jackson; except that while Jackson was orthodox, Lyon was the reverse. He had more of Stonewall Jackson's peculiar traits than any one I knew. In fact I call him Stonewall Jackson reversed. He was a furious Union man, hated slavery, was extreme in all his views, and intolerant in his expressions of dissent. He went into the war with the most angry feelings toward the South. If he had lived, he might have reached a high command. He had ability enough, and his intense feeling would have carried him along, as it carried Jackson. Still you cannot tell how that may have been. Jackson's fame always seemed to be greater because he fell before his skill had been fully tested.

"No battle," said General Grant on one occasion, "has been more discussed than Shiloh—none in my career. The correspondents and papers at the time all said that Shiloh was a surprise—that our men were killed over their coffee, and so on. There was no surprise about it, except," said the General, with a smile, "perhaps to the newspaper correspondents. We had been skirmishing for two days before we were attacked. At night, when but a small portion of Buell's army had crossed to the west bank of the Tennessee River, I was so well satisfied with the result, and so certain that I would beat Beauregard, even without Buell's aid, that I went in person to each

division commander and ordered an advance along the line at four in the morning. Shiloh was one of the most important battles in the war. It was there that our Western soldiers first met the enemy in a pitched battle. From that day they never feared to fight the enemy, and never went into action without



THE STORY OF LEE'S SURRENDER.

feeling sure they would win. Shiloh broke the prestige of the Southern Confederacy so far as our Western army was concerned. Sherman was the hero of Shiloh. He really commanded two divisions—his own and McClernand's—and proved himself to be a consummate soldier. Nothing could be finer than his work at Shiloh, and yet Shiloh was belittled by our Northern people so that many people look at it as a defeat.

The same may be said of Fort Donelson. People think that Donelson was captured by pouring men into it ten to one, or some such odds. The truth is, our army, a new army, invested a fortified place and compelled a surrender of a force much larger than our own. A large number of the rebels escaped under Floyd and Pillow, but, as it was, I took more prisoners than I had men under my command for the first two days of my investment. After the investment we were reinforced, so that at the surrender there were 26,000 Union troops, about 4,000 of which were sent back to guard the road to where the steamers lay with our supplies. There were 22,000 effective men in Donelson at the beginning of the siege. Of course there was a risk in attacking Donelson as I did, but," said the General, smiling, "I knew the men who commanded it. I knew some of them in Mexico. Knowledge of that kind goes far toward determining a movement like this."

"Suppose Longstreet or Jackson had been in command at Donelson," said the writer.

"If Longstreet or Jackson," said the General, "or even if Buckner had been in command, I would have made a different campaign. In the beginning we all did things more rashly than later, just as Jackson did in his earlier campaigns. The Mexican War made the officers of the old regular armies more or less acquainted, and when we knew the name of the general opposing we knew enough about him to make our plans accordingly. What determined my attack on Donelson," said the General, "was as much the knowledge I had gained of its commanders in Mexico as anything else. But as the war progressed, and each side kept improving its army, these experiments were not possible. Then it became hard, earnest war, and neither side could depend upon any chance with the other. Neither side dared to make a mistake. It was steady, hard pounding, and the result could only be ruin to the defeated party. It was a peculiarity in our war that we were not fighting for a peace, but to destroy our adversary. That made it so hard for both sides, and especially for the South.

"Speaking of Shiloh," continued the General, "notwith-

standing the criticisms made on that battle by my military friends in the press, if I were to name the two battles during the war with which I myself have reason to be satisfied, I would say Shiloh and Mission Ridge. Mission Ridge was a tactical battle, and the results obtained were overwhelming when we consider the loss sustained. Shiloh was a pitched battle fought in the open field. And when people wonder why we did not defeat the Southern army as rapidly and effectively as was done at other places, they forget that the Southern army was commanded by Sydney Johnson, and that to fight a general as great as Sydney Johnson was a different thing from fighting Floyd. I have every reason to be fully satisfied with the battle of Shiloh. In its results it was one of our greatest victories. To that battle, I repeat, we owe the spirit of confidence which pervaded the Western army. So far were we from being surprised, that one night—certainly two nights before the battle—firing was heard at the front, and it was reported that my army was making a night attack. On one of these evenings I mounted my horse and started for the front. I met McPherson and W. H. L. Wallace coming from the front. They reported all quiet and I returned. It was raining very hard, and on the way my horse stumbled in a hollow and sprained my ankle, so that during the battle I was in the greatest physical pain from this wound. If Buell had reached us in time we would have attacked Sydney Johnson ; but, of course, Johnson knew Buell was coming, and was too good a general to allow the junction to take place without an attack. Another criticism on that battle is the statement that I did not happen to be present in person at the point of our line where the attack was made. The reason for this was that I did not happen to be in possession of Sydney Johnson's order of battle. The trouble with a good many of our critical friends in the press is that they look upon a battle in the field as they would do a battle upon the stage, where you see both armies as the scenes shift, and consequently know just what is going to be done. It was my misfortune that I did not know what was going to be done ; but at the point of the line where

the attack was delivered Sherman's command was thoroughly ready to receive it, and nothing could be finer during the whole day than Sherman's conduct. I visited him two or three times during the action, for the purpose of making suggestions, and seeing how things were going on; but it was not necessary. Sherman was doing much better than I could have done under the circumstances, and required no advice from me."

The question was asked of General Grant, whether the death of Johnson, during the battle, affected the result. General Grant said: "I never could see that it did. On the contrary, I should think that the circumstances attending the death of General Johnson, as reported by his friends, show that the battle was against him when wounded, that he was rallying his troops at the time he was struck in the leg by a ball, and that he lost his life because he would not abandon his troops in order to have his wound properly dressed. If he had gone to the rear and had the wound attended to, he might have lived. If he had had no anxiety about his army, to see if it was victorious, there could be no reason why he should not go to the rear; but the battle was so pressing that he would not leave his command, and so he bled to death. This, at least, is my judgment from reading the statement. I never could see that the course of the battle was affected, one way or another, by the event. The death of so great a man as Johnson was a great loss to the South, and would have been to any cause in which he might have been engaged. But all he could do for the battle of Shiloh was done before he was killed.

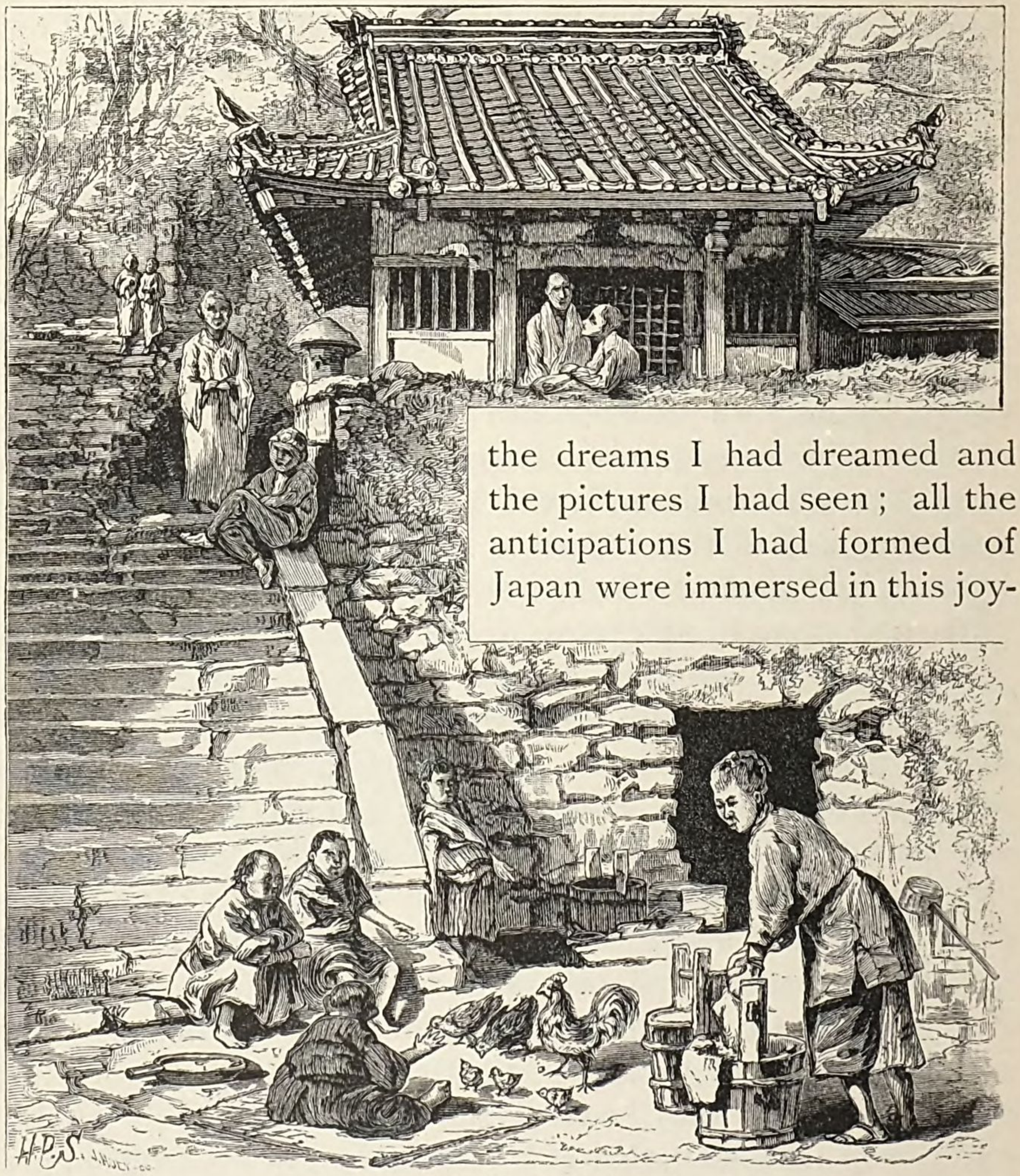


JAPANESE GIRL.

The battle was out of his hands, and out of that of his army. What won the battle of Shiloh was the courage and endurance of our own soldiers. It was the staying power and pluck of the North as against the short-lived power of the South; and whenever these qualities came into collision the North always won. I used to find that the first day, or the first period of a battle, was most successful to the South; but if we held on to the second or third day, we were sure to beat them, and we always did."

On the 21st of June we found our ship threading its way through beautiful islands and rocks covered with green, looming up out of the sea, and standing like sentinels on the coast —hills on which were trees, and gardens terraced to their summits, and high, commanding cliffs. Through green and smooth tranquil waters we steamed into the bay of Nagasaki, and had our first glimpse of Japan. Nagasaki is said to be among the most beautiful harbors in the world. But the beauty that welcomed us had the endearing quality that it reminded us of home. For so many weeks we had been in the land of the palm, and we were now again in the land of the pine. We had seen nature in luxuriant moods, running into riotous forms, strange and rank. We were weary of the cocoa-nut and the brown, parched soil, of the skies of fire and forests with wild and creeping things. It had become so oppressive that when our course turned toward the north there was great joy. The Providence who gave us our share of the world no doubt considered this, and made it happen that some of us should rejoice under the tropical and others under the temperate zone. I have come to the conclusion that a longing for green is among our primitive and innocent impulses, and I sometimes think that if Adam had only had a good supply of grass—of timothy and clover—in the Garden of Eden, and less of the enticing and treacherous fruits, there would have been no trouble in his family, and all would have gone well. There is temptation in sunshine. One has a feeling of strengthened virtue as the landscape draws near and unfolds itself, and you have glimpses of Scotland and the Adirondacks and the inland lakes; and the

green is an honest, frank, chaste green, running from hill-top to water-side, and throwing upon the waters long, refreshing shadows. It was this school-boy sense of pleasure that came with my first view of Japan. All the romance, all the legends, the dreams I had dreamed and the pictures I had seen; all the anticipations I had formed of Japan were immersed in this joy-



STREET AND TEMPLE, NAGASAKI.

ful welcome to the green that I had not seen since leaving England—our own old-fashioned green of the temperate zone. This is not a heroic confession, and I should have thought of some fitting emotion with which to welcome this land of ro-

mance and sunshine. But I can never get into a heroic vein, and my actual impressions, as I go around the world, are often of so homely a character that I ought not to confess them. How much grander it would be to intimate that my feelings overcame me and I was too much affected for speech. This would sound as a more appropriate welcome to Japan. All that I saw of the coast was the beauty of the green, which came like a memory of childhood, as a memory of America, and in which I rejoiced as in a mere physical sensation, like bathing, or swinging on the gate, or dozing under the apple-trees in the drowsy days of June.

And yet if I could only rouse myself out of this mere boy's feeling of seeing something good—good in the sense of sight and food—there are memories, even around this harbor of Nagasaki, of grand men and heroic days. Here we come again upon the footprints of Francis Xavier. The shadow of that saint rests upon Asia—or perhaps I should say halo rather than shadow, as a word more befitting a saint. Francis was never a favorite of mine, for I have a choice collection of saints with whom I hope one day to be in a closer communion, and the stories of his gifts of tongues and his taking part in the cruel wars of the European against the native were beyond me. But as I pass from land to land, and see the nature of the field in which he labored, and mark his insatiate devotion to faith and duty, he grows in my esteem, and I bow in adoration of his devotion and genius. Perhaps Xavier had no more interesting field than Japan, and one can picture him, the pale, concentrated priest, walking under these green, impending hills. This is the scene of his mission to Japan. Here began that strange movement of the Japanese people toward Christianity. Here it began, and here, also, it came to an end. This height which we now pass, and where the people of Nagasaki come to picnic, is the hill of Pappenberg. It is an island as well as a hill, and runs up like a cone and is arrayed in winning green. It is written that when the Japanese government resolved to treat Christianity as a crime, and extirpate the faithful, that thousands of the Christians were taken to the brow of the hill

and thrown into the sea. Not far from here is a village, the site of the massacre of thirty-seven thousand Christians who would not bow to the imperial edict, but preferred to die with the cross in their hands.

These are painful memories, but why recall them in Japan? Let us imitate our beloved mother, who has covered with consoling and beautiful green the harsh places—the sites of massacre and death—and forget the dark deeds of an early age, while we rejoice in the bright deeds of our own age, of the men who in our time have taken Japan out of the sepulchre, and given her room and a chance in the arena. There are statelier memories—memories of the daring navigators who forced the seas in heroic days. It was the dream of a northwest passage, of discovering a new road to the Indies—it was the influence which Japan and the East had thrown over the imaginations of men—that led to the series of enterprises in unknown lands and over unknown seas which culminated in the discovery of America. You see how closely our world is knit together, and that you cannot touch a spot which has not some chords, some memory, some associations, responsive to every other spot; and thus it is, strange to say, that Japan and America have so close a relation. In those days Nagasaki was a renowned city, and alone of cities in Japan she touched the outside world. When the warrior-king tumbled the missionaries and converts into the sea, and visited upon the followers of the cross untold misery, even the sacred, crowning misery of crucifixion, Nagasaki was still held as a foothold of the merchant. It was only a foothold. You can see the small, fan-shaped concession where the Dutch merchants were kept in seclusion, and whence their trade trickled into Japan. A flag floats over one of the bazaars, and by the arms of Holland, which it bears, you can trace out the memorable spot.

The "Richmond" steamed between the hills and came to an anchorage. It was the early morning, and over the water were shadows of cool, inviting green. Nagasaki, nestling on her hill-sides, looked cosy and beautiful; and it being our first

glimpse of a Japanese town, we studied it through our glasses, studied every feature—the scenery, the picturesque attributes of the city, the terraced hills that rose beyond, every rood under cultivation; the quaint, curious houses; the multitudes of flags, which showed that the town knew of our coming and was preparing to do us honor. We noted also that the wharves were lined with a multitude, and that the available population were waiting to see the guest whom their nation honors, and who is known in common speech as the American Mikado.



THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

Then the "Richmond" ran up the Japanese standard and fired twenty-one guns in honor of Japan. The forts answered the salute. Then the Japanese gun-boats and the forts displayed the American ensign, and fired a salute of twenty-one guns in honor of General Grant. Mr. W. P. Mangum, our consul, and his wife came on board. In a short time the Japanese barge was seen coming, with Prince Dati and Mr. Yoshida and the Governor, all in the splendor of court uniforms. These officials were received with due honors, and escorted to the cabin. Prince Dati said that he had been commanded by the

Emperor to meet General Grant on his landing, to welcome him in the name of his Majesty, and to attend upon him as the Emperor's personal representative, so long as the General remained in Japan. The value of this compliment can be understood when you know that Prince Dati is one of the highest noblemen in Japan. He was one of the leading daimios, one of the old feudal barons who, before the revolution, ruled Japan, and had power of life and death in his own dominions. The old daimios were not only barons but heads of clans, like the clans of Scotland; and in the feudal days he could march an army into the field. When the revolution came Dati accepted it, not sullenly and seeking retirement, like Satsuma and other princes, but as the best thing for the country. He gave his adhesion to the Emperor, and is now one of the great noblemen around the throne. The sending of a man of the rank of the Prince was the highest compliment that the Emperor could pay any guest. Mr. Yoshida is well known as the present Japanese Minister to the United States, a discreet and accomplished man, and among the rising statesmen in the empire. Having been accredited to America during the General's administration, and knowing the General, the government called him home so that he might attend General Grant and look after the reception. So when General Grant arrived he had the pleasure of meeting not only a distinguished representative of the Emperor, but an old personal friend.

At one o'clock on the 21st of June, General Grant, accompanied by Prince Dati, Mr. Yoshida, and the Governor, landed in Nagasaki. The Japanese man-of-war "Kango," commanded by Captain Ito, had been sent down to Nagasaki to welcome the General. The landing took place in the Japanese barge. From the time that General Grant came into the waters of Japan it was the intention of the government that he should be the nation's guest. As soon as the General stepped into the barge the Japanese vessels and the batteries on shore thundered out their welcome, the yards of the vessels were manned, and as the barge moved slowly along the crews of the ships in the harbor cheered. It was over a mile from the

"Richmond" to the shore. The landing-place had been arranged not in the foreign section nor the Dutch Concession, carrying out the intention of having the reception entirely Japanese. Lines of troops were formed, the steps were covered with red cloth, and every space and standing spot and coigne of vantage was covered with people. The General's boat touched the shore, and with Mrs. Grant on his arm, and followed by the Colonel, the Japanese officials, and the members of his party, he slowly walked up the platform, bowing to the multitude who made their obeisance in his honor. There is something strange in the grave decorum of an Oriental crowd—strange to us who remember the ringing cheer and the electric hurrah of Saxon lands. The principal citizens of Nagasaki came forward and



VILLAGE NEAR NAGASAKI.

were presented, and after a few minutes' pause our party stepped into jinrickshaws and were taken to our quarters.

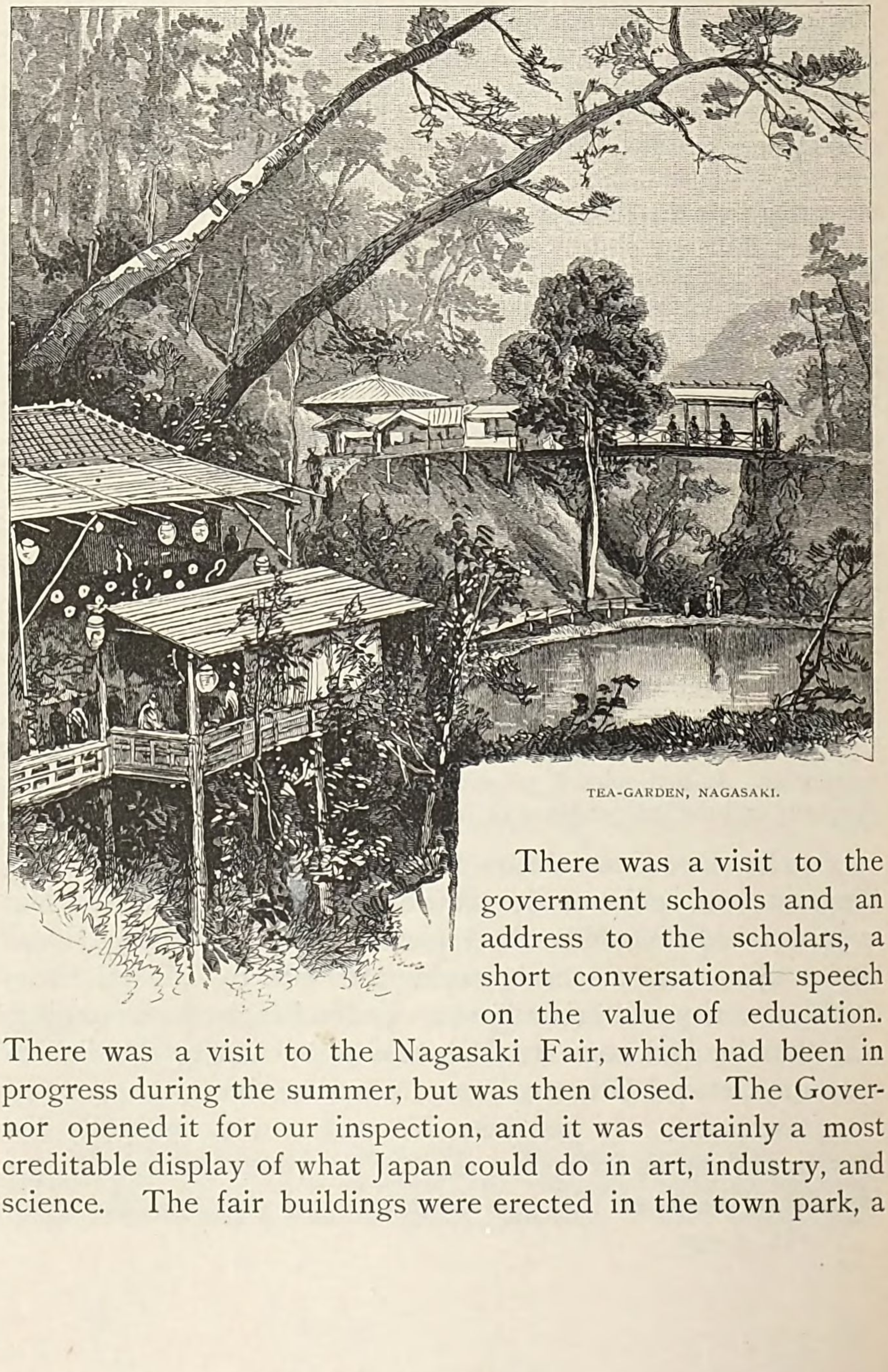
The jinrickshaw is the common vehicle of Japan. It is built on the principle of a child's perambulator or an invalid's chair, except that it is much lighter. Two men go ahead and pull, and one behind pushes. But this is only on occasions of ceremony. One man is quite able to manage a jinrickshaw. Those used by the General had been sent down from Tokio from the palace. Our quarters in Nagasaki had been prepared in the Japanese town. A building used for a female normal school had been prepared. It was a half mile from the landing, and the whole road had been decorated with flags, American and Japanese entwined, with arches of green boughs and flowers. Both sides of the road were lined with people who bowed low to the General as he passed. On reaching our residence the Japanese officials of the town were all presented. Then came the foreign consuls in a body, who were presented by the American Consul, Mr. Mangum. After this came the officers of the Japanese vessels, all in uniform. Then came a delegation representing the foreign residents of all nationalities in Nagasaki, who presented an address. Mr. Bingham, the American Minister, came as far as Nagasaki to meet General Grant and go with him to Yokohama. He brought us sad news of the pestilence ravaging the empire, which would limit our journey. Mr. Bingham was fresh from America, and it was pleasant not only to meet an old friend, but one who could tell us of the tides and currents of home affairs. On the evening of the 23d there was a dinner at the Government House, at which General Grant made a speech. This speech became a subject of so much controversy through the East that I print it in full. The Governor of Nagasaki, Utsumi Togatsu, made a speech proposing General Grant's health. This was delivered in Japanese. After the interpreter had made a translation, General Grant rose and said :

"YOUR EXCELLENCY AND GENTLEMEN : You have here to-night several Americans who have the talent of speech, and who could make an eloquent response to the address in which my health is proposed. I have no such gift,

and I never lamented its absence more than now, when there is so much that I want to say about your country, your people, and your progress. I have not been an inattentive observer of that progress, and in America we have been favored with accounts of it from my distinguished friend whom you all know as the friend of Japan, and whom it was my privilege to send as minister—I mean Judge Bingham. The spirit which has actuated the mission of Judge Bingham—the spirit of sympathy, support, and conciliation—not only expressed my own sentiments, but those of America. America has much to gain in the East—no nation has greater interests ; but America has nothing to gain except what comes from the cheerful acquiescence of the Eastern people and insures them as much benefit as it does us. I should be ashamed of my country if its relations with other nations, and especially with these ancient and most interesting empires in the East, were based upon any other idea. We have rejoiced over your progress. We have watched you step by step. We have followed the unfolding of your old civilization and its absorbing the new. You have had our profound sympathy in that work, our sympathy in the troubles which came with it, and our friendship. I hope it may continue, that it may long continue. As I have said, America has great interests in the East. She is your next neighbor. She is more affected by the eastern populations than any other power. She can never be insensible to what is doing here. Whatever her influence may be, I am proud to think that it has always been exerted in behalf of justice and kindness. No nation needs from the outside powers justice and kindness more than Japan, because the work that has made such marvelous progress in the past few years is a work in which we are deeply concerned, in the success of which we see a new era in civilization and which we should encourage. I do not know, gentlemen, that I can say anything more than this in response to the kind words of the Governor. Judge Bingham can speak with much more eloquence and much more authority as our minister. But I could not allow the occasion to pass without saying how deeply I sympathized with Japan in her efforts to advance, and how much those efforts were appreciated in America. In that spirit I ask you to unite with me in a sentiment : 'The prosperity and the independence of Japan.'"

At the close General Grant proposed the health of General Bingham, and spoke of the satisfaction he felt at meeting him in Japan. Mr. Yoshida, the Japanese Minister to the United States, also made a speech, paying a tribute to General Bingham's sincerity and friendliness. Judge Bingham responding, said that he had come to Nagasaki to be among the first to welcome General Grant to Japan, which he did in the name of his government. It had been his endeavor to faithfully discharge his duties in such a manner as would strengthen the friendship between the two countries and promote the com-

mercial interests of both. He knew that in so acting he reflected the wishes of the illustrious man who is the guest of the empire, and the wishes also of the President and people of the United States.



TEA-GARDEN, NAGASAKI.

There was a visit to the government schools and an address to the scholars, a short conversational speech on the value of education. There was a visit to the Nagasaki Fair, which had been in progress during the summer, but was then closed. The Governor opened it for our inspection, and it was certainly a most creditable display of what Japan could do in art, industry, and science. The fair buildings were erected in the town park, a

pleasure ground with unique old temples gray and mossy with age, and tea-houses where tea was brought in the tiniest of cups by demure wee maidens from six to seven, dressed in the ancient costumes of Japan, who came and knelt as they offered their tea. The town people were out in holiday attire to take the air and look out on the bay and stare at the General. After we had made our tour of the fair grounds the Governor asked the General and Mrs. Grant to plant memorial trees. The species planted by the General was the *Ficus religiosa*, while to Mrs. Grant was given the *Saurus camphora*. The Governor then said that Nagasaki had resolved to erect a monument in honor of General Grant's visit, that this memorial would be near the trees, and that if the General would only write an inscription it would be engraved on the stone in English and Japanese characters. The General wrote the inscription as follows :

"NAGASAKI, JAPAN, June 22, 1879.

"At the request of Governor Utsumi Togatsu, Mrs. Grant and I have each planted a tree in the Nagasaki Park. I hope that both trees may prosper, grow large, live long, and in their growth, prosperity, and long life be emblematic of the future of Japan.

'U. S. GRANT"



A JAPANESE FAMILY AT DINNER.

CHAPTER XLI.

JAPAN.

DURING our visit to Nagasaki we took part in a famous dinner given in honor of General Grant, about which I propose to write at some length, because it is interesting as a picture of ancient life in Japan.

In my wanderings round the world I am more interested in what reminds me of the old times, of the men and the days that are gone, than of customs reminding me of what I saw in France. All that reminds you of the old times is passing away from Japan. Here and there you can find a bit that recalls the days when the daimios ruled, when the two-sworded warriors were on every highway, when the rivalry of clans was as fierce as was ever known in the highlands of Scotland or the plains of North America, when every gentleman was as ready to commit suicide in defense of his honor as a Texas swashbuckler to fight a duel. All of this is crumbling under the growth of modern ideas. The aim of Japanese statesmen is now to do

things as they are done in London and Washington, and this impulse sweeps on in a resistless and swelling current. It is best that it should be so. God forbid that Japan should ever try to arrest or turn back the hands of her destiny. What was picturesque and quaint in the old time can be preserved in plays and romances. This century belongs to the real world, and Japan's incessant pressing forward, even if she crushes the old monuments, is in the interest of civilization.

It seemed good to the citizens of Nagasaki to give General Grant a dinner that was to be in itself a romance and a play. Instead of doing what is done every day, and rivaling the taste of Paris, it was resolved to entertain him in the style of the daimios, the feudal lords of Japan. The place selected for the fête was an old temple in the heart of the city, from whose doors you could look over the bay. Moreover, it was to be the work of the citizens of Nagasaki. The merchants would do it, and this in itself was a delicate thought; for in the East it is not often that we have any recognition of men as men and citizens. The awakening of the people of Japan to a perception of the truth that the men who form the groundwork of the State, and upon whose genius and industry it rests, are as important as heaven-born rulers, is one of the thought-provoking incidents of the later amusements in Japan. That is a voice it is not easy to still. It may speak with the wavering tones of childhood, but will gather strength and in time be heard. It was peculiarly gratifying to General Grant to meet the citizens of Japan, and they left nothing undone to do him honor. The company was not more than twenty, including General Grant and party, our Japanese hosts, Consul Mangum and family, and Consul Denny and family. The dinner was served on small tables, each guest having a table to himself. The merchants themselves waited on us, and with the merchants a swarm of attendants wearing the costumes of old Japan.

The bill of fare was almost a volume, and embraced over fifty courses. The wine was served in unglazed porcelain wine cups, on white wooden stands. The appetite was pampered in the beginning with dried fish, edible sea-weeds, and isinglass, in

something of the Scandinavian style, except that the attempt did not take the form of brandy and raw fish. The first serious dish was composed of crane, sea-weed, moss, rice bread and potatoes, which we picked over in a curious way, as though we



CHILDREN DANCING.

were at an auction sale of remnants, anxious to rummage out a bargain. The soup, when it first came—for it came many times—was an honest soup of fish, like a delicate fish chowder. Then came strange dishes, as ragout, and as soup, in bewildering confusion. The first was called namasu, and embodied fish, clams, chestnuts, rock mushrooms, and ginger. Then, in

various combinations, the following:—duck, truffles, turnips, dried bonito, melons, pressed salt, aromatic shrubs, snipe, egg-plant, jelly, boiled rice, snapper, shrimp, potatoes, mushroom, cabbage, lassfish, orange flowers, powdered fish flavored with plum juice and walnuts, raw carp sliced, mashed fish, baked fish, isinglass, fish boiled with pickled beans, wine and rice again. This all came in the first course, and as a finale to the course there was a sweetmeat composed of white and red bean jelly-cake, and boiled black mushroom. With this came powdered tea, which had a green, monitory look, and suggested your earliest experiences in medicine. When the first pause came in the dinner a merchant advanced and read an address to General Grant. This was at the end of the first course—the ominous course that came to an end amid powdered tea and sweetmeats composed of white and red bean jelly-cake and boiled black mushrooms. After the address had been read we rose from our tables and sauntered about on the gravel-walk, and looked down on the bay and the enfolding hills, whose beauty became almost plaintive under the shadows of the setting sun.

One never tires of a scene like Nagasaki, as you see it in evening more especially, the day ending and nature sheltering for repose in the embraces of night. Everything is so ripe and rich and old. Time has done so much for the venerable town, and you feel as the shadows fall that for generations, for centuries, they have fallen upon just such a scene as we look down upon from the brow of our hill. The eddies of a new civilization are rushing in upon Nagasaki, and there are many signs that you have no trouble in searching out. That Nagasaki has undergone a vast change since the day when Dutch merchants were kept in a reservation more secluded than we have ever kept our Indians, when Xavier and his disciples threaded those narrow streets preaching the salvation that comes through the blood of Jesus, when Christians were driven at the point of the spear to yon beetling cliff and tumbled into the sea. These are momentous events in the history of Japan. They were merely incidents in the history of Nagasaki. The ancient

town has lived on sleepily, embodying and absorbing the features of Eastern civilization, unchanged and unchanging, its beauty expressive because it is a beauty of its own, untinted by Europeans. We have old towns in the European world. We even speak as if we had a past in fresh America. But what impresses you in these aspects of Eastern development is their antiquity, before which the most ancient of our towns are but as yesterday. The spirit of ages breathes over Nagasaki, and you cease to think of chronology, and see only the deep, rich tones which time has given and which time alone can give.



A JAPANESE MOTHER.

A trailing line of mist rises from the town and slowly floats along the hill-side, veiling the beauty upon which you have been dwelling all the afternoon. The green becomes gray, and on the tops there are purple shadows, and the shining waters of the bay become opaque. The ships swing at anchor, and you can see above the trim masts and prim-set spars of the "Richmond" the colors of America. The noble ship has sought a shelter near the further shore, and as you look a light ascends the rigging and gives token that those in command are setting the watches for the night. Nearer us, distinguishable by her white wheel-house, rides the "Ashuelot," while ships of other lands dot the bay. As you look a ball of fire shoots into the air and hangs pendent for a moment, and ex-

plodes into a mass of shooting, corruscating stars, and you know that our friends in the town are rejoicing over the presence of General Grant. From the other hills a flame breaks out and struggles a few moments, and becomes a steady asserting flame, and you know that this is a bonfire, and that the people have builded it to show their joy. Other bonfires creep out of the blackness, for while you have been looking night has come, and reigns over hill and valley and sea, and green has become black. Lines of light streak the town, and you see various decorations in lanterns, forming quaint shapes. One shapes itself into the flag of America, another into the flag of Japan, another into a triangle, another into a Japanese word—the word in red lanterns, surrounded by a border of white lanterns—and Mr. Yoshida translates the word to mean a sentiment in honor of General Grant. These lights in curious forms shoot up in all parts of the town, and you know that Nagasaki is illuminated, and that while here in this venerable temple the merchants have assembled to give us entertainment, the inhabitants are answering their hospitality with blazing tokens of approval. As you look below on the streets around the temple you see the crowd bearing lanterns, chattering, wondering, looking on, taking what comfort they can out of the festival in honor of the stranger within their gates.

But while we could well spend our evening strolling over this graveled walk, and leaning over the quaint brick wall, and studying the varied and ever-changing scene that sweeps beneath us, we must not forget our entertainment. The servants have brought in the candles. Before each table is a pedestal on which a candle burns, and the old temple lights up with a new splendor. To add to this splendor the wall has been draped with heavy silks, embroidered with gold and silver, with quaint and curious legends of the history of Japan. These draperies lend a new richness to the room, and you admire the artistic taste which suggested them. The merchants enter again, bearing meats. Advancing to the center of the room, and to the General, they kneel and press their foreheads to the floor. With this demure courtesy the course begins. Other

attendants enter, and place on each table the lacquer bowls and dishes. Instead of covering the tables with a variety of food, and tempting you with auxiliary dishes of watermelon seeds and almond kernels, as in China, the Japanese give you a small variety at a time. I am afraid, however, we have spoiled our dinner. Our amiable friend, Mr. Yoshida, warned us in the beginning not to be in a hurry, to restrain our curiosity, not to hurry our investigations into the science of a Japanese table, but to pick and nibble and wait—that there were



TRAVELING IN THE KAGO.

good things coming which we should not be beyond the condition of enjoying. What a comfort, for instance, a roll of bread would be and a glass of dry champagne! But there are no bread and no wine, and our only drink is the hot preparation from rice, with its sherry flavor, which is poured out of a teapot into shallow lacquer saucers, and which you sip not without relish, although it has no place in any beverage known to your experience. We are dining, however, in strict Japanese fashion, just as the old daimios did, and our hosts are too good artists to spoil a feast with champagne. Then it has been going

on for hours, and when you have reached the fourth hour of a dinner, even a temperance dinner, with nothing more serious than a hot, insipid, sherry-like rice drink, you have passed beyond the critical and curious into the resigned condition. If we had only been governed by the minister, we might have enjoyed this soup, which comes first in the course, and as you lift the lacquered top you know to be hot and fragrant. It is a soup composed of carp and mushroom and aromatic shrub. Another dish is a prepared fish that looks like a confection of cocoa-nut, but which you see to be fish as you prod it with your chopsticks. This is composed of the red snapper fish, and is served in red and white alternate squares. It looks well, but you pass it by, as well as another dish that is more poetic at least, for it is a preparation of the skylark, wheat flour-cake, and gourd. One has a sense of the violation of proprieties in seeing the soaring lark snared from the clouds, the dew, and the morning sunshine, to flavor a cake of wheat. We treat the lark better at home, and we might pass this to the discredit of Japan, if we did not remember how much the lark contributed to feasts in the Palais Royal, and that the French were alike wanting in sentiment. We are not offended by the next soup, which comes hot and smoking, a soup of buckwheat and egg-plant. The egg-plant always seemed to be a vulgar, pretentious plant that might do for the trough, but was never intended for the dignity of the table. But for buckwheat the true American, who believes in the country, and whose patriotism has not been deadened by debates on army appropriation bills, has a tender, respectful feeling. Somehow it has no business upon a foreign table, and at a daimio's dinner you feel that it is one of your contributions to the happiness of the world, that you have given it as your unit in the sum of human entertainment. You think of glowing buckwheat fields over which bees are humming—of overladen tables in many an American home, crowned with a steaming mound of brown and crisp cakes, oozing with butter. You think of frost and winter and tingling breezes from the granite hills. It brings you October, and in this wandering round the world, disposed as one always should be to see sunshine wher-

ever the sun shines, I have seen nothing to rival an American October. But buckwheat in a soup is unfitting, and allied with the egg-plant is a degradation, and no sense of curious inquiry can tolerate so grave a violation of the harmony of the table. You push your soup to the end of the table and nip off the end of a fresh cigar, and look out upon the town, over which the dominant universe has thrown the star-sprinkled mantle of night, and follow the lines of light that mark the welcome we are enjoying, and trace the ascending rockets as they shoot up from the hill-side to break into masses of dazzling fire and illuminate the heavens for a moment in a rhapsody of blue and scarlet and green and silver and gold.

If you have faith, you will enter bravely into the dish that your silk-draped attendant now places before you, and as he does bows to the level of the table and slides away. This is called oh-hira, and was composed, I am sure, by some ambitious daimio, who had given thought to the science of the table, and possessed an original genius. The base of this dish is panyu. Panyu is a sea-fish. The panyu in itself would be a dish, but in addition we have a fungus, the roots of the lily, and the stems of pumpkins. The fungus is delicate, and reminds you of mushroom, but the pumpkin, after you had fished it out and saw that it was a pumpkin, seemed forlorn and uncomfortable, conscious no doubt of a better destiny in its New England home than flavoring a mess of pottage. What one objects to in these dishes is the objection you have to frogs and snails. They lack dignity. And when we come to real American food, like the pumpkin and buckwheat, we expect to see it specially honored, and not thrown into a pot and boiled in mixed company. The lily roots seemed out of place. I could find no taste in them, and would have been content to have known them as turnips. But your romantic notions about the lily—the lines you have written in albums, the poetry and water-colors—are dispelled by its actual presence in a boiled state, suffused with arrow-root and horseradish. Here are the extremes of life—the arrow-root which soothes

the growing palate, the horseradish which stimulates the declining tastes—and yet they are necessary to a proper appreciation of the lily and the pumpkin. The combination seems



THE TEMPLE OF ASAXA.

like a freak of the imagination, the elements are so antagonistic and incongruous. But the kettle levels all distinctions, and once that the bending lily and the golden pumpkin, with their pretentious associates, are thoroughly boiled, they are simply soup after all. It must have been a philosophical daimio who

invented this dish, meaning, no doubt, to teach his guests a solemn lesson that there is no glory, no pomp, no ambition, neither sentiment, nor virtue, nor modesty, nor pride, that can escape in the fulfillment of time the destiny to which fate dooms us all.

Music! In the ancient days, when a great daimio dined his friends, music came and brightened the feast. Somehow it seems to have been always thus, even from the beginning—in Assyria, in Persia, in ancient Jerusalem, in the Indian forests. I should like to see a prize essay written in plain English on the subject of music, that would tell you something of its influence upon life of this world of harmony—how it brightens and heightens existence; how its tones follow us from the lullaby that soothes the unconscious ears of infancy to the dirge which falls unheeded upon the unconscious ears of death. Wherever we touch these ancient civilizations music comes to do us honor. At Jeypore, where our host claimed a descent from the stars, the nautch girls danced as was their wont before the shrines of Buddha. In Siam the Prince called Chow tial honored us with music and dancers burdened with gold embroidered raiment. In China music always attended our visits to princes and viceroys. Have you read what Confucius says about music? He liked bells and drums and harmonic chords. "When," he said, "affairs are not carried on to success, propriety and music will not flourish, and if that be the case punishments will not be properly awarded." Even in this seat of an antique civilization music reigns, and although the harmony is jarring to our modern ears, and you feel the want of expression and poetry, it has expression and poetry. One of the most intelligent Brahmins I met in India told me that if I once came to appreciate the music of India I would not care for any other. There was no difficulty in assenting to such a proposition, because I can conceive nothing more difficult than to find harmony in these discordant sounds. While our hosts are passing around the strange dishes, a signal is made and the musicians enter. They are maidens, with fair, pale faces, and small, dark, serious eyes. You are pleased



CENTRAL JAPAN.

to see that their teeth have not been blackened, as was the custom in past days, and is even now almost a prevalent custom among the lower classes. We are told that the maidens who have come to grace our feast are not of the common singing class, but the daughters of the merchants and leading citizens of Nagasaki. The first group is composed of three. They enter, sit down on the floor, and bow their heads in salutation. One of the instruments is shaped like a guitar, another is something between a banjo and a drum. They wear the costume of the country, the costume that was known before the new days came upon Japan. They have blue silk gowns, white collars, and heavily brocaded pearl-colored sashes. The principal instrument was long and narrow, shaped like a coffin lid, and sounding like a harpsichord. After they had played an overture another group entered—fourteen maidens similarly dressed, each carrying the small, banjo-like instrument, ranging themselves on a bench against the wall, the tapestry and silks suspended over them. Then the genius of the artist was apparent, and the rich depending tapestry, blended with the blue and white and pearl, and animated with the faces of the maidens, their music and their songs, made a picture of Japanese life which an artist might regard with envy. You saw then the delicate features of Japanese decoration which have bewitched our artist friends, and which the most adroit fingers in vain try to copy. When the musicians enter the song begins. It is an original composition. The theme is the glory of America and honor to General Grant. They sing of the joy that his coming has given to Japan; of the interest and the pride they take in his fame; of their friendship for their friends across the great sea. This is all sung in Japanese, and we follow the lines through the mediation of a Japanese friend who learned his English in America. This anthem was chanted in a low almost monotonous key, one singer leading in a kind of solo and the remainder coming in with a chorus. The song ended, twelve dancing maidens enter. They wore a crimson-like overgarment fashioned like pantaloons—a foot or so too long—so that when they walked it was with a dainty pace, lest

they might trip and fall. The director of this group was constantly on his hands and knees, creeping around among the dancers keeping their drapery in order, not allowing it to bundle up and vex the play. These maidens carried bouquets of pink blossoms, artificially made, examples of the flora of Japan. They stepped through the dance at as slow a measure as in a minuet of Louis XIV. The movement of the dance was simple, the music a humming thrumming, as though the performers were tuning their instruments. After passing through a few measures the dancers slowly filed out, and were followed by another group, who came wearing masks—the mask in the form of a large doll's face—and bearing children's rattles and fans. The peculiarity of this dance was that time was kept by the movement of the fan—a graceful, expressive movement which only the Eastern people have learned to bestow on the fan. With them the fan becomes almost an organ of speech, and the eye is employed in its management at the expense of the admiration we are apt at home to bestow on other features of the amusement. The masks indicated that this was a humorous dance, and when it was



JAPANESE MUSICIANS.

over four special performers, who had unusual skill, came in with flowers and danced a pantomime. Then came four others, with costumes different—blue robes trimmed with gold—who carried long, thin wands, entwined in gold and red, from which dangled festoons of pink blossoms.

All this time the music hummed and thrummed. To vary the show we had an even more grotesque amusement. First came eight children, who could scarcely do more than toddle. They were dressed in white, embroidered in green and red, wearing purple caps formed like the Phrygian liberty cap, and dangling on the shoulders. They came into the temple inclosure and danced on the graveled walk, while two, wearing an imitation of a dragon's skin, went through a dance and various contortions, supposed to be a dragon at play. This reminded us of the pantomime elephant, where one performer plays the front and another the hind legs. In the case of our Japanese dragon the legs were obvious, and the performers seemed indisposed even to protect the illusion. It was explained that it was an ancient village dance, one of the oldest in Japan, and that on festive occasions, when the harvests are ripe, or when some legend or feat of heroism is to be commemorated, they assemble and dance it. It was a trifling, innocent dance, and you felt as you looked at it, and, indeed, at all the features of our most unique entertainment, that there was a good deal of nursery imagination in Japanese fêtes and games. A more striking feature was the decorations which came with the second course of our feast. First came servants, bearing two trees, one of the pine the other of the plum. The plum-tree was in full blossom. One of these was set on a small table in front of Mrs. Grant, the other in front of the General. Another decoration was a cherry-tree, surmounting a large basin, in which were living carp fish. The carp has an important position in the legends of Japan. It is the emblem of ambition and resolution. This quality was shown in another decoration, representing a waterfall, with carp climbing against the stream. The tendency of the carp to dash against rocks and climb waterfalls, which should indicate a low order of intellect and per-

verted judgment, is supposed to show the traits of the ambitious man. Perhaps the old philosophers saw a great deal of folly and weakness of mind in the fever of ambition, and these emblems may have had a moral lesson for those who sat at the daimio feasts. This habit of giving feasts a moral feature,



A COUNTRY ROAD.

of adding music for the imagination and legends for the mind, if such were the purpose, showed an approach to refined civilization in the ancient days. I am afraid, however, if we were to test our dinner by such speculations it would become whimsical, and lose that dignity which princes at least would be supposed to give to their feasts. You will note, however, as

our dinner goes on it becomes bizarre and odd, and runs away with all well-ordered notions of what even a daimio's dinner should be. The soups disappear. You see we have only had seven distinct soups served at intervals, and so cunningly prepared that you are convinced that in the ancient days of Japanese splendor soup had a dignity which it has lost. One of the mournful attributes of our modern civilization is the position into which soup is fallen. It used to be the mainstay of a feast, the salvation of bad dinners, something always to be depended upon when all went to the bad. Now the soup has been abandoned to the United States, where we have the gumbo and the oyster, the clam and the terrapin, to justify the proud preeminence of America. I am afraid, however, from what I see of bills of fare at home at the great feasts, that the clam and the oyster are in abeyance; that the soups of America, our country's boast, and the birthright of every patriot—that the soups which bring you memories of New England beaches, and the surf that tumbles along the shores of the modest Chesapeake, and the sandy reaches of New Jersey, are following the fate of these soups of Japan, which you only see at these solemn daimio feasts, which are as much out of keeping with even the feasts of to-day as the manners and costumes of Martha Washington's drawing-room in a Newport drawing-room. With the departure of the soups our dinner becomes fantastic. Perhaps the old daimios knew that by the time their guests had eaten of seven soups, and twenty courses in addition, and drank of innumerable dishes of rice liquor, they were in a condition to require a daring flight of genius.

The music is in full flow, and the lights of the town grow brighter with the shades of darkening night, and some of the company have long since taken refuge from the dinner in cigars, and over the low brick wall and in the recesses of the temple grounds crowds begin to cluster and form; and below, at the foot of the steps, the crowd grows larger and larger, and you hear the buzz of the throng and the clinking of the lanterns of the chair-bearers—for the whole town was in festive mood—and high up in our open temple on our hill-side we have become a

show for the town. Well, that is only a small return for the measureless hospitality we have enjoyed, and if we can gratify an innocent curiosity, let us think of so much pleasure given in our way through the world. It is such a relief to know that we have passed beyond any comprehension of our dinner, which we look at as so many conceptions and preparations—curious contrivances, which we study out as though they were riddles or problems adjusted for our entertainment. The dining quality vanished with that eccentric soup of bassfish and orange flowers. With the General it went much earlier. It must be said that for the General the table has few charms, and long before we began upon the skylarks and buckwheat degraded by the egg-plant, he for whom this feast is given had taken refuge in a cigar, and contented himself with looking upon the beauty of the town and bay and cliff, allowing the dinner to flow along. You will observe, if you have followed the narrative of our feast, that meat plays a small and fish a large part in a daimio's dinner—fish and the products of the forest and field. The red snapper has the place of honor, and although we have had the snapper in five different shapes, as a soup, as a ragout, flavored with cabbage, broiled with pickled beans, and hashed, here he comes again, baked, decorated with ribbons, with every scale in place, folded in a bamboo basket. Certainly we cannot be expected to eat any more of the snapper, and I fancy that in the ancient feasts the daimio intended that after his guests had partaken freely they could take a part of the luxury home and have a subsequent entertainment. Perhaps there were poor folk in those days who had place at the tables of the great, and were glad enough to have a fish or a dish of sweetmeats to carry home. This theory was confirmed by the fact that when we reached our quarters that night we found that the snapper in a basket with various other dishes had been brought after us and placed in our chambers.

Here are fried snappers—snappers again, this time fried with shrimps, eggs, egg-plants and mashed turnips. Then we have dishes, five in number, under the generic name of "shima-

dai." I suppose shimadai means the crowning glory, the consummation of the feast. In these dishes the genius of the artist takes his most daring flight. The first achievement is a composition of mashed fish, panyu, bolone, jelly and chestnut, decorated with scenery of Fusiyama. A moment since I called your attention to the moral lessons conveyed at a certain stage of our dinner, where the folly of ambition was taught by a carp trying to fly up a stream. Here the sentiment of art is gratified. Your dinner becomes a panorama, and when you have



VISIT TO HIOGO.

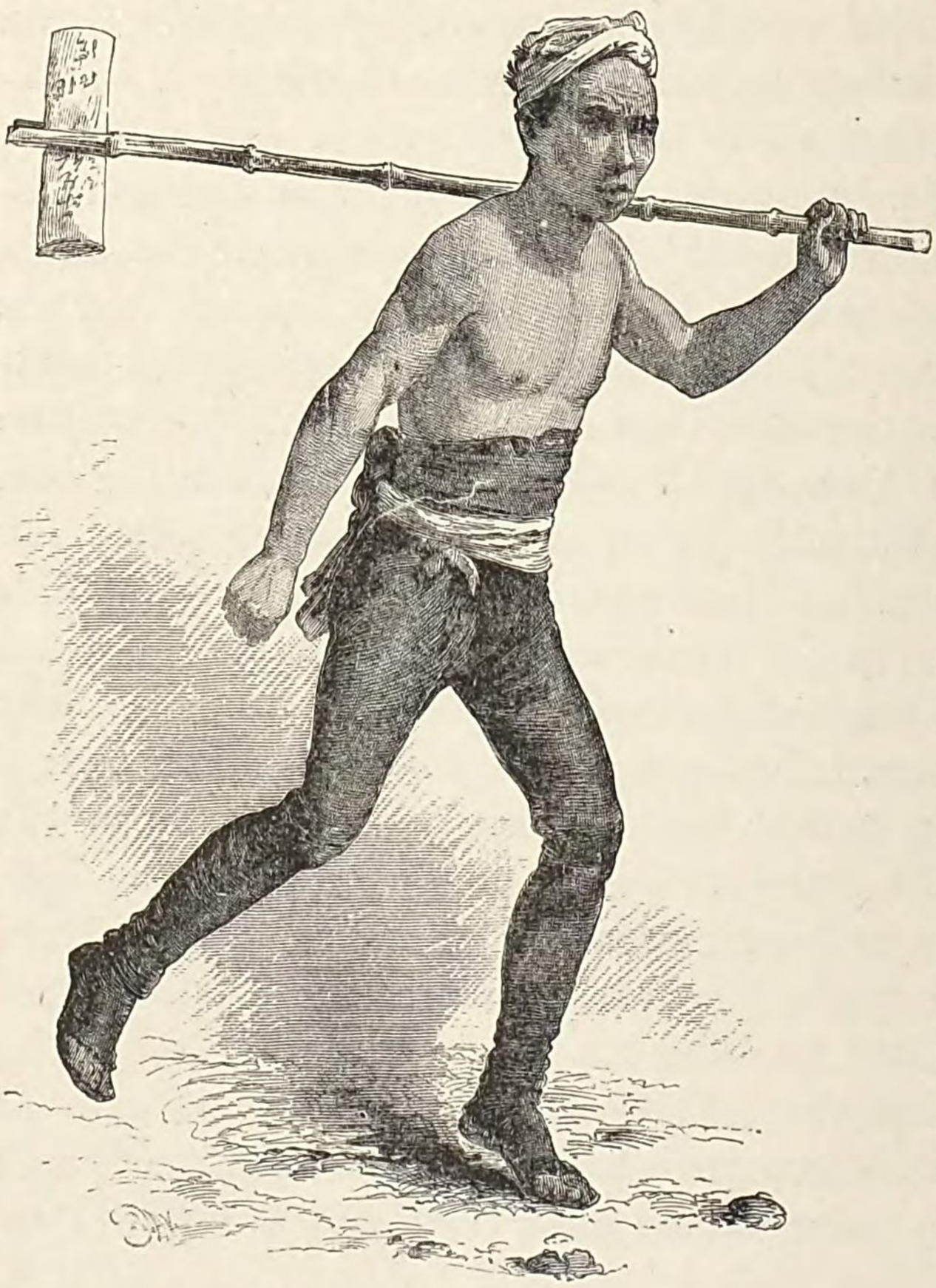
gazed upon the scenery of Fusiyama until you are satisfied, the picture changes. Here we have a picture and a legend. This picture is of the old couple of Takasago—a Japanese domestic legend, that enters into all plays and feasts. The old couple of Takasago always bring contentment, peace, and a happy old age. They are household fairies, and are invoked just as we invoke Santa Claus in holiday times. Somehow the Japanese have improved upon our legend; for instead of giving us a frosty, red-faced Santa Claus, riding along the snow-banked house-tops, showering his treasures upon the just and the un-

just—a foolish, incoherent old fellow, about whose antecedents we are misinformed, of whose manner of living we have no information, and who would, if he ever came into the hands of the police, find it difficult to explain the possession of so many articles—we have a poem that teaches the peace that comes with virtue, the sacredness of marriage, and the beauty of that life which so soon comes to an end. Burns gives you the whole story in "John Anderson, my Jo," but what we have in a song the Japanese have in a legend. So at our daimio feasts the legend comes, and all the lessons of a perfect life of content and virtue are brought before you. The old couple are represented under trees of palm, bamboo, and plum. Snow has fallen upon the trees. Around this legend there is a dish composed of shrimp, fish, potato, water potatoes, eggs, and seaweed. The next dish of the shimadai family is decorated with pine trees and cranes, and composed of varieties of fish. There is another decorated with plum trees, bamboo, and tortoise, also of fish, and another, more curious than all, decorated with peony flowers and what is called the shakio, but what looked like a doll with long red hair. This final species of the shimadai family was composed of mashed fish—a Japanese fish named kisu, shrimps, potatoes, rabbits, gold fish and ginger. After the shimadai we had a series called sashimi. This was composed of four dishes, and would have been the crowning glory of the feast if we had not failed in courage. But one of the features of the sashimi was that live fish should be brought in, sliced while alive, and served. We were not brave enough for that, and so we contented ourselves with looking at the fish leaping about in their decorated basins and seeing them carried away, no doubt to be sliced for less sentimental feeders behind the screens. As a final course we had pears prepared with horse-radish, a cake of wheat flour and powdered ice. The dinner came to an end after a struggle of six or seven hours, and as we drove home through the illuminated town, brilliant with lanterns and fireworks and arches and bonfires, it was felt that we had been honored by an entertainment such as we may never again expect to see.

Our days in Nagasaki were pleasant, but few. We saw all the institutions of the town, the courts of law, the schools, the dock-yard—and every hour of our stay was marked by considerate and gracious hospitality. We passed six nights in Nagasaki, and every night there was an illumination with bonfires on the hills and fireworks, the people vieing with the government in doing honor to the General. All day long the crowds never wearied at hanging around the gates of the Normal School Building in which General Grant lived, watching for him. Our final hours were spent at an entertainment at the house of Mr. Mangum, the consul. The General re-embarked on the "Richmond" in a heavy rain, on the afternoon of the 26th of June. We at once went out to sea, the "Ashuelot," and the Japanese man-of-war keeping us company. Prince Dati remained on board his own vessel, while Mr. Yoshida and General Bingham accompanied General Grant to the "Richmond." In the evening, as we sailed out of Nagasaki harbor, the rain was falling and gloomy clouds darkened the sky. In the morning the sun was out, the green hills smiled upon us, and around us was the beauty of the Inland Sea of Japan. There for five days we sailed over a sea famous for its beauty and its romance, away from the world of telegraphs and journalism, on every side of us pictures of an ancient and picturesque civilization; passing from sea to sea, not as hurried merchantmen, with mails to carry and goods to sell, but cruising on a man-of-war, going easily and stopping as they list. There is very little that I can tell of a journey like this, except to lament that we could not catch up and carry away some of the glory with which nature surrounded us.

During the day we spent our time on deck. There were attempts at reading and writing, episodes of talk, and no end of smoke. One day seemed to repeat itself, like yesterday, for instance, the last day of June. As the sun went down, the sea, which had been a blue whispering ripple all day long, became as smooth as glass. The "Ashuelot" had been tugging on in our rear, near enough for us to distinguish our friends on

the deck. Signals had been exchanging, signals necessary to the management of the ships, signals of courteous inquiry between Mrs. Grant and the ladies on board. All day long we had passed a succession of hills, valleys, islands covered with green, island rocks standing like sentinels over the channels of trade. In the formation of the hills you observe the preponderance of the conglomerate rock. Sometimes a ragged, cowl-like rock leaped up from among its comelier neighbors; and the jagged sides gave intimation of the immemorial ages when volcanic fires covered the land. Even nature, which with loving considerate hand has covered the rocks with verdure, and bidden the valleys to smile, and called forth flowers and grass and budding forest trees—even nature has not been able to extinguish the tokens of the fiery ages. Sometimes even the Inland Sea becomes restive and unruly, and heavy waves surge against these shores, but our trip is especially favored. All day we have only the suspicion of a breeze, just enough to corrugate the waters. As the evening falls, we come within a mile of a village. Rumors that cholera prevails



MAIL COURIER.

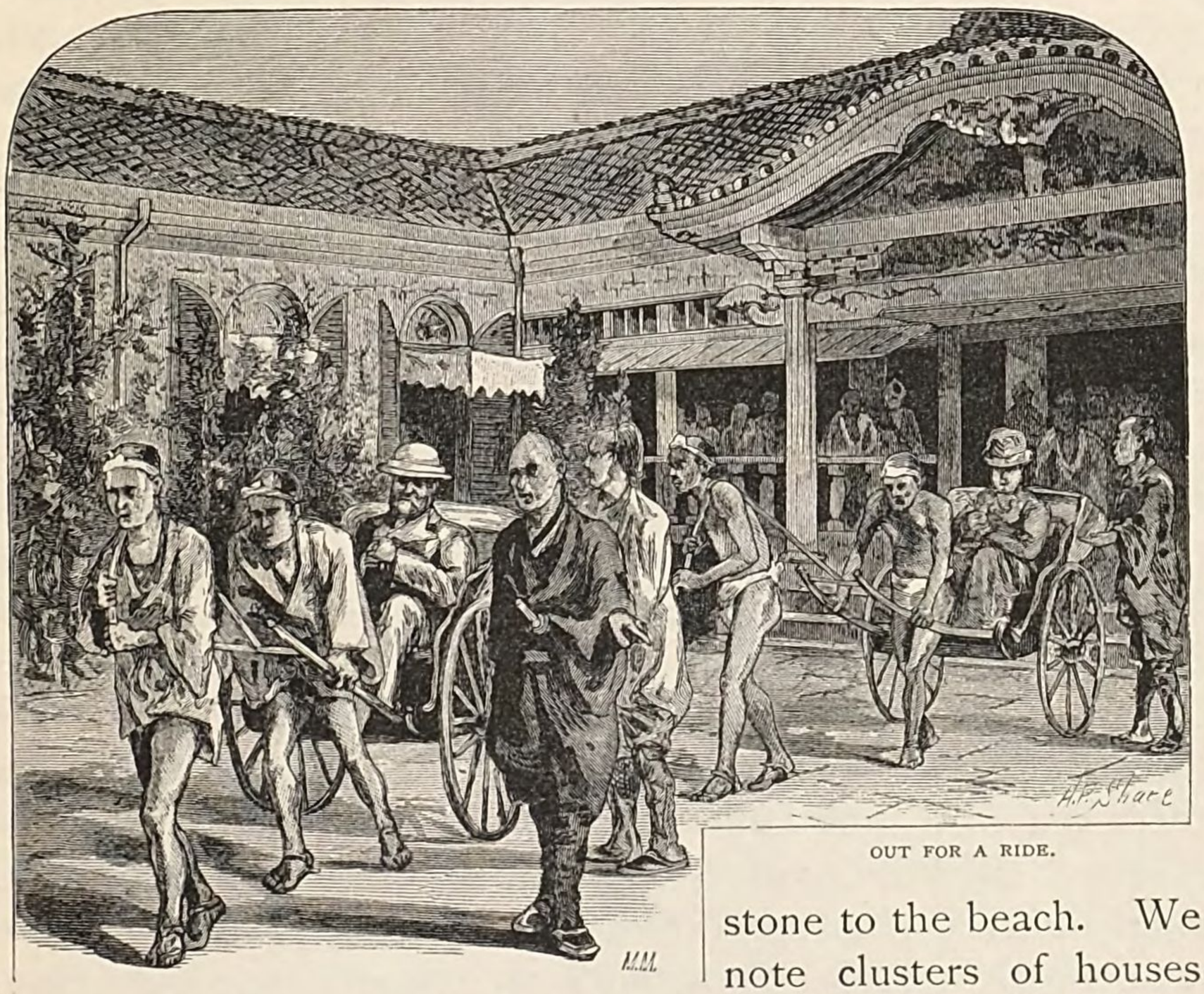
along the coast prevent our landing. So all that we can do is to study the village through our glasses—the temple on the side of the hill, the mass of tiled cottages, the fishing boats which come out toward us laden with curious villagers, not to barter, but only to go around and around us and see. Civilization has not penetrated these inland seas. All the people know of the outside world whose power is in ships, are the steamships carrying mails and merchandise that occasionally pass without pausing. We are on a man-of-war not concerned with commerce or the cares of trade, drifting along, taking the course that pleases us, shooting into one bay and another, seeking only the beauty of nature, and how to get on not in too great a hurry. We can visit spots where foreign ships never go. We had counted a great deal upon these opportunities, but the rumor of cholera met us at Nagasaki, and our Japanese friends who have us in charge as the representative of the Mikado forbid us to land. This prohibition extends to all the ships, and all communication with the shore, and is a disappointment, because we had counted on our opportunities of visiting out of the way places. After all, the life you see in Nagasaki in a great measure mirrors the life you bring. But the prohibition is so severe that the boats from the shore are warned to keep at a distance from the ship, and Mr. Yoshida proposes the dissemination of carbolic acid over the ship as a disinfectant.

In the evening General Grant gave a dinner party, one of a series of dinners in which the General meant to include all the officers of the two ships of war, from the captains down to the cadet midshipman. It is the General's only way of returning the gentle and considerate kindness he has received from all the naval officers of whatever grade. The dinner was served in the main cabin, General Grant presiding, with Captain Benham as *vis-à-vis*. Mrs. Grant sat on the right of the captain. Judge Bingham, the American Minister to Japan, and Mr. Yoshida, the Japanese Minister to America were also present. At the close, the General, lifting his glass and without rising said, "I drink to the American navy, and hope that it

may never meet a foe except to be victorious over it." This was the only sentiment, unless I add a sentiment of the most radical character added in an undertone by Mrs. Grant, that she hoped they would all soon become admirals. Mrs. Grant's good wish was accepted in the best spirit by all present without introducing those burning questions of rank, pay, grade, and seniority which would be sure to arise in the event of its consideration by Congress. Then we all came on deck, and looked out on the calm sea, and the fleecy clouds overhead that made a mockery of covering the stars, and the lights that marked the outline of the town. The Japanese vessel was dressed from stem to stern with a rainbow decoration of lanterns, showing forth a dark red light. The spars were dressed, and the graceful vessel looked like some lurid phantom ship that had suddenly appeared on these weird, unknown seas. The brown night and the black hills made a fine background for the ship, giving the red lines of the illumination a deeper tint. Fireworks were displayed, and every few moments for an hour or two, we had ravishing masses of light, flaming, bursting, and dying. Then from the shores came cheering—peals of cheering—an unusual phenomenon in these sober Eastern lands, where the emotions are always suppressed. This cheering, far away and faint, was so homelike, and so unusual that it came upon us like a sound from home. Then our friends of the "Ashuelot" burned lights that changed from red to green and purple and other tints in an almost miraculous manner, and although a poor display compared with the Japanese, added another beauty to the night and brought renewed cheers from the shore. The "Richmond" had no lights to burn, and no fireworks, and our contribution to the evening was the band. So the band was lowered into a boat, and rowed toward the Japanese vessel, and around it, playing the Japanese air in honor of the empire, and other airs. Among them was Auld Lang Syne, which I venture to say was never heard to better advantage than as it came back to us softly borne by the evening winds over the sea of Japan. Music is a good deal like prayer and meditation and the sacred offices. We must be

in the proper frame of mind to invoke it. And so we sat until the attentive bells told us that midnight was coming, and not without regret we left the revelation of beauty which the night had brought.

These were our evening amusements as we sailed on the sea of Japan. We only sail by day, and at night anchor. By day we sit on the deck and look at the scenery. For hours and hours we look at the unchanging beauty. Sometimes we come near to the shore, so near that we can almost throw a



OUT FOR A RIDE.

stone to the beach. We note clusters of houses that in America would be respectable villages, dotted about over the landscape in the radius of two or three hundred acres. One is accustomed to see wide spaces for cultivation around villages. But in Japan you see a half dozen villages all apart, distinct, evidently separate communes, and then comes a long reach of country with only groves and verdure. Children come running down to the shores, and give us a wondering welcome. We come to a bluff, ascended by stone steps to a terrace where

there is a stone house, its white walls shining in the sun. From the terrace floats the flag of Japan, and we know that a guard of some kind keeps watch over the empire. The hills, which have been green and radiant, begin to look bare and show whitish brown blotches that tell of barrenness, and finally sink away in a succession of decreasing foot hills, and are lost in the sea. The land suddenly breaks away, and the land we have been skirting so closely proves to be a promontory, and we have to look for a moment steadily through the glasses before we can determine whether the line that bounds the horizon is a line of clouds or the land. Both shores break away, and we are in the middle of a sea many miles wide, the white sails of inland coasting vessels dotting the horizon. Fleets of boats—stumpy, clumsy boats—with sharp, angular prows, in groups of two or three, are in the service of fishermen searching the sea for food. These boats are all propelled by a long and supple bamboo pole swinging at the stern. The boatmen, in scanty blue raiment, with wide overlapping hats as large as the head of a flour-barrel, propel the boat by wobbling the pole from side to side. One cannot help thinking, as he sees this primitive method of seamanship, that there is little use of science or improved machinery at sea, and that Providence is the best sailor after all. I question if the most skillful seaman that ever left the Naval Academy could do as well with these lumbering crafts as the unlearned boatmen who have lived on these waters as their fathers have done for centuries. The currents are capricious and strong, and the officers on the bridge keep a keen lookout, and orders are constantly passing to the man at the wheel. Sometimes an uncouth, unwieldy junk, yielding to curiosity, comes sidling up so close to our prow as to cause a little anxiety. Then the orders are quick and sharp, and we rush to the side to see what the fate of the junk will be, and in a few moments our anxiety passes, as we almost graze the junk and go on our way. At the entrance of the sea there are two forts, one on either shore. One is an old fort, without guns, covered with grass; the other, a new one, with white, well-cemented walls. Beautiful as the sea is to idle voyagers

on a calm, sunny, summer Sabbath afternoon, there is treachery in these currents, and rocks are hidden, and we are shown the red outlines of a buoy where an English steamer struck a rock and went down. But the sea has many such admonitions. Science and skill and the most perfect discipline fail you in the presence of these ambuscades, of the sudden winds, of the seas and currents. Nor does habit deaden experience. The best sailors I have known, the men who have the most experience, are always on their guard. No one can tell what an hour may bring forth, and the Eastern seas especially are noted for the ruin they have caused. All goes well with us, however, and the grim stories of disaster which mark the mariner's career only add a zest to our voyage through the sea of Japan.

The cloud which hangs over our trip thus far is the cholera. Mr. Yoshida has been telegraphing along the coast to know of the progress of this sinister disease. While at anchor we have a dispatch from Hiogo announcing that there had been a large number of deaths since the beginning of the month, that many were dying in the neighboring city of Osaka—the Venice of Japan, as it is called—and that landing was impossible. I am afraid if our Japanese friends had not been peremptory and anxious on the cholera question, that our party would have landed. The naval people were disposed to treat the question lightly, one of our ward-room friends remarking that he had had the yellow fever twice, and would not object to a little cholera by way of change. But we were the guests of Japan, we were under the charge of the Emperor's representatives, and they were persistent on the point of our not landing.

We arrived at Hiogo about five o'clock in the afternoon. All the day we had been slowly steaming over a summer sea, the three vessels in company, our Japanese escort leading, and behind, near enough for us to distinguish our friends on the quarter deck through a telescope, was the "Ashuelot." We came to anchor about two miles from shore—nearer would have been dangerous. It was rather a satire on the fears of our friends, that no quarantine existed, that the port was full of shipping,

and that mails came to us from the mail-boat at anchor, which was going ahead to Yokohama. The Consul-General, Stahel, came out to pay his respects to General Grant. He confirmed the reports about the epidemic, which might be cholera or might not, but was certainly of the cholera family, coming rapidly and doing its will in a short time. None of the foreign settlement had suffered, and the authorities were doing what they could to stay the disease with carbolic acid and other disinfectants. The governor also came on board, a courteous Japanese official in blazing uniform resembling the court dress of an English official at a queen's drawing-room. He expressed his regret that he could not entertain us, but hoped that we might come again, overland from Tokio, as there was a palace prepared for our reception. Captain Benham issued an order forbidding any communication with the shore, so we swung at anchor watching the town and the glorious scenery which surrounded it. There could not be a more attractive site for a town. All along the shore the hills rise and break and fall, reaching their highest altitude at



A PEDDLER.

Hiogo. From base to summit they were covered with green. Instead of stately slopes and rugged rocks, the sides of the hills seemed to ripple and dimple, curving and bending into the oddest fancies until they broke against the sky. Above the summits was another summit of white clouds, the whiteness of an incandescent heat, which we took for snow until we knew that we had not come to the snow-tops. The hills slope toward the shore, and on the slope Hiogo is built. We studied it through our glasses and picked out the European bits and traced the concession.

General Grant tried to make our quarantine as pleasant as possible by giving a dinner to Prince Dati and the members of the Japanese deputation, Judge Bingham, Mr. and Mrs. Denny, Captain Johnson of the "Ashuelot," and a number of the officers of the "Richmond." After dinner, while we were gathered on deck, a steam launch came from the shore having a committee. Under the orders of the captain they were not allowed on board, and so the leader delivered an address in Japanese, at a high pitch of voice, in which he expressed the regret of the people that the General could not land, and hoped he would return again. The General listened to the address, leaning against the taffrail of the poop-deck. Mr. Yoshida translated it, as well as the response of the General, which was to the effect that he appreciated the kindness of the people in their desire to do him honor, and regretted the cause which prevented his landing. Then the committee in the launch went back. Although the General could not land, the town had made preparations to celebrate his coming. All the vessels in the harbor were dressed, and as the sun went down, the lights of rockets and lanterns began to appear. Some of these decorations were very fine, and when darkness came, the town seemed to be a glowing mass of fire. The general effect of the lanterns and the fireworks which arose in the air, and broke into a spray of colored flame, outdazzling in brilliancy the lustre of the constellations, the brown rolling hills, the shadows upon the water, the ships burning signals, and the music of our band, all combined to make Hiogo quite a fairy picture. The sea

was smooth with scarcely a murmur, and for two or three hours the display continued.

So passed another of our midsummer nights on the sea of Japan. From what we heard and saw of Hiogo it was a great disappointment not to be able to visit the town. General Stahel told us of all that had been done by the people, and especially by the foreign residents, who are few in number, but had united in a hearty desire to make our visit as pleasant and instructive as possible. This desire of all classes of foreign nationalities, wherever we have met them in Asiatic settlements, to do honor to General Grant, and through him to America, is one of the most pleasant experiences of the trip. Those who dream about the federation of man which Mr. Tennyson sings, or the commonwealth of nations which M. Hugo invokes, will see in the sympathy and good feeling which pervades the citizens of all nations on the coasts of Asia a harbinger of the good time. Pleasant also to those who believe in the Eastern nations, and labor for the opening of the Chinese and Japanese ports to our commerce and our civilization, is the eagerness with which Chinese and Japanese vie with the Europeans in their desire to do honor to an ex-President of the United States. That is the contribution which General Grant's journey around the world makes to the politics of the East. However the General may desire to make this journey personal, however much he may shrink from the honors, the ceremony, the pageantry, however earnestly he may waive any claim to other consideration than that which a private gentleman should receive in his journeys, the authorities insist upon regarding the visit as official, as the coming of a ruler, as an embassy of the highest rank. China invoked his good offices as mediator between Japan and herself in the Loochoo question. Japan is anxious for his good offices to secure the revision of the treaties which cripple her revenues in the interest of British trade. General Grant, while never giving indication of any power to affect one way or the other these important questions, appreciates the honor paid him, and has used his influence to impress upon the statesmen and rulers of these people the fact

that their true interest lies in the fullest and freest intercourse with the younger nations; that they have nothing to fear from European civilization; that the good things we have given to the world are good for Japanese and Chinamen, as well as for Britons and Americans; that international law will secure them as many rights as other nations enjoy; that they will not always appeal in vain to the sympathy and justice of the aggressive war-making powers; and that profitable development will only



JAPANESE FIREMEN.

come when their own people are educated so as to appreciate and extend the lessons of Western civilization.

Whatever may be the effect of this advice, it is worthy of note that the General has lost no opportunity of giving it. He has given it to men who have gone out of their way to do him honor, and to ask his advice and aid. I allude to the fact because it would be a mistake to suppose that we are merely an idle party, sailing over summer seas, our days given to the wonderful scenery with which the All-beneficent Hand has decked these shores, our nights to the universe, the constella-

tions, the serene whispering sea, music and fireworks, talk and song. If I have dwelt in these writings upon the lighter and brighter aspects of our journey, it is because I am glad to escape from serious themes, from politics and statesmanship, and gather up in a feeble, wandering way the impressions of nature. You sit on the deck, as I am sitting now, a steel breech-loading three-inch rifle gun for a table. The movement of the boat makes writing difficult, for the hand trembles, and the pen bobs over the paper as though I were tattooing, not writing. The General sits on the rear of the deck with Mr. Bingham and Mr. Yoshida, the Japanese minister, with a map unrolled, marking out our course and noting the prominent points of the scenery. Captain Benham is on the bridge, Mr. Sperry bends over the charts, Lieut.-Commander Clarke walks slowly up and down, waiting for the moment when, taking the trumpet from Mr. Stevens, the officer of the watch, he will bring the ship to anchor. "Three bells!" It is half-past one, and we are slowly moving into the bay of Sumida, where we are to anchor. A trim orderly comes tripping up the steps with the captain's compliments and the news that Fusiyama is in sight. Fusiyama is one of the glories of the mountain world, with its lofty peak, wrapped in eternal snow, over fourteen thousand feet high, occasionally sending out fire and smoke, making the earth tremble, and admonishing men of the awful and terrible glory embosomed in its rocky sides. We all go to the taffrail, and although clouds are clustered in the heavens, in time we trace the outlines of the mountain towering far into the inaccessible skies. Its beauty and its grandeur are veiled, and we dwell upon the green, dimpled hills, and the rolling plains. The sea becomes a lighter blue. Our Japanese convoy stops. A signal is made to the "Ashuelot" to slacken speed. Mrs. Grant, leaning on the arm of one of the officers, saunters up and down the deck enjoying the blended beauty of hill and sea. The loud word of command echoes along the deck. Sailors bustle about and make the boats ready for lowering. "Stand by the port-anchor!" and the boatswain's whistle answers the command. The bell rings admonition to go slowly, to back,

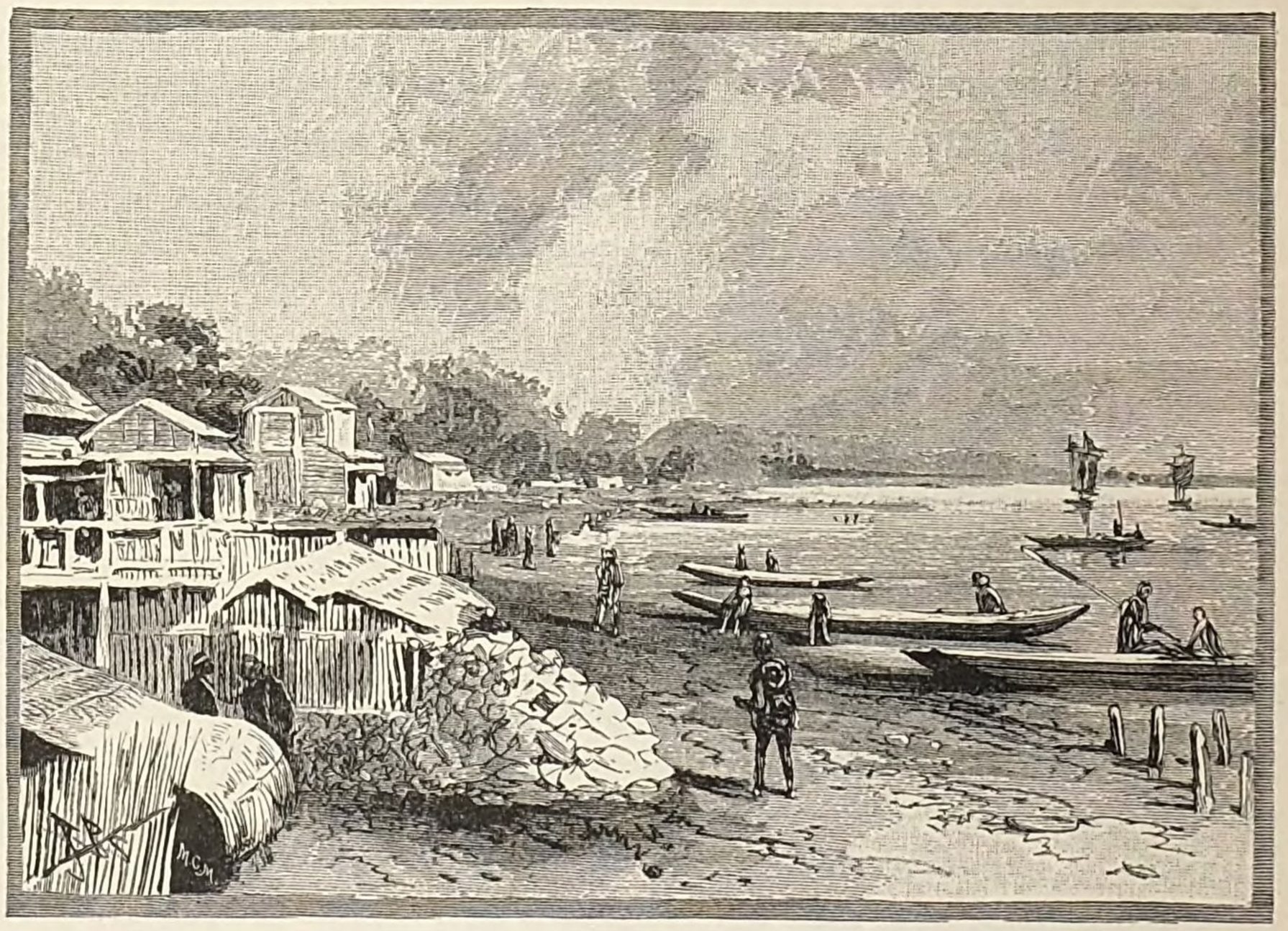
to stand still. "Let go the port-anchor!" The chain rumbles over the side. The anchor plunges into the sea, and the noble vessel slowly swings around in a hissing sea, under the shadow of the mountain.

I thought of Naples as we swung at anchor in Sumida Bay, Naples perhaps coming to my mind because of Fusiyama, the famous volcano—one of the mountain beauties of the globe, which hid herself in the clouds, and only looked at us now and then through the coy and sheltering mist. Fusiyama is a noble mountain, and although thirty miles away, looked as near as Vesuvius from Naples. Then I thought of Longfellow's dream-picture of Japan, in which he draws an outline of Fusiyama, and as I was fortunate enough to find the lines in one of the naval officers' rooms, I quote them:

"Cradled and rocked in Eastern seas,
The islands of the Japanese
Beneath me lie. O'er lake and plain
The stork, the heron, and the crane
Through the clear realms of azure drift;
And on the hill-side I can see
The villages of Iwari,
Whose thronged and flaming workshops lift
Their twisted columns of smoke on high—
Cloud-cloisters that in ruins lie,
With sunshine streaming through each rift,
And broken arches of blue sky.

"All the bright flowers that fill the land,
Ripples of waves on rock or sand,
The snow on Fusiyama's cone,
The midnight heaven so thickly sown
With constellations of bright stars,
The leaves that rustle, the reeds that make
A whisper by each stream and lake,
The saffron dawn, the sunset red,
Are painted on these lovely jars;
Again the sky-lark sings, again
The stork, the heron, and the crane
Float through the azure overhead,
The counterfeit and counterpart
Of nature reproduced in art."

The bay of Sumida is not open to the outside world, and we are only here because we are the guests of the Emperor. Under the treaties there are specified ports open to trade, and in others vessels are forbidden to enter except under stress of weather. The Japanese would be glad to open any port in their kingdom, if the foreign powers would abate some of the hard conditions imposed upon them at the point of the bayonet. On this there will, one hopes, soon be an understanding honor-



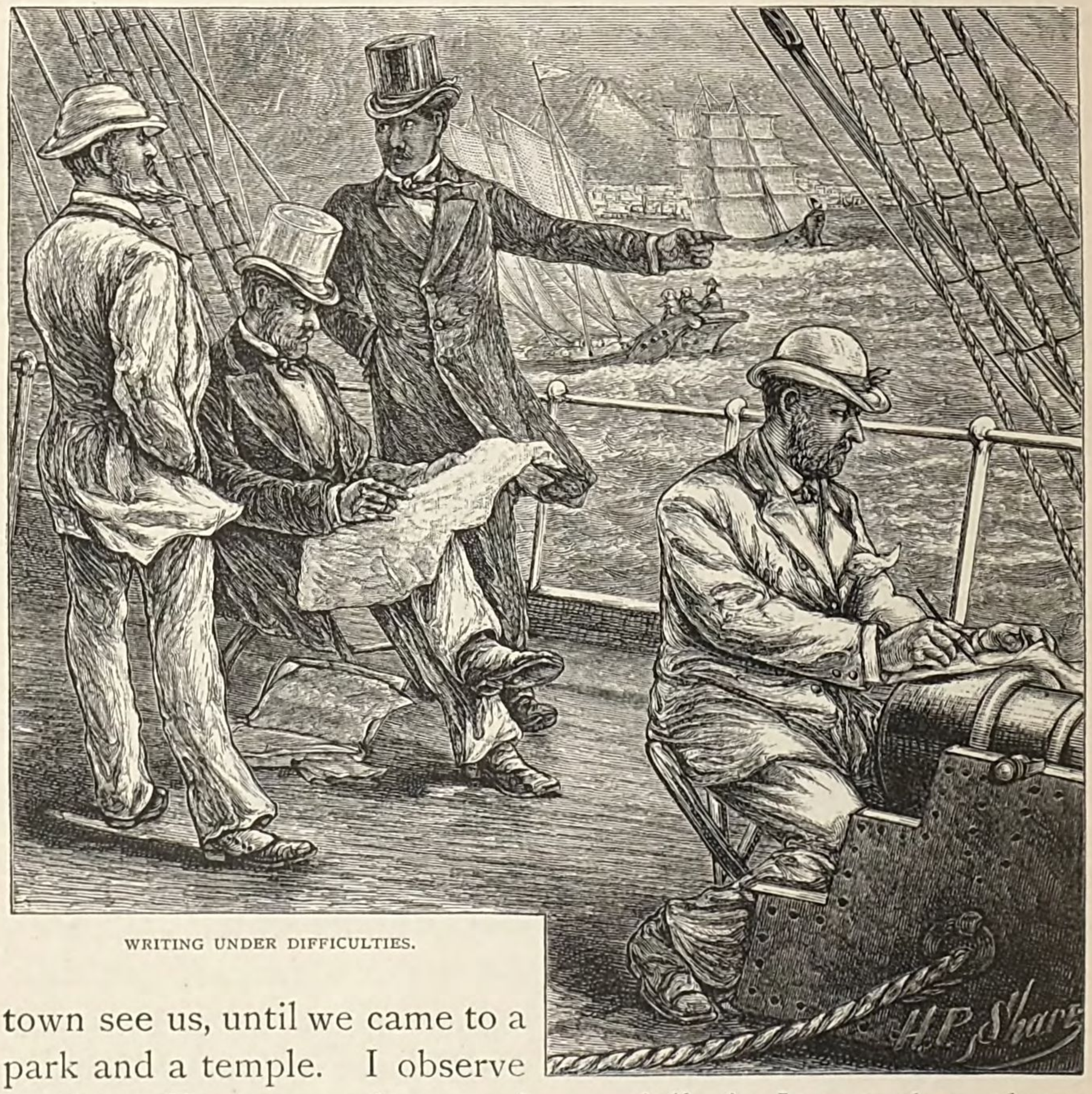
A VILLAGE ON THE COAST.

able to Japan, and useful to the commercial world. But we are especially privileged in being allowed to come to a closed port, because we see Japan untouched by the foreigner. We have a glimpse of the land as it must have been before the deluge. The coming of these men-of-war was a startling circumstance, and the whole town, men, women, and children, were soon out in boats and barges and junks to see us. Captain Benham gave orders that they should be allowed to come on board fifty at a time and go through the ship. It would be a treat, he thought, and they would remember our flag, and

when next it came into their port, remember the kindness that had been shown them. This seemed to be a wise and benevolent diplomacy, and was in no ways abused. Old men and old women, mothers with children strapped on their shoulders or tugging at their breasts, fishermen, all classes in fact, with clothes and without clothes, came streaming over the side to look and wonder, and marvel at the great glowering guns.

The governor of the province called, and invited us to visit him in his capital town, an old-fashioned town about six miles in the interior. We landed and spent a few minutes looking at the catch of fish made by the fishermen, and noted a species with fins colored like the wings of a butterfly. We visited a tea house and saw the tea in its various processes of curing. There were maidens with nimble fingers who sorted out the good from the bad, and earned in that labor ten cents a day. Mr. Bingham, Captain Benham, and several officers of the "Ashuelot" and "Richmond" increased our number, and when finally about ten in the morning we set out for a visit to Shiguoka, we had quite a procession of jinrickshaws. The whole town was out, and every house displayed the Japanese flag. Schools dismissed, and the scholars formed in line, their teachers at their head, and bowed low as we passed. The roads were fairly good, much better than I have seen in the suburbs of New York, and our perambulators spun along at a good pace. When we left the town we passed under shady trees, and stretches of low rice fields, almost under water, and fields of tea. Policemen, dapper little fellows in white uniforms with small staffs, were stationed at regular points to keep order. But the policeman seemed quite out of place in smiling, happy, amiable Japan. The people were in the best of humor, and rumors of our coming evidently had preceded us, for all along the road we found people watching and waiting to welcome the General with a smile and a bow. About noon we reached the town, and bowled along merrily over streets which had rarely if ever seen the foot of a European. As a pure Japanese town, without a tint of European civilization, it was most interesting. The streets were clean and narrow, the people in

Japanese costumes. The houses were tidy, and the stores teemed with articles for sale. We saw no beggary, no misery, no poverty, only a bright contented people who loved the sunshine. We drove on, up one street and down another, a roundabout way, I am sure, so that we should see the town and the

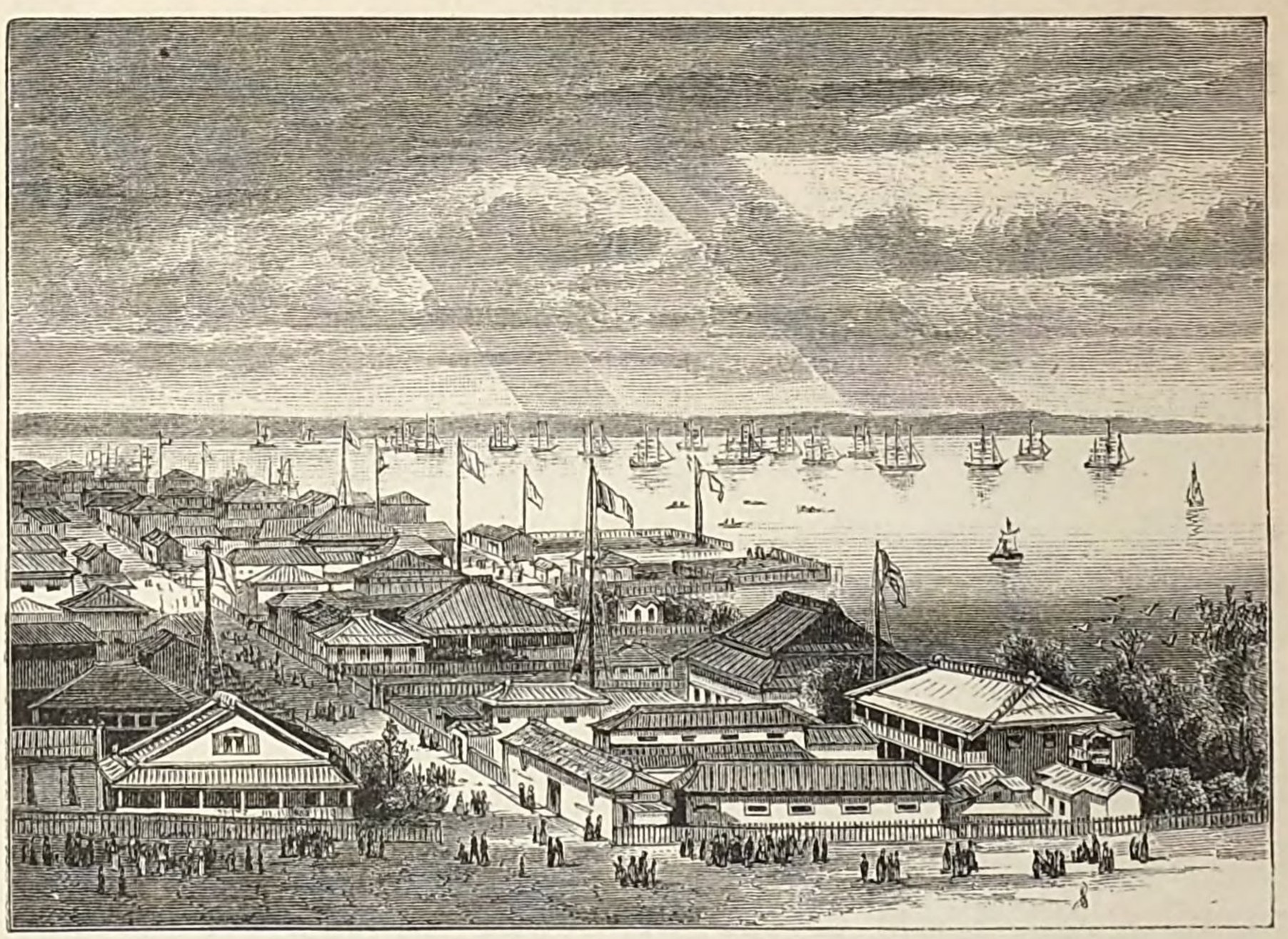


WRITING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

town see us, until we came to a park and a temple. I observe in these Eastern nations, and especially in Japan, that places of worship and of recreation are together, so that the faithful may perform their devotions and have a good time. Here we sat and took tea. The carving on the temple was two centuries old, but looked fresh and new. The floors were covered with clean white matting, and the screens were decorated with birds of gay plumage. While the tea was served there was music, and after the music bonbons. Priests in white and brown

flowing garments, active young men not apparently suffering from an ascetic life, came and bowed to the General. Day fireworks were set off—a curious contrivance in pyrotechny which makes a cloud in the sky and shoots out fans and ribbons and trinkets. One of these fans took fire, and while burning lodged on the wood-work of the temple, and for a moment it seemed as if we were to have an additional and unexpected pageant. But the priests and policemen scrambled up the carved pillars and put out the fire. At the doors of the temple were offerings of white flowers.

The presence of the General in the town was made the occasion for a fête-day, and the people enjoyed the fireworks and the music. Then we were taken to breakfast, a Japanese breakfast of multitudinous and curious dishes, and after breakfast we rode home. We passed on our way the walls surrounding the home of the dethroned Tycoon. That once-dreaded monarch is now a pensioner, and lives a life of seclusion and study. The drive back was picturesque and pleasant, in all respects most interesting as our first unruffled glimpse of Japan. The roads were smooth, the streams were covered with round stone bridges, and there were brooks with clear running water. We stopped at a tea-house to allow our jinrickshaw men to cool themselves and drink, and saw heaps of the green tea-leaves ready to be cured. On our return to the village we found the whole town waiting for us, and as we rolled down to the beach, the people came flying and tramping after. During the night we kept on in a slow, easy pace, and in the morning at ten we saw the hills of Yokohama, and heard the guns of the "Monongahela"—Admiral Patterson's flagship—thunder out their welcome to General Grant.



THE HARBOR OF YOKOHAMA.

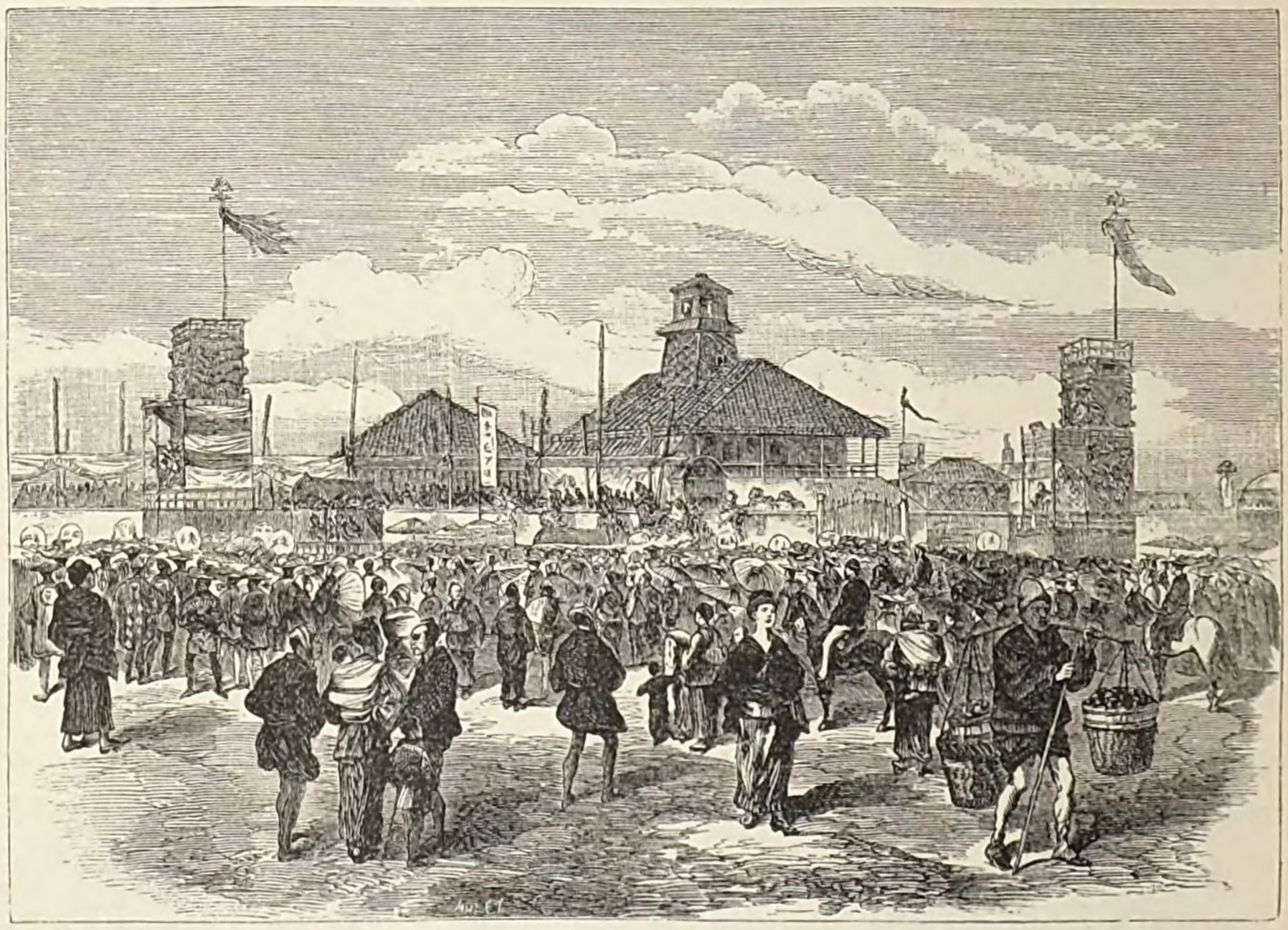
CHAPTER XLII.

JAPAN.

GENERAL GRANT'S landing in Yokohama, which took place on the 3d of July, as a mere pageant, was in itself a glorious sight. Yokohama has a beautiful harbor, and the lines of the city can be traced along the green background. The day was clear and warm—a home July day tempered with ocean winds. There were men-of-war of various nations in the harbor, and as the exact hour of the General's coming was known, everybody was on the lookout. At ten o'clock our Japanese convoy passed ahead and entered the harbor. At half-past ten the "Richmond" steamed slowly in, followed by the "Ashuelot." As soon as the "Monongahela" made out our flag, and especially the flag at the fore, which denoted the General's presence, her

guns rolled out a salute. For a half hour the bay rang with the roar of cannon and was clouded with smoke. The "Richmond" fired a salute to the flag of Japan. The Japanese and the French and Russian vessels fired gun after gun. Then came official visits—Admiral Patterson and staff, the admirals and commanding officers of other fleets, Consul-general Van Buren, and officers of the Japanese navy, blazing in uniform. The officers of the "Richmond" were all in full uniform, and for an hour the deck of the flag-ship was a blaze of color and decoration. General Grant received the various dignitaries on the deck as they arrived. It was arranged that General Grant's landing was to take place precisely at noon. The foreign residents were anxious that the ceremony should be on what is called the foreign concession, but the Japanese authorities preferred that it should be on their own territory. At noon the imperial barge and the steam launch came alongside the "Richmond." General Grant, accompanied by Mrs. Grant, his son, Prince Dati, Judge Bingham, Mr. Yoshida, and the naval officers specially detailed to accompany him, passed over the side and went on the barge. As soon as General Grant entered the barge, the "Richmond" manned yards and fired a salute. In an instant, as if by magic, the Japanese, the French, and the Russians manned yards and fired salutes. The German ship hoisted the imperial standard, and the English vessel dressed ship. Amid the roar of cannon and the waving of flags the General's boat slowly moved to the shore. As he passed each of the saluting ships the General took off his hat and bowed, while the guards presented arms and the bands played the American national air. The scene was wonderfully grand—the roar of the cannon, the clouds of smoke wandering off over the waters; the stately, noble vessels streaming with flags; the yards manned with seamen; the guards on deck; the officers in full uniform gathered on the quarter-deck to salute the General as he passed; the music and the cheers which came from the Japanese and the merchant ships; the crowds that clustered on the wharves; the city; and over all a clear, mild, July day, with grateful breezes ruffling the sea.

As the General's barge slowly came to the Admiralty wharf, there in waiting were the princes, ministers, and the high officials of the empire of Japan. As the General stepped out of the boat the Japanese band played the American national air, and Mr. Iwakura, Second Prime Minister, advanced and shook hands with him. General Grant had known Mr. Iwakura in America, when he visited our country at the head of the Japanese embassy. The greeting, therefore, was that of



THE ARRIVAL AT YOKOHAMA.

old friends. There were also Ito, Inomoto, and Tereshima, also members of the Cabinet, two princes of the imperial family, and a retinue of officials. Mr. Yoshida presented the General and party to the Japanese, and a few moments were spent in conversation. Day fireworks were set off at the moment of the landing—representations of the American and Japanese flags entwined. That, however, is the legend that greets you at every door-sill—the two flags entwined. The General and party, accompanied by the ministers and officials and the naval officers, drove to the railway station. There was a special train



AUDIENCE WITH THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

in waiting, and at a quarter past one the party started for Tokio.

Our ride to Tokio was a little less than an hour over a smooth road, and through a pleasant, well-cultivated and apparently prosperous country. Our train being special made no stoppage; but I observed as we passed the stations that they were clean and neat, and that the people had assembled to wave flags and bow as we whirled past. About two o'clock our train entered the station at Tokio. A large crowd was in waiting, mainly the merchants and principal citizens. As the General descended from the car a committee of the citizens advanced and acted as escort. At the close of the address General Grant was led to the private carriage of the Emperor. Among those who greeted him was his Excellency J. Pope Hennessy, British Governor of Hong Kong, who said that he came as a British subject, to be among those who welcomed General Grant to Japan.

The General's carriage drove slowly, surrounded by cavalry, through lines of infantry presenting arms, and a dense mass of people, under an arch of flowers and evergreens, until, amid the flourish of trumpets and the beating of drums, he descended at the house that had been prepared for his reception —the Emperor's summer palace at Enoshima. The Japanese, with almost a French refinement of courtesy, were anxious that General Grant should not leave any special honors paid to him in Japan until he had seen the Emperor. They were also desirous that the meeting with the Emperor should take place on the Fourth of July. Their arrangements had been impressed with the poetry of the idea of the reception of one who had been the head of the American nation on the anniversary of American Independence. Accordingly it was arranged that at two o'clock on the afternoon of the Fourth of July the audience with the Emperor should take place. The day was very warm, although in our palace on the sea we had a delicious breeze might have been wandering over the Pacific. General Grant invited some of his naval friends to accompany him, and in answer to this invitation we had Rear Admiral Patterson,



AUDIENCE WITH THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

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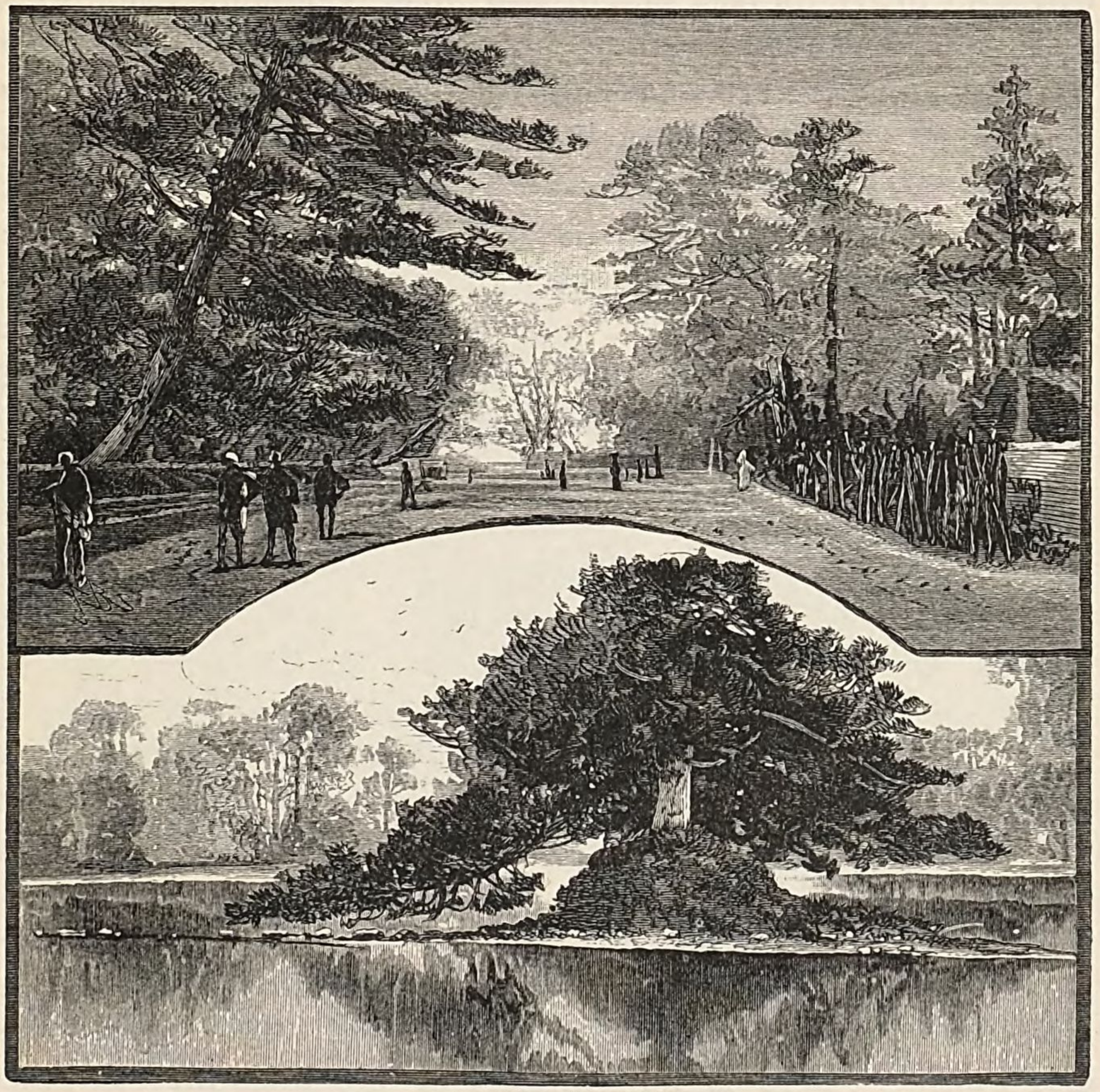
Our ride to Tokio was a little less than an hour, over a smooth road, and through a pleasant, well-cultivated, and apparently prosperous country. Our train being special made no stoppage; but I observed as we passed the stations that they were clean and neat, and that the people had assembled to wave flags and bow as we whirled past. About two o'clock our train entered the station at Tokio. A large crowd was in waiting, mainly the merchants and principal citizens. As the General descended from the train a committee of the citizens advanced and asked to read an address. At the close of the address General Grant was led to the private carriage of the Emperor. Among those who greeted him was his Excellency J. Pope Hennessy, British Governor of Hong-Kong, who said that he came as a British subject, to be among those who welcomed General Grant to Japan.

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attended by Pay Inspector Thornton and Lieutenant Davenport of his staff; Captain Benham commanding the "Richmond;" Captain Fitzhugh, commanding the "Monongahela;" Commander Johnson, commanding the "Ashuelot;" Lieutenant Springer, and Lieutenant Kellogg. At half-past one Mr. Bingham, our Minister, arrived, and our party immediately drove to the palace. The home of the Emperor was a long distance from the home of the General. The old palace was destroyed by fire, and Japan has had so many things to do that she has not built a new one. The road to the palace was through the section of Tokio where the old daimios lived when they ruled Japan as feudal lords, and made their occasional visits to the capital. There seems to have been a good deal of Highland freedom in the manners of the old princes. Their town-houses were really fortifications. A space was inclosed with walls, and against these walls chambers were built —rude chambers, like winter quarters for an army. In these winter quarters lived the retainers, the swordsmen and soldiers. In the center of the inclosure was the home of the lord himself, who lived in the midst of his people, like a general in camp, anxious to fight somebody, and disappointed if he returned to his home without a fight. A lord with hot-tempered followers, who had come from the restraints and amenities of home to have a good time at the capital and give the boys a chance to distinguish themselves and see the world, would not be a welcome neighbor. And as there were a great many such lords, and each had his army and his town fortress, the daimio quarter became an important part of the capital. Some of the houses were more imposing than the palace—notably the house of the Prince of Satsuma. There was an imposing gate, elaborately buttressed and strengthened, that looked quite Gothic in its rude splendor. These daimio houses have been taken by the government for schools, for public offices, for various useful purposes. The daimios no longer come with armies and build camps and terrorize over their neighbors and rivals.

We drove through the daimios' quarter and through the gates of the city. The first impression of Tokio is that it is a

city of walls and canals. The walls are crude and solid, protected by moats. In the days of pikemen and sword-bearers there could not have been a more effective defense. Even now it would require an effort for even a German army to enter through these walls. They go back many generations;



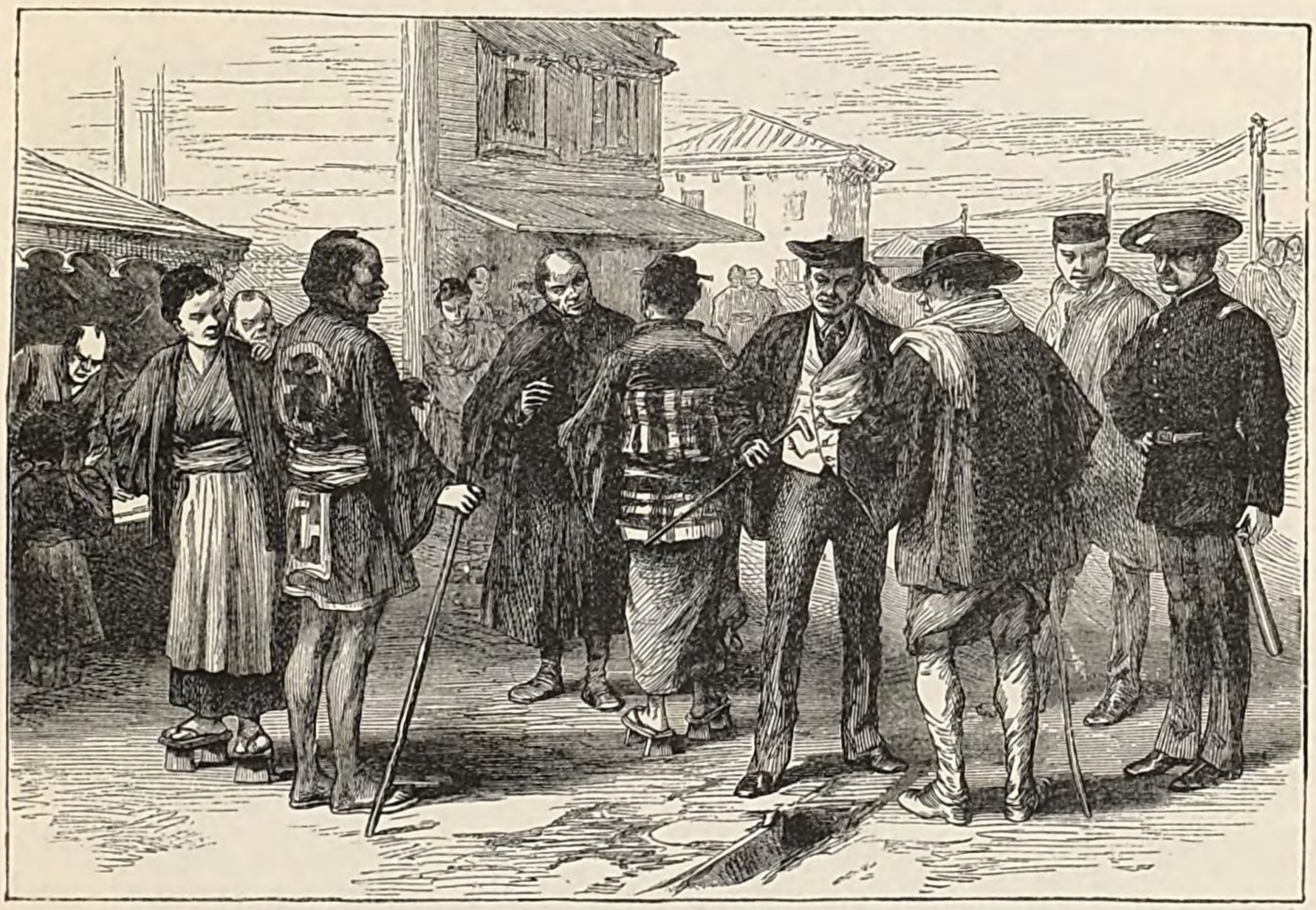
THE MIKADO'S GROUNDS.

I do not know how many. In these lands nothing is worth recording that is not a thousand years old, and my impression is that the walls of Tokio have grown up with the growth of the city, the necessities of defense, and the knowledge of the people in attack and defense. We passed under the walls of an inclosure which was called the castle. Here we are told the Emperor will build his new palace. We crossed another

bridge—I think there were a dozen altogether in the course of the drive—and came to a modest arched gateway, which did not look nearly as imposing as the entrance to the palace formerly occupied by the great Prince Satsuma. Soldiers were drawn up, and the band played "Hail Columbia." Our carriages drove on past one or two modest buildings and drew up in front of another modest building, on the steps of which the Minister Iwakura was standing. The General and party descended, and were cordially welcomed and escorted up a narrow stairway into an anteroom. When you have seen most of the available palaces in the world, from the glorious home of Aurungzebe to the depressing, mighty cloister of the Escurial, you are sure to have preconceived notions of what a palace should be, and to expect something unique and grand in the home of the long-hidden and sacred Majesty of Japan. The home of the Emperor was as simple as that of a country gentleman at home. We have many country gentlemen with felicitous investments in petroleum and silver who would disdain the home of a prince who claims direct descent from heaven, and whose line extends far beyond the Christian era. What marked the house was its simplicity and taste; qualities for which my palace education had not prepared me. You look for splendor, for the grand—at least the grandiose—for some royal whim like the holy palace near the Escurial, which cost millions, or like Versailles, whose cost is among the eternal mysteries. Here we are in a suite of plain rooms, the ceilings of wood, the walls decorated with natural scenery—the furniture sufficient but not crowded—and exquisite in style and finish. There is no pretense of architectural emotion. The rooms are large, airy, with a sense of summer about them which grows stronger as you look out of the window and down the avenues of trees. We are told that the grounds are spacious and fine, even for Japan, and that his Majesty, who rarely goes outside of his palace grounds, takes what recreation he needs within the walls.

The palace is a low building, one story in height. They do not build high walls in Japan, especially in Tokio, on ac-

count of the earthquakes. We enter a room where all the Ministers are assembled. The Japanese Cabinet is a famous body, and tested by the laws of physiognomy would compare with that of any Cabinet I have seen. The Prime Minister is a striking character. He is small, slender, with an almost girl-like figure, delicate, clean-cut, winning features, a face that might be that of a boy of twenty or a man of fifty. The Prime Minister reminded me of Alexander H. Stephens in his frail, slender frame, but it bloomed with health and lacked the



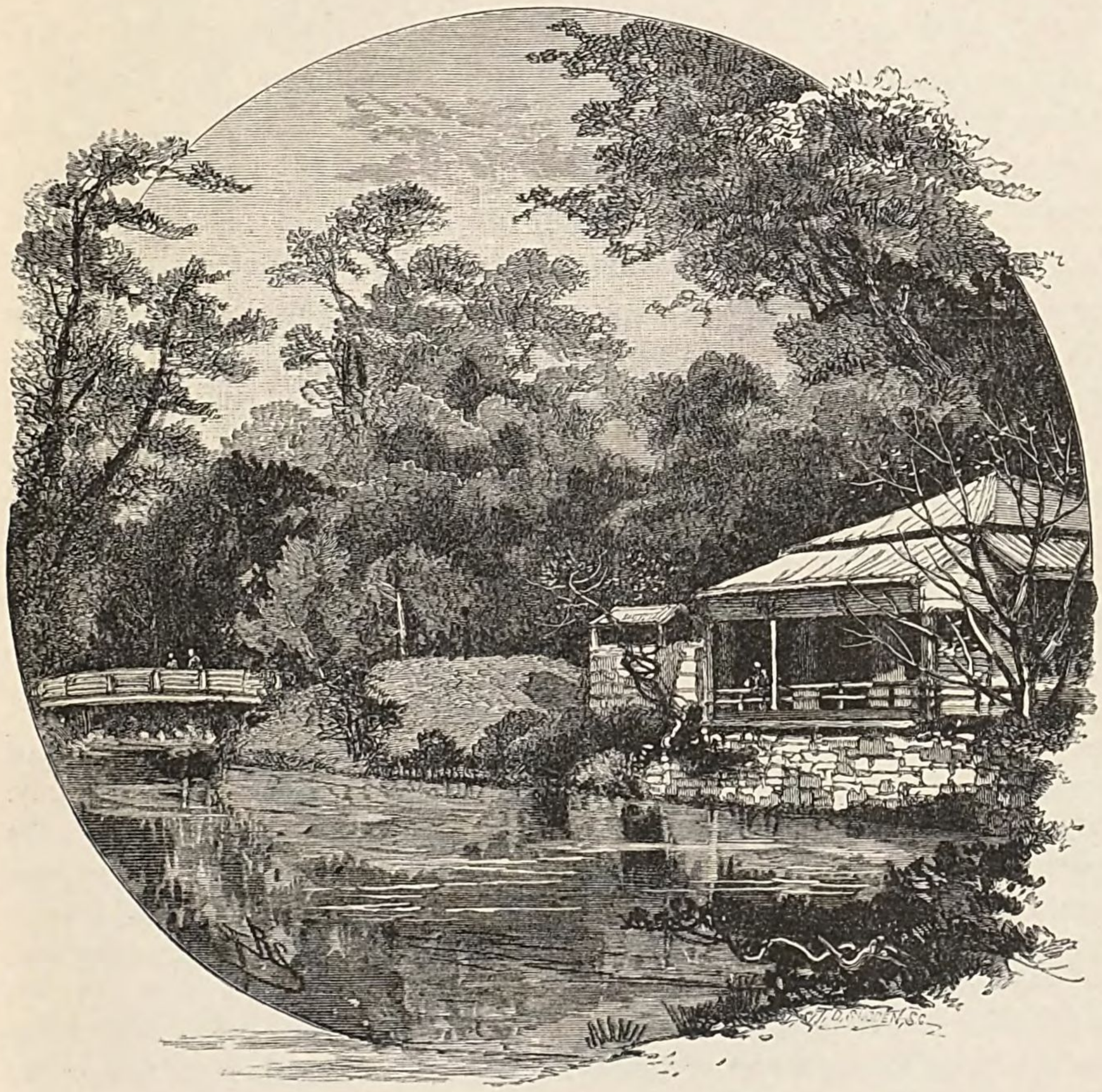
STREET IN YOKOHAMA.

sad, pathetic lines which tell of the years of suffering which Stephens has endured. The other Ministers looked like strong, able men. Iwakura has a striking face, with lines showing firmness and decision, and you saw the scar which marked the attempt of the assassin to cut him down and slay him, as Okubo, the greatest of Japanese statesmen, was slain not many months ago. That assassination made as deep an impression in Japan as the killing of Lincoln did in America. We saw the spot where the murder was done on our way to the palace, and my Japanese friend who pointed it out spoke in low tones

of sorrow and affection, and said the crime there committed had been an irreparable loss to Japan. A lord in waiting, with a heavily-braided uniform, comes softly in, and, making a signal, leads the way. The General and Mrs. Grant, escorted by General Bingham, and followed by the remainder of our party, entered. The General and the Minister were in evening dress. The naval officers were in full uniform, Colonel Grant wearing the uniform of lieutenant-colonel. We walked along a short passage and entered another room, at the farther end of which were standing the Emperor and the Empress. Two ladies in waiting were near them, in a sitting, what appeared to be a crouching, attitude. Two other princesses were standing. These were the only occupants of the room. Our party slowly advanced, the Japanese making a profound obeisance, bending the head almost to a right angle with the body. The royal princes formed in line near the Emperor, along with the princesses. The Emperor stood quite motionless, apparently unobservant or unconscious of the homage that was paid him. He is a young man, with a slender figure, taller than the average Japanese, and of about the middle height according to our ideas. He has a striking face, with a mouth and lips that remind you something of the traditional mouth of the Hapsburg family. The forehead is full and narrow, the hair and the light mustache and beard intensely black. The color of the hair darkens what otherwise might pass for a swarthy countenance at home. The face expressed no feeling whatever, and but for the dark, glowing eye, which was bent full upon the General, you might have taken the imperial group for statues. The Empress, at his side, wore the Japanese costume, rich and plain. Her face was very white, and her form slender and almost childlike. Her hair was combed plainly and braided with a gold arrow. The Emperor and Empress have agreeable faces, the Emperor especially showing firmness and kindness. The solemn etiquette that pervaded the audience chamber was peculiar, and might appear strange to those familiar with the stately but cordial manners of a European court. But one must remember that the Emperor holds so high and so

sacred a place in the traditions, the religion, and the political system of Japan that even the ceremony of to-day is so far in advance of anything of the kind ever known in Japan that it might be called a revolution.

His Imperial Majesty, for instance, as our group was formed, advanced and shook hands with General Grant. This seems



THE HAMAGARTEN.

a trivial thing to write down, but such a thing was never before known in the history of Japanese majesty. Many of these details may appear small, but we are in the presence of an old and romantic civilization, slowly giving way to the fierce, feverish pressure of European ideas, and you can only note the change in those incidents which would be unnoticed in other lands.

The incident of the Emperor of Japan advancing toward General Grant and shaking hands becomes a historic event of consequence, and as such I note it. The manner of the Emperor was constrained, almost awkward, the manner of a man doing a thing for the first time, and trying to do it as well as possible. After he had shaken hands with the General, he returned to his place, and stood with his hand resting on his sword, looking on at the brilliant, embroidered, gilded company as though unconscious of their presence. Mr. Bingham advanced and bowed, and received just the faintest nod in recognition. The other members of the party were each presented by the minister, and each one, standing about a dozen feet from the Emperor, stood and bowed. Then the General and Mrs. Grant were presented to the princesses, each party bowing to the other in silence. The Emperor then made a signal to one of the attendants, Mr. Ishibashi, who advanced. The Emperor spoke to him for a few moments in a low tone, Mr. Ishibashi standing with bowed head. When the Emperor had finished, Mr. Ishibashi advanced to the General, and said he was commanded by his Majesty to read him the following address :

"Your name has been known to us for a long time, and we are highly gratified to see you. While holding the high office of President of the United States you extended toward our countrymen especial kindness and courtesy. When our ambassador, Iwakura, visited the United States, he received the greatest kindness from you. The kindness thus shown by you has always been remembered by us. In your travels around the world you have reached this country, and our people of all classes feel gratified and happy to receive you. We trust that during your sojourn in our country you may find much to enjoy. It gives me sincere pleasure to receive you, and we are especially gratified that we have been able to do so on the anniversary of American independence. We congratulate you, also, on the occasion."

This address was read in English. At its close General Grant said :

"Your Majesty : I am very grateful for the welcome you accord me here to-day, and for the great kindness with which I have been received, ever since I came to Japan, by your government and your people. I recognize in this a feeling of friendship toward my country. I can assure you that this feeling is

reciprocated by the United States ; that our people, without regard to party, take the deepest interest in all that concerns Japan, and have the warmest wishes for her welfare. I am happy to be able to express that sentiment. America is your next neighbor, and will always give Japan sympathy and support in her efforts to advance. I again thank your Majesty for your hospitality, and wish you a long and happy reign, and for your people prosperity and independence."

At the conclusion of this address, which was *extempore*, Mr. Ishibashi translated it to his Majesty. Then the Empress made a sign and said a few words. Mr. Ishibashi came to the side of Mrs. Grant and said the Empress had commanded him to translate the following address :

"I congratulate you upon your safe arrival after your long journey. I presume you have seen very many interesting places. I fear you will find many things uncomfortable here, because the customs of the country are so different from other countries. I hope you will prolong your stay in Japan, and that the present warm days may occasion you no inconvenience."

Mrs. Grant, pausing a moment, said in a low, conversational tone of voice, with animation and feeling :

"I thank you very much. I have visited many countries and have seen many beautiful places, but I have seen none so beautiful or so charming as Japan."

All day, during the Fourth of July, visitors poured in on the General. The reception of so many distinguished statesmen and officials reminded one of state occasions at the White House. Princes of the imperial family, princesses, the members of the cabinet and citizens and high officials, naval officers, ministers and consuls, all came ; and carriages were constantly coming and going. In the evening there was a party at one of the summer gardens, given by the American residents in honor of the Fourth of July. The General arrived at half-past eight, and was presented to the American residents by Mr. Bingham, the minister. At the close of the presentation, Mr. Bingham made a brief but singularly eloquent address. Judge Van Buren made a patriotic and ringing speech, after which there were fireworks and feasting, and, after the General and Mrs.

Grant retired, there was dancing. It was far on toward morning before the members of the American colony in Tokio grew weary of celebrating the anniversary.

The morning of the 7th of July was set apart by the Emperor for a review of the troops. Japan has made important advances in the military art. One of the effects of the revolution which brought the Mikado out of his retirement as spiritual chief of the nation, and proclaimed him the absolute temporal sovereign, was the employment of foreign officers to drill and instruct the troops, teach them European tactics, and organize an army. It is a question whether a revolution which brings a nation out of a condition of dormant peace in which Japan existed for so many centuries—so far as the outer world is concerned—into line with the great military nations, is a step in the path of progress. But an army in Japan was necessary to support the central power, suppress the daimios' clans, whose strifes kept the land in a fever, and insure some degree of respect from the outside world. It is the painful fact in this glorious nineteenth century, which has done so



WORSHIPING THE MIKADO'S PHOTOGRAPH.

much to elevate and strengthen, and so on, that no advancement is sure without gunpowder. The glorious march of our civilization has been through battle smoke, and when Japan threw off the repose and dream-life of centuries, and came into the wakeful, vigilant, active world, she saw that she must arm, just as China begins to see that she must arm. The military side of Japanese civilization does not interest me, and I went to the review with a feeling that I was to see an incongruous thing, something that did not belong to Japan, that was out of place amid so much beauty and art. The Japanese themselves think so, but Europe is here with a mailed hand, and Japan must mail her own or be crushed in the grasp.

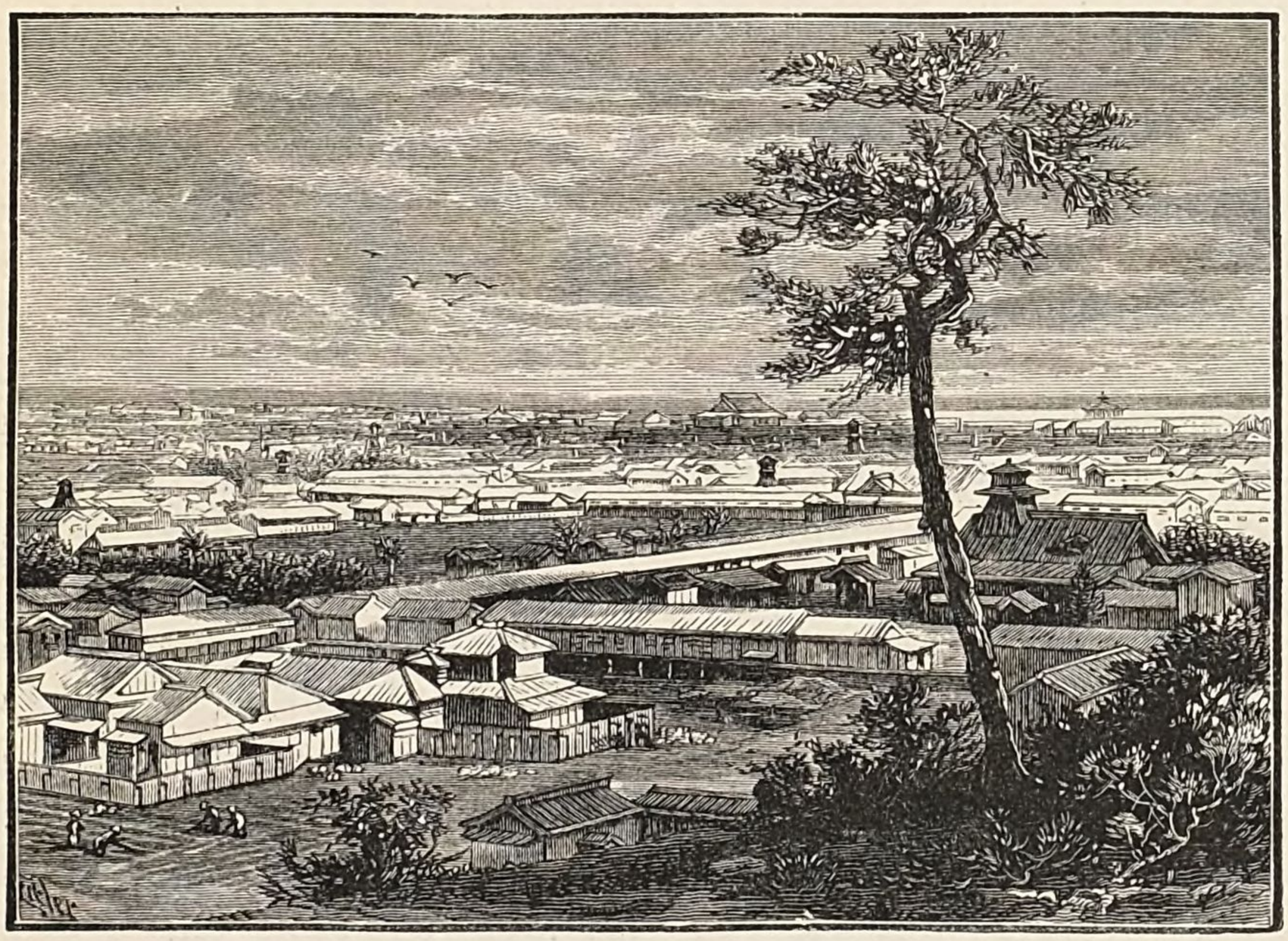
The Emperor of Japan is fond of his army, and was more anxious to show it to General Grant than any other institution in the Empire. Great preparations had been made to have it in readiness, and all Tokio was out to see the pageant. The review of the army by the Emperor in itself is an event that causes a sensation. But the review of the army by the Emperor and the General was an event which had no precedent in Japanese history. The hour for the review was nine, and at half-past eight the clatter of horsemen and the sound of bugles were heard in the palace grounds. In a few moments the Emperor's state carriage drove up, the drivers in scarlet livery and the panels decorated with the imperial flower, the chrysanthemum. General Grant entered, accompanied by Prince Dati, the cavalry formed a hollow square, and our procession moved on to the field at a slow pace. A drive of twenty minutes brought us to the parade ground, a large open plain, the soldiers in line, and behind the soldiers a dense mass of people —men, women, and children. As the General's procession slowly turned into the parade ground a group of Japanese officers rode up and saluted, the band played "Hail Columbia," and the soldiers presented arms. Two tents had been arranged for the reception of the guests. In the larger of the two we found assembled officers of state, representatives of foreign powers, and Governor Hennessy, all in bright, glowing uniforms. The smaller tent was for the Emperor. When

the General dismounted, he was met by the Minister of War and escorted into the smaller tent. In a few minutes the trumpets gave token that the Emperor was coming, and the band played the Japanese national air. His Majesty was in a state carriage, surrounded with horsemen and accompanied by one of his cabinet. As the Emperor drove up to the tent, General Grant advanced to the carriage steps and shook hands with him, and they entered and remained a few minutes in conversation.

At the close of the review, General Grant and party drove off the ground in state, and were taken to the Shila palace. This palace is near the sea, and as the grounds are beautiful and attractive, it was thought best that the breakfast to be given to General Grant by his Majesty should take place here. The Emperor received the General and party in a large, plainly furnished room, and led the way to another room where the table was set. The decorations of the table were sumptuous and royal. General Grant sat on one side of the Emperor, whose place was in the center. The Emperor conversed a great deal with General Grant through Mr. Yoshida, and also Governor Hennessy. His Majesty expressed a desire to have a private and friendly conference with the General, which it was arranged should take place after the General's return from Nikko. The feast lasted for a couple of hours, and the view from the table was charming. Beneath the window was a lake, and the banks were bordered with grass and trees. Cool winds came from the sea, and, although in the heart of a great capital, we were as secluded as in a forest.

General Grant's home in Tokio—Enriokwan—was only a few minutes' ride from the railway station. This palace was one of the homes of the Tycoon. It now belongs to the Emperor. If your ideas of palaces are European, or even American, you will be disappointed with Enriokwan. One somehow associates a palace with state, splendor, a profusion of color and decoration, with upholstery and marble. There is nothing of this in Enriokwan. You approach the grounds over a dusty road that runs by the side of a canal. You cross a bridge

and enter a low gateway, and going a few paces enter another gateway. Here is a guard-house, with soldiers on guard and lolling about on benches waiting for the bugle to summon them to offices of ceremony. There is a good deal of ceremony in Enriokwan, with the constant coming and going of great people, and no sound is more familiar than the sound of the bugle. You pass the guard-house and go down a pebbled way to a low, one-story building, with wings. This is the



TOKIO.

palace of Enriokwan. Over the door is the chrysanthemum. Enriokwan is an island. On one side is a canal and embanked walls, on the other side the ocean. Although in an ancient and populous city, surrounded by a busy metropolis, you feel as you pass into Enriokwan that you are as secure and as secluded as in a fortress. The grounds are large, and remarkable for the beauty and finish of the landscape gardening. In the art of gardening Japan excels the world, and I have seen no more attractive specimen than the grounds of Enriokwan. Roads, flower-beds, lakes, bridges, artificial

mounds, creeks overhung with sedgy overgrowths, lawns, boats, bowers over which vines are trailing, summer-houses, all combine to give comfort to Enriokwan. If you sit on this veranda, under the columns where the General sits every evening, you look out upon a ripe and perfect landscape dowered with green. If you walk into the grounds a few minutes, you pass a gate—an inner gate, which is locked at night—and come to a lake, on the banks of which is a Japanese summer-house. The lake is artificial and fed from the sea. You cross a bridge and come to another summer-house. Here are two boats tied up, with the imperial chrysanthemum emblazoned on their bows. These are the private boats of the Emperor, and if you care for a pull you can row across and lose yourself in one of the creeks. You ascend a grassy mound, however, not more than forty feet high. Steps are cut in the side of the mound, and when you reach the summit you see beneath you the waves and before you the ocean. The sea at this point forms a bay. When the tides are down and the waves are calm you see fishermen wading about seeking shells and shell-fish. When the tides are up, the boats sail near the shore.

What impresses you as you look at Enriokwan from the summit of your mound is its complete seclusion. The Tycoons, when they came to rest and breathe a summer air tempered by the sea, evidently wished to be away from the world, and here they could lead a sheltered life. It is a place for contemplation and repose. You can walk about in the grounds until you are weary, and if you take pleasure in grasses and shrubbery and wonderful old trees, gnarled and bending under the burden of immemorial years, every step will be full of interest. You can climb your mound and commence with the sea—the ships going and coming, the fishermen on the beach, the waves that sweep on and on. If you want to fish, you will find the poetry of fishing in Enriokwan, for servants float about you and bait your hook and guard what you catch, and you have no work or trouble or worms to finger, no scales to pick from your hands. If you care to read or write, you can find seclusion in one of the summer-houses. If it is evening, after

dinner, you can come and smoke or wander around under the trees and look at the effect of the moonlight on the sea or the lake. Whatever you do, or wherever you go, you have over you the sense of protection. Our hosts are so kind that we cannot leave the palace without an escort. You stroll off with a naval friend from one of the ships to show the grounds, or hear the last gossip from the hospitable wardrooms of the "Ashuelot" or "Richmond." Behind you come a couple of servants, who seem to rise out of the ground as it were. They come unbidden, and carry trays bearing water and wine, or cigars. If you go into one of the summer-houses they stand on guard, and if you go on the lake they await your return. The sense of being always under observation was at first oppressive. You felt that you were giving trouble. You did not want to have the responsibility of dragging other people after you. But the custom belongs to Enriokwan, and in time you become used to it and unconscious of your retinues.

You wonder at the number of servants about you—servants for everything. There, for instance, is a gardener working over a tree. The tree is one of the dwarf species that you see in Japan—one of the eccentricities of landscape gardening—and this gardener files and clips and adorns his tree as carefully as a lapidary burnishing a gem. "There has been work enough done on that tree," said the General, "since I have been here, to raise all the food a small family would require during the winter." Labor, the General thinks, is too good a thing to be misapplied, and when the result of the labor is a plum-tree that you could put on your dinner-table, he is apt to regard it as misapplied. Here are a dozen men in blue cotton dress working at a lawn. I suppose in a week they would do as much as a handy Yankee boy could achieve in a morning with a lawn-mower. Your Japanese workman sits down over his meadow, or his flower-bed, or his bit of road, as though it were a web of silk that he was embroidering. Other men in blue are fishing. The waters of the lake come in with the tide, and the fish that come do not return, and much of our food is found here.

The sprinkling of the lawns and of the roads is always a serious task, and employs quite an army of servants for the best part of the afternoon. One of the necessities of palace life is that you have ten times as many servants about you as you want, and work must be found to keep them busy. The



A JAPANESE VILLAGE.

summer-houses by the lake in the grounds at Enriokwan are worthy of study. Japan has taught the world the beauty of clean, fine-grained natural wood, and the fallacy of glass and paint. I am writing these lines in one of these houses—the first you meet as you come to the lake. Nothing could be more simple and at the same time more tasteful. It is one room, with grooves for a partition should you wish to make it

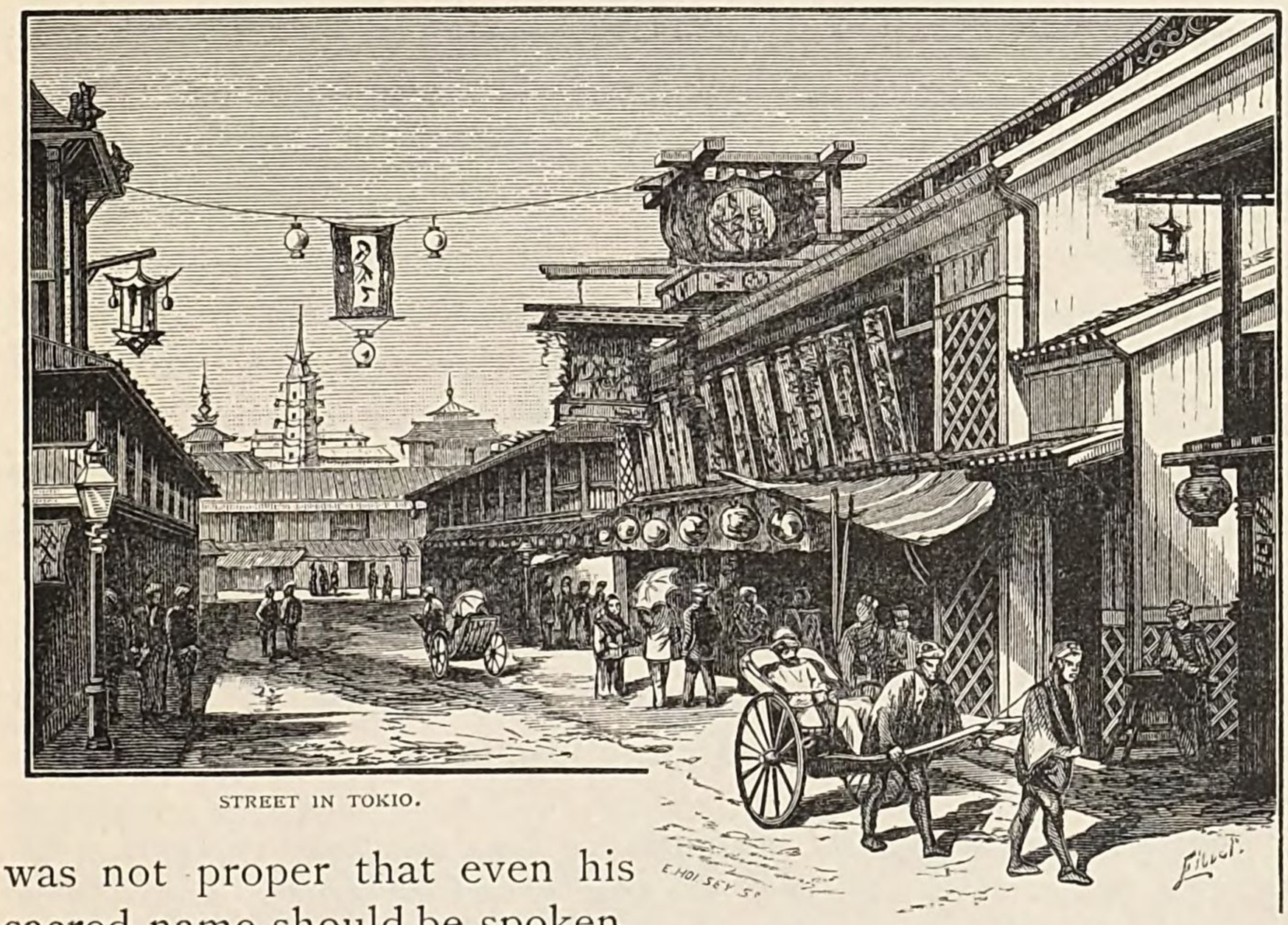
two rooms. The floor is covered with a fine, closely-woven mat of bamboo strips. Over the mat is thrown a rug, in which black and brown predominate. The walls looking out to the lake are a series of frames that can be taken out—lattice-work of small squares, covered with paper. The ceiling is plain unvarnished wood. There are a few shelves, with vases, blue and white pottery, containing growing plants and flowers. There are two tables, and their only furniture a large box of gilded lacquer for stationery, and a smaller one containing cigars. These boxes are of exquisite workmanship, and the gold chrysanthemum indicates the imperial ownership. I have described this house in detail because it is a type of all the houses that I have seen in the palace grounds, not only at Enriokwan but elsewhere in Japan. It shows taste and economy. Everything about it is wholesome and clean, the workmanship true and minute, with no tawdry appliances to distract or offend the eye.

The weather was such that going out during the day was a discomfort—warm, torrid, baking weather. During the day there are ceremonies, calls from Japanese and foreign officials, papers to read, visits to make. If the evening is free the General has a dinner party—sometimes small, sometimes large. To-night it will be the royal princes, to-morrow the Prime Ministers, on other evenings other Japanese of rank and station. Sometimes we have Admiral Patterson or officers from the fleet. Sometimes Mr. Bingham and his family. Governor Hennessy, the British Governor of Hong-Kong, has been a frequent visitor, and no man was more welcome to the General. General Grant was the guest of the Governor during his residence in Hong-Kong, and formed a high opinion of his genius and character. Prince Dati, Mr. Yoshida, and some other Japanese officials live at Enriokwan and form a part of our family. They represent the Emperor, and remain with the General to serve him and make his stay as pleasant as possible. Nothing could be more considerate or courteous than the kindness of our Japanese friends. Sometimes we have merchants from the bazaars with all kinds of curious and useful things to

sell. Sometimes a fancy for curiosities takes possession of some of the party, and the result is an afternoon's prowl about the shops in Tokio, and the purchase of a sword or a spear or a bow and arrows. The bazaars of Tokio teem with beautiful works of art, and the temptation to go back laden with achievements in porcelain and lacquer is too great to be resisted, unless your will is under the control of material influences too sordid to be dwelt upon. Sometimes we have special and unique excitements, such as was vouchsafed to us a few evenings since. Our party was at dinner—an informal dinner—with no guests except our Japanese friends and Governor Hennessy. While dining there was a slight thunder-storm, which gave some life to the baked and burning atmosphere. Suddenly we heard an unusual noise—a noise like the rattling of plates in a pantry. The lanterns vibrated, and there was a tremulous movement of the water and wine in our glasses. I do not think we should have regarded it as anything else than an effect of the thunder-storm, but for Governor Hennessy. "That," he said, "is an earthquake." While he spoke the phenomenon was repeated, and we plainly distinguished the shock. So, altogether, nothing could be more quiet than our days in Enriokwan. We read and wrote and walked about the grounds, and sat up very late at night on the veranda, talking about home, about the East, and our travels in Japan. Japan itself grew upon us more and more. The opportunities for studying the country, its policy, the aims of its rulers, its government, and its diplomacy, have been very great.

In this palace there took place one of the most important events in the modern history of Japan—a long personal interview between General Grant and the Emperor. The circumstance that an ex-President of the United States should converse with the chief of a friendly nation is not in itself an important event. But when you consider the position of the Emperor among his subjects, the traditions of his house and his throne, you will see the value of this meeting, and the revolution it makes in the history of Japan. The imperial family is, in descent, the most ancient in the world. It goes back in

direct line to 660 years before Christ. For more than twenty-five centuries this line has continued unbroken, and the present sovereign is the 123d of his line. The position of Mikado has always been unique in Japan. For centuries the emperors lived in seclusion at Kiyoto. The Mikado was a holy being. No one was allowed to look upon his face. He had no family name, because his dynasty being unending he needed none. During his life he was revered as a god. When he died he was translated into the celestial presence. Within ten years it



STREET IN TOKIO.

was not proper that even his sacred name should be spoken. That is now permitted, but even now you cannot buy a photograph of the Mikado.

The Emperor had sent word to General Grant that he desired to see him informally, and the General answered that he was entirely at the pleasure of his Majesty. Many little courtesies had been exchanged between the Empress and Mrs. Grant, and the Emperor and his ministers kept a constant watch over the General's comfort. The day fixed for the imperial interview was unusually warm. At half-past two in the afternoon, as we were sitting on the veranda, a messenger came to say that

his Majesty had arrived, and was awaiting the General in the little summer-house on the banks of the lake, which I have described. The General, accompanied by Colonel Grant, Prince Dati, Mr. Yoshida, and the writer, left the palace and proceeded to the summer-house. We passed under the trees and toward the bridge. The imperial carriage had been hauled up under the shade of the trees and the horses taken out. The guards, attendants, and cavalrymen who had accompanied the sovereign were all seeking the shelter of the grove. We crossed the bridge and entered the summer-house. Preparations had been made for the Emperor, but they were very simple. Porcelain flower-pots, with flowers and ferns and shrubbery, were scattered about the room. One or two screens had been introduced. In the center of the room was a table, with chairs around it. Behind one of the screens was another table, near the window, which looked into the lake. As the General entered, the Prime Minister and the Minister of the Imperial Household advanced and welcomed him. Then, after a pause, we passed behind the screen and were in the presence of the Emperor. His Majesty was standing before the table in undress uniform, wearing only the ribbon of a Japanese order. General Grant advanced, and the Emperor shook hands with him. To the rest of the party he simply bowed. Mr. Yoshida acted as interpreter. The Emperor said :

"I have heard of many of the things you have said to my ministers in reference to Japan. You have seen the country and the people. I am anxious to speak with you on these subjects, and am sorry I have not had an opportunity earlier."

General Grant said he was entirely at the service of the Emperor, and was glad indeed to see him and thank his Majesty for all the kindness he had received in Japan. He might say that no one outside of Japan had a higher interest in the country or a more sincere friendship for its people.

A question was asked which brought up the subject now paramount in political discussions in Japan—the granting of an assembly and legislative functions to the people.

General Grant said that this question seemed to be the only one about which there was much feeling in Japan, the only one he had observed. It was a question to be considered with great care. No one could doubt that governments became stronger and nations more prosperous as they became representative of the people. This was also true of monarchies, and no monarchs were as strong as those who depended upon a parliament. No one could doubt that a legislative system would be an advantage to Japan, but the question of when and how to grant it would require careful consideration. That needed a clearer knowledge of the country than he had time to acquire. It should be remembered that rights of this kind—rights of suffrage and representation—once given could not be withdrawn. They should be given gradually. An elective assembly, to meet in Tokio, and discuss all questions with the Ministry might be an advantage. Such an assembly should not have legislative power at the outset. This seemed to the General to be the first step. The rest would come as a result of the admirable system of education which he saw in Japan.

An expression of gratification at the treaty between Japan and the United States, which gave Japan the right to manage her own commerce, led to a conversation about foreign policy in Asia. "Nothing," said the General, "has been of more interest to me than the study of the growth of European and foreign influence in Asia. When I was in India I saw what England had done with that empire. I think the British rule is for the advantage of the Indian people. I do not see what could take the place of British power but anarchy. There were some things to regret, perhaps, but a great deal to admire in the manner in which India was governed. But since I left India I have seen things that made my blood boil, in the way the European powers attempt to degrade the Asiatic nations. I would not believe such a policy possible. It seems to have no other aim than the extinction of the independence of the Asiatic nations. On that subject I feel strongly, and in all that I have written to friends at home I have spoken strongly. I feel so about Japan and China. It seems incredible that rights

which at home we regard as essential to our independence and to our national existence, which no European nation, no matter how small, would surrender, are denied to China and Japan. Among these rights there is none so important as the right to control commerce. A nation's life may often depend upon her commerce, and she is entitled to all the profit that can come out of it. Japan especially seems to me in a position where the control of her commerce would enable her statesmen to relieve the people of one great burden—the land-tax. The effect of so great a tax is to impoverish the people and limit agriculture. When the farmer must give a half of his crop for taxes he is not apt to raise more than will keep him alive. If the land-tax could be lessened, I have no doubt that agriculture would increase in Japan, and the increase would make the people richer, make them buy and consume more, and thus in the end benefit commerce as well. It seems to me that if the commerce of Japan were made to yield its proportion of the revenue, as the commerce of England and France and the United States, this tax could be lessened. I am glad the American government made the treaty. I hope other powers will assent to it. But whether or not, I think I know the American people well enough to say that they have, without distinction of party, the



NIGHT.

warmest wishes for the independence of Japan. We have great interests in the Pacific, but we have none that are inconsistent with the independence of these nations."

Another subject which arose in the course of the conversation was national indebtedness. General Grant said that there was nothing which Japan should avoid more strenuously than incurring debts to European nations. So long as the government borrowed from its own people it was well. But loans from foreign powers were always attended with danger and humiliation. Japan could not go into a European money market and make a loan that would be of an advantage to her. The experience of Egypt was a lesson. Egypt was allowed to borrow right and left, to incur an enormous debt. The result is that Egypt has been made a dependency of her creditors. Turkey owed much of her trouble to the same cause. A country like Japan has all the money she wants for her own affairs, and any attempt to bring her into indebtedness to foreign powers would only be to lead her into the abyss into which Egypt has fallen.

The General spoke to the Emperor on this question with great earnestness. When he had concluded he said there was another matter about which he had an equal concern. When he was in China he had been requested by the Prince Regent and the Viceroy of Tientsin to use his good offices with the Japanese government on the question of Loochoo. The matter was one about which he would rather not have troubled himself, as it belonged to diplomacy and governments, and he was not a diplomatist and not in government. At the same time he could not ignore a request made in the interest of peace. The General said he had read with great care and had heard with attention all the arguments on the Loochoo question from the Chinese and Japanese sides. As to the merits of the controversy, it would be hardly becoming in him to express an opinion. He recognized the difficulties that surrounded Japan. But China evidently felt hurt and sore. She felt that she had not received the consideration due to her. It seemed to the General that his Majesty should strive to remove that

feeling, even if in doing so it was necessary to make sacrifices. The General was thoroughly satisfied that China and Japan should make such sacrifices as would settle all questions between them, and become friends and allies, without consultation with foreign powers. He had urged this upon the Chinese government, and he was glad to have the opportunity of saying the same to the Emperor. China and Japan are now the only two countries left in the East capable, through their resources, of becoming great, that are even partially independent of European dictation and laws. The General wished to see them both advance to entire independence, with the power to maintain it. Japan is rapidly approaching such a position, and China had the ability and the intelligence to do the same thing.

The Prime Minister said that Japan felt the most friendly feelings toward China, and valued the friendship of that nation very highly, and would do what she could, without yielding her dignity, to preserve the best relations.

General Grant said he could not speak too earnestly to the Emperor on this subject, because he felt earnestly. He knew of nothing that would give him greater pleasure than to be able to leave Japan, as he would in a very short time, feeling that between China and Japan there was entire friendship. Other counsels would be given to his Majesty, because there were powerful influences in the East fanning trouble between China and Japan. One could not fail to see these influences, and the General said he was profoundly convinced that any concession to them that would bring about war would bring unspeakable calamities to China and Japan. Such a war would bring in foreign nations, who would end it to suit themselves. The history of European diplomacy in the East was unmistakable on that point. What China and Japan should do is to come together without foreign intervention, talk over Loochoo and other subjects, and come to a complete and friendly understanding. They should do it between themselves, as no foreign power can do them any good.

General Grant spoke to his Majesty about the pleasure he

had received from studying the educational institutions in Japan. He was surprised and pleased at the standing of these schools. He did not think there was a better school in the world than the Tokio school of engineering. He was glad to see the interest given to the study of English. He approved of bringing forward the young Japanese as teachers. In time Japan would be able to do without foreign teachers; but changes should not be made too rapidly. It would be a pity to lose the services of the men who had created these schools. The men in the service of the Japanese government seemed to be, as far as he could learn, able and efficient.



MORNING

I have given you the essential points of a conversation that lasted for two hours. General Grant said he would leave Japan with the warmest feelings of friendship toward the Emperor and the people. He would never cease to feel a deep interest in their fortunes. He thanked the Emperor for his princely hospitality. Taking his leave, the General and party strolled back to the palace, and his Majesty drove away to his own home in a distant part of the city.

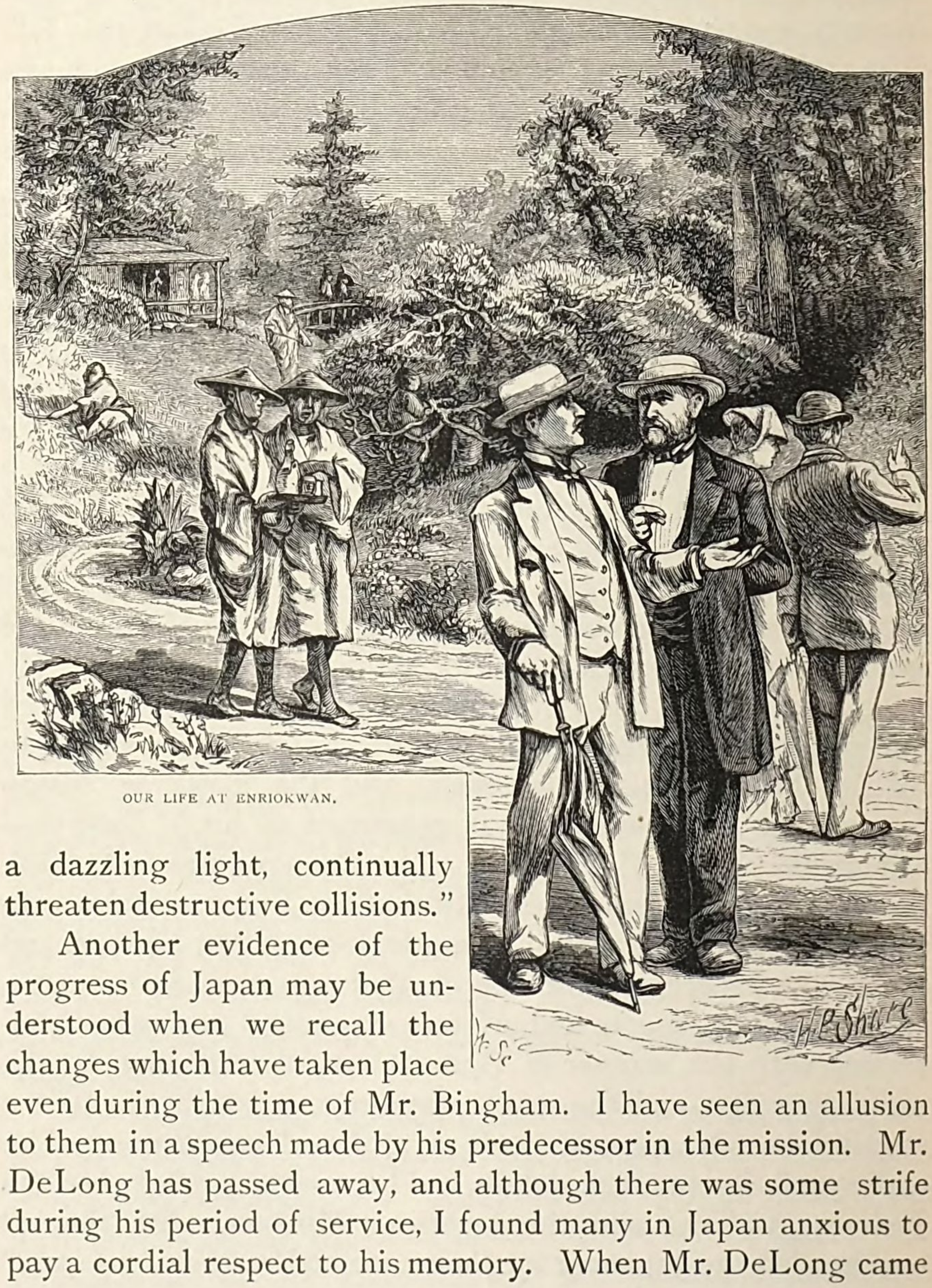
The march in Japanese civilization, or rather in the approach of Japan to European civilization, is seen in the con-

trast between this interview and the reception of Mr. Seward when he came to Japan in October, 1870. Mr. Seward came in the early days of the revolution, and saw the Emperor in the color and blaze of the ancient days. In those days there were no social relations between the Japanese and the Europeans, and I suppose a negro would have been as welcome to a Southern ball, before the war, as a Japanese gentleman to an American ball in Yokohama. The same Emperor is on the throne who received Mr. Seward, and in his cabinet are many statesmen who were then his ministers. Mr. Ishibashi, who escorted Mr. Seward to the imperial presence, is the same gentleman who has been in attendance upon General Grant, and who has acted as interpreter on the occasion of the official visits. There was no railway in those days, and Mr. Seward came by boat, through a driving rain and swelling sea, from Yokohama to Tokio. Mr. Seward was the first foreigner of distinction who had been received by the Emperor, and special pains were taken to do it, according to the words of Mr. Ishibashi, "not in the customary official manner, but in a private audience, as an expression of personal respect and friendship." The scene of this audience was in the Great Castle, the home of the Tycoons. The castle has been destroyed, and the grounds are a marvel of gardening. These grounds are surrounded by a moat and a series of walls which may be ranked among the wonders of the world. It seems a pity that a scene of so rare culture and beauty, which might add so much to the comfort of the people of this teeming capital as a public garden, should be sealed up. There is a project to build a palace for the Emperor on the site of the old castle. This I suppose will be done some day. Thus far the Emperor has prevented it, loath to incur the expense and satisfied with his home as it is.

Mr. Seward was received in the gardens of the castle, and met by several of the ministers. He was served with tea-cakes, cigars, and confectionery. After waiting half an hour, it was announced that the Emperor would receive Mr. Seward. The ministers joined the Emperor, and Mr. Seward, accompanied

by the Foreign Minister and our friend Ishibashi, followed. "They came," says Mr. Seward in describing the interview, "to a high shaded knoll, conversing by the way. The Minister and Ishibashi now stopped, and, making low genuflections, announced in subdued and almost whispering tones that his Majesty was to be in a summer-house directly behind this hill. After this no word was spoken." They came to the summer-house and entered, and "looking directly forward saw only Ishibashi, surrounded by a crowd of official persons, all crouched on the floor. Having reached the exact center of the room, Mr. Seward was requested to turn to the right." "In this position he directly confronted the Mikado, who was sitting on a throne raised on a dais ten feet above the floor." "The Mikado was dressed in a voluminous robe of reddish-brown brocade, which covered his whole person." "What with the elevation of the dais, and the height of his elongated cap, the Emperor's person, though in a sitting posture, seemed to stretch from the floor to the ceiling. His appearance in that flowing costume, surrounded by a mass of ministers and courtiers, enveloped in variegated and equally redundant silken folds, resting on the floor, reminded Mr. Seward of some of the efforts in mythology to represent a deity sitting in the clouds." "He held a scepter in his right hand, and at his left side wore one richly-ornamented straight sword." The interview began by the Prime Minister kneeling, and the Emperor raising his scepter. A manuscript was presented to his Majesty containing the speech of welcome. The Emperor touched it with his scepter and it was read. All that the Emperor did was to sit on his throne, draped in brocade, look at Mr. Seward, and touch with his scepter the speech that was made in his name. Strange as this reserve and mystery may sound now, when contrasted with the manner of General Grant's reception by the same sovereign and the same statesmen, it was at the time a stupendous advance and made a profound impression. The audience in its minutest details had been arranged between the Japanese Cabinet and the American Minister. Mr. Seward commended the Japanese for their ease and reserve. "Japan,"

he said, commenting on his own reception, "has especial reasons for prudence. The empire is a solitary planet, that has remained stationary for centuries, until now it is suddenly brought into contact with constellations which, while they shed



OUR LIFE AT ENRIOKWAN.

a dazzling light, continually threaten destructive collisions."

Another evidence of the progress of Japan may be understood when we recall the changes which have taken place even during the time of Mr. Bingham. I have seen an allusion to them in a speech made by his predecessor in the mission. Mr. DeLong has passed away, and although there was some strife during his period of service, I found many in Japan anxious to pay a cordial respect to his memory. When Mr. DeLong came



BETWEEN DECKS ON THE STEAMSHIP TOKIO.

as Minister, the authorities at first refused to allow him to see the Emperor. He would have an audience. The sovereign would see him, but he would be behind screens, and could not be seen. Mr. DeLong declined to present his letter of credentials unless he saw the Emperor and delivered it into the imperial hands. Finally an audience was granted. The Emperor received the Minister in the old castle. "On entering it," said Mr. DeLong, "I threaded through corridors to an extent unknown, to the sound of the most weird and dismal music that ever saluted the ears of man; and when finally I reached the audience chamber, I found the whole building filled with courtiers abasing themselves on the ground, with their hands upon their swords, his Majesty sitting on a throne, backed by a perfect arsenal of weapons immediately within his reach, and his sword-bearer having his sword about three inches out of his sheath." On the occasion of this visit Mr. DeLong was escorted to the castle by perhaps five hundred troops, and the corners of the streets were protected by ropes to keep back the thronging multitude. Four years later, when Mr. DeLong went to present his letters of recall and present Mr. Bingham, there was no escort, no ropes, the people pursued their calling, and the Emperor received him "standing on the same level as ourselves, dressed in a uniform like that of a hussar in foreign service, with cocked hat and plume." In the time of Mr. DeLong the government, under the advice of Mr. Iwakura, then as now a high state officer, had resolved to persecute all Japanese who were Christians. The same minister reversed the decree, and no man can now be punished in Japan for professing the religion of Jesus Christ.



A STREET IN NIKKO.

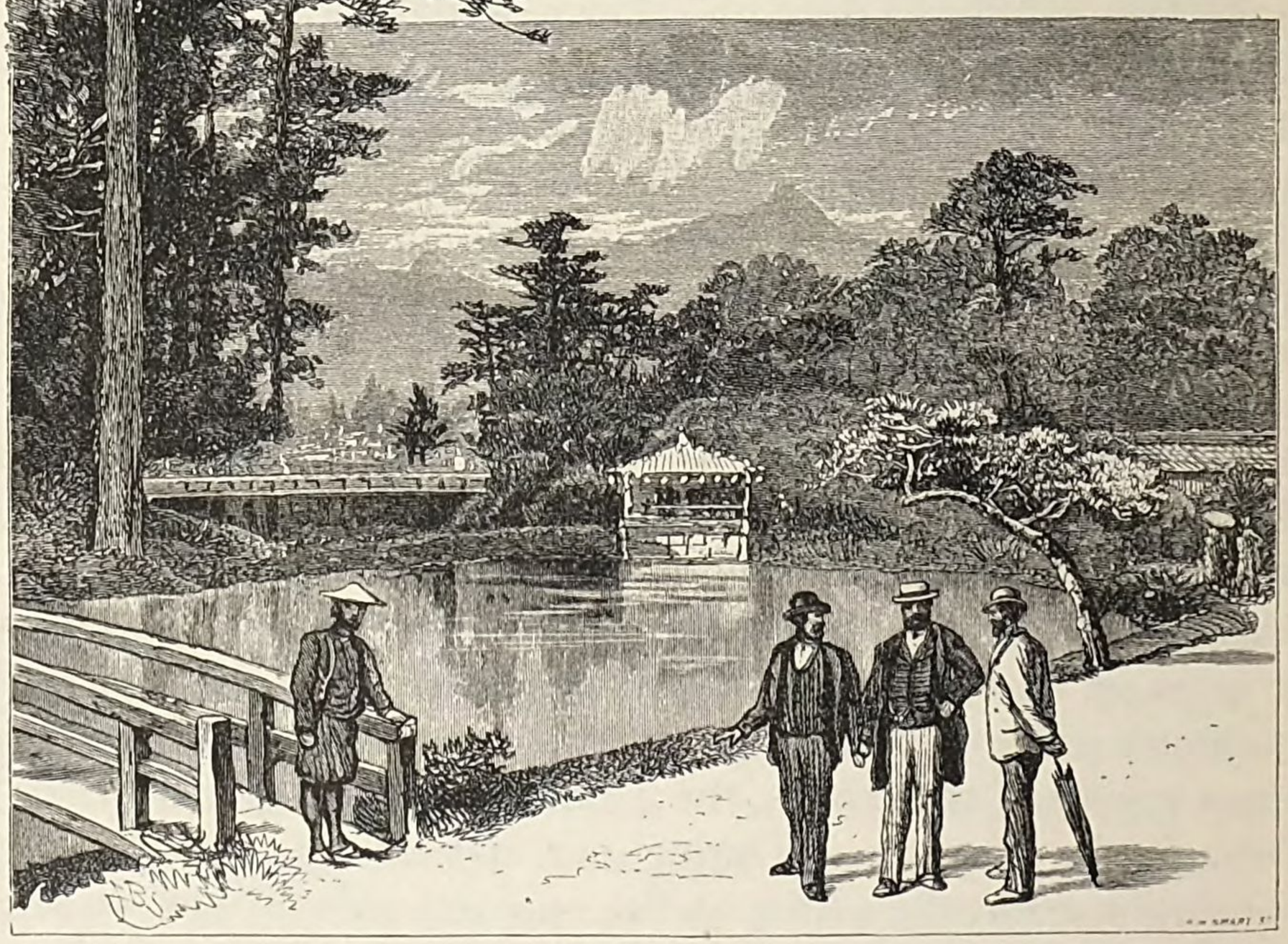
CHAPTER XLIII.

JAPAN.

ON the morning of the 17th of July General Grant and party, accompanied by Prince Dati, Mr. Yoshida, and Mr. Tateno, left Tokio for a visit to the shrine and temple of Nikko. It was expected that we would visit Kiyoto, Osaka, Kobe, and other points famous in Japanese history, but the prevalence of the cholera made this impossible. General Grant rode in the imperial carriage, but the remainder of our party preferred jinrickshaws. The day was warm, and it was pleasant to escape from the close and parched streets of Tokio into the fields. As we came to the little villages policemen were assembled, wearing blue coats, white

pantaloons, and white caps trimmed with yellow. Under the trees were groups of old and young, women and children, who had been waiting for hours in the sun to see the General pass- Japan is the paradise of children. It was pleasant, as we came from village to village, to see the whole population assembled, to see the little thatched houses decorated with American flags, and the school children drawn up in line, to go bounding along over the well-made roads, our jinrickshaw-men as merry as crickets. The aspect of the people changes as you go into the interior of Japan, and you catch glimpses of the old manners and customs. The clothes question, which makes an unpleasant impression upon Europeans, when they first arrive, is one to which you soon become accustomed. The lower classes of the Japanese wear the slightest possible clothing, and sometimes even this is overlooked. But you become accustomed to the nudities in time, and think no more of the undraped forms that crowd under the trees to look at you than of the cattle who browse in the fields. The jinrickshaw-men show great endurance, and some of them are able to go forty or fifty miles a day. On the evening of our first day's journey we found we had made twenty-eight miles. We remained all night at a little village, at the house of the governor. Next morning at half-past five we crossed the river and kept on our journey. At noon we came to a small tea-house, and the weather was so warm that we rested for two or three hours. In the evening we reached a village where the soldiers were drawn up in line to meet us, and the whole town was gathered in front of the tea-house which had been set apart for our reception. There was a review of the troops, the General inspecting and going through the barracks. During our stay in this village the population spent their time on the opposite side of the street watching our movements, and enjoying a tremendous sensation when they detected Colonel Grant in the act of tying his cravat. There was a garden in the rear of the house where rocks and trees were arranged with a striking effect. In the evening General Grant and Prince Dati tried to walk about the town, but the people assembled in force, and the mob that followed

them so continued to grow that they were obliged to give it up and come home. The next morning at eight we continued our way, but as we were now ascending a hill the trip became slow and severe. At noon we came to the town of Imaichi, which was decorated with lanterns and flags, and where we took tea. At four o'clock we reached Nikko, and all the town was out to give us welcome. We left our jinrickshaws and took kagoes, a sort of hammock in which you are borne on the shoulders of men. Crossing a bridge we were carried up the heights to the temple, and found ourselves at home in the quarters of the priests. Here

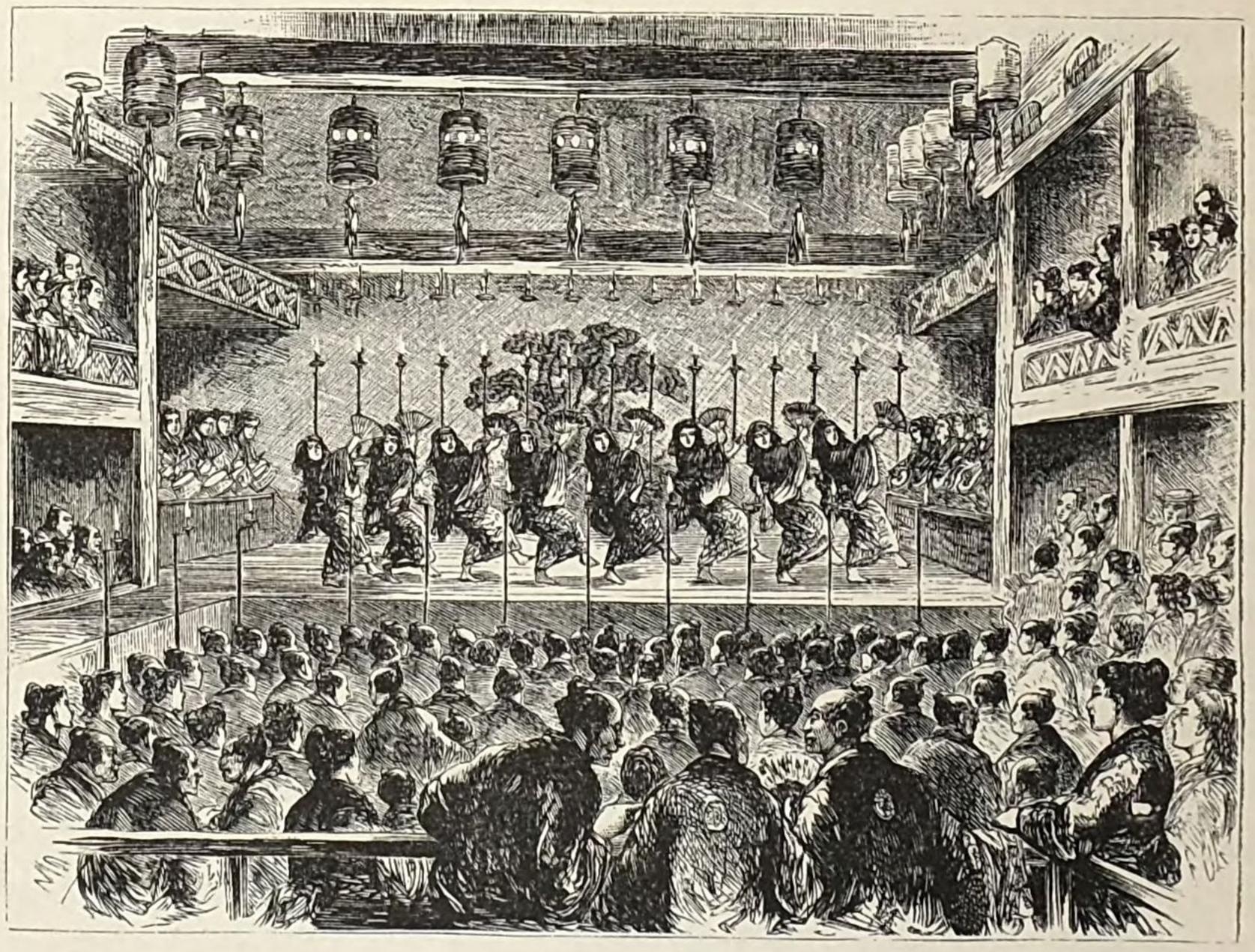


IN THE GARDEN, NIKKO.

we lived for ten days, enjoying the mountain scenery, visiting the waterfalls, strolling about the temple, looking at the tombs and monuments, especially the shrine of Iyeyas, one of the great names of Japan, whose tomb makes Nikko a sacred spot in Japan.

The legacy of Iyeyas is one of the most interesting phases of the ancient customs in Japan. Iyeyas was the great chief and lawgiver, successor to Takio-Samo, the hero of Japan. He flourished about the time of William III. of England. When he died he was deified, and his ashes now rest in the temple of Nikko, within a stone's throw of the temple where General Grant resided during his residence at Nikko. The legacy of Iyeyas is cherished as one of the sacred treasures of the empire, and can only be seen by the eyes of noblemen. It is really a code of laws, contained in sections or chapters, a hundred in all. Those who had followed Iyeyas and shared his fortunes in the days of his adversity, were singled out for special honor, themselves and their descendants, who, no matter in what they might offend, unless in actual treason, should not lose their estates. The people are the foundation of the empire. To assist the people is to give peace to the empire. "Let my posterity," says Iyeyas, "hold fast to this principle. Any one turning his back upon it is no descendant of mine." Respect was shown for conservative principles in the enactment that even a faulty regulation should not be amended if it had been allowed to remain in force for fifty years. In making appointments for the government of towns only those should be taken who had an ancient lineage: refugees and adventurers should not be appointed, and especially to collect taxes. The method of rewards was minutely described. Names and titles could be granted even after death, as was really done in the case of Okubo, after his assassination. There were ten forms of punishment for crimes. Branding or tattooing, splitting the nose, banishment, transportation, strangulation, imprisonment, decapitation and exposure of the head, crucifixion and transfixion, burning, and so on. It was forbidden to tie criminals' legs to two oxen and drive them in different directions, or to boil a condemned man in oil. Capital punishment, however, was not to be hastily imposed, and the science of successful government was in showing due deference on the part of a ruler to his vassals. Hawking, fishing, and hunting with the spear were commended as useful sports. Although sing-

ing and music were not the calling of the soldiers, yet they relieved depression, and were delightful recreations in time of peace. "Let there be a careful attention to parents, and let them be followed when long gone." "Eighteen times have I escaped with my life"—from hand-to-hand encounters in battle; "therefore have I founded eighteen sandal-grove temples." All manner of religion was tolerated except "the false and corrupt school of Roman Catholicism." As religious disputes had been



A JAPANESE THEATER.

the bane of the empire they should be discountenanced. Confucianism was recognized as teaching the only principles by which an empire could be governed. Doctors were not to be allowed large estates, lest they straightway become indolent in their profession. All wandering mendicants, "such as male sorcerers, female diviners, hermits, blind people, beggars and tanners," were put under special regulations. Persons wounding others with weapons should be punished according to the nature and extent of the wounds. It was a capital offense to murder by stratagem or after premeditation, or to poison for

selfish purposes, or wound others while robbing a house. The Samauri, or bearers of two swords, were a privileged class, and placed above the others. No farmer, workman, or merchant should be rude to a Samauri, and if a Samauri chose to cut down a fellow who had been rude to him he was not to be interrupted.

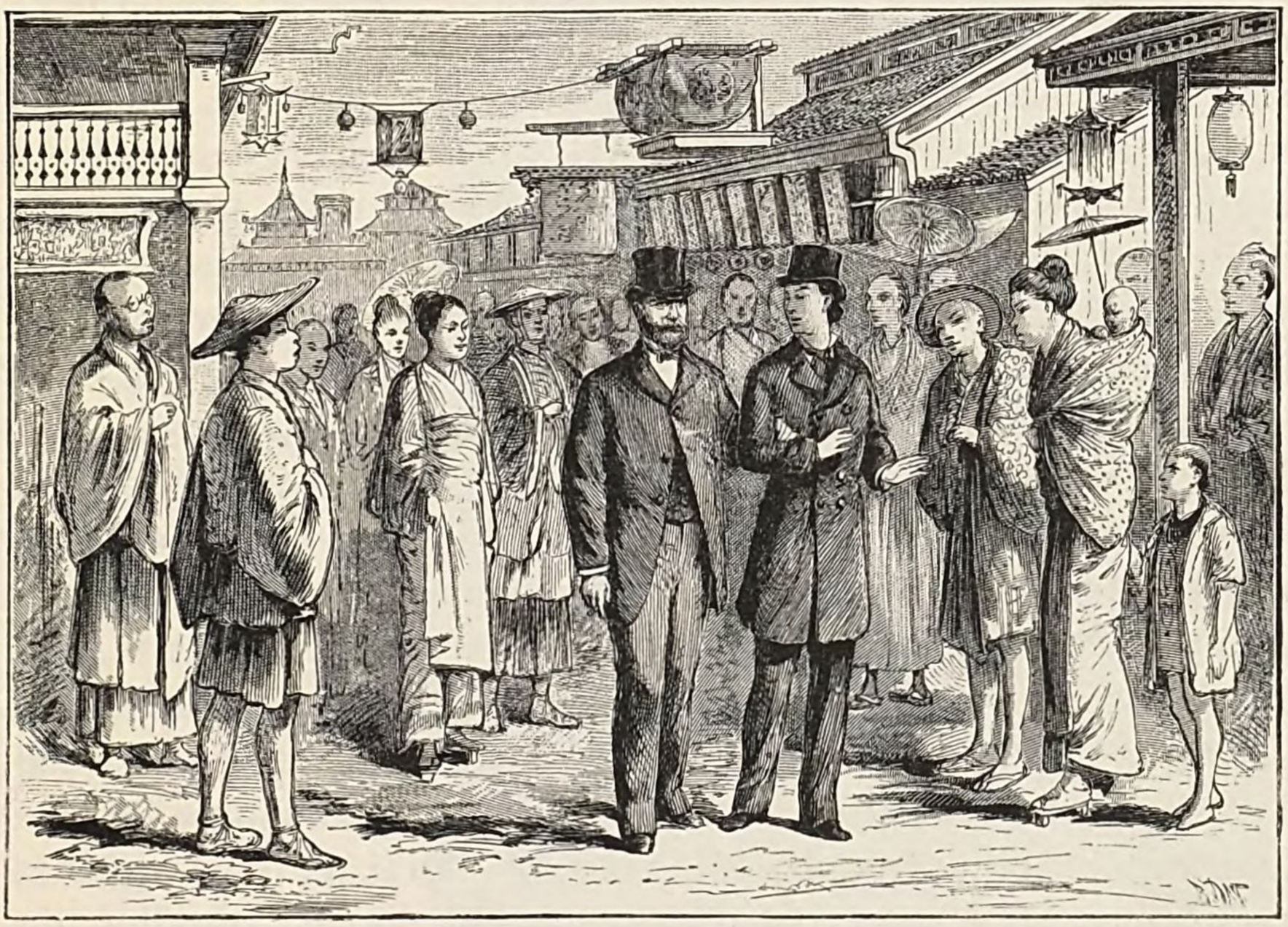
Iyeyas, in his laws, especially commended marriage as the supreme relation. No one should live alone after sixteen years of age. All mankind recognize marriage as the first law of nature. "A family of good descent should be chosen to marry into; for when a line of descendants is prolonged the foreheads of ancestors expand." Childless men were enjoined to adopt children to insure succession to the family estate. The estate of a person dying without male heirs, born or adopted, was forfeited to the state. An infant at the point of death might prolong his race by adopting one who was older than himself. Daimios were not to be too long in the government of the same territory, lest they become oppressors of the people. If a married woman of the lower classes committed adultery, the husband could put his wife and her accomplice to death. But if he slew one and not the other, then he was guilty of murder. Men and women of the military class were expected to know better than to commit the sin of adultery. If they did, they were to be severely and promptly punished. The duty of avenging a wrong to master or father was a high duty, but to take such revenge without notice was to act like the wolves. When one had such a wrong to avenge he should give notice to the criminal court, and then, unless a riot ensued, he was permitted to carry out his purpose unmolested. If a vassal murdered his lord, his immediate companions, relatives, and even those most distantly connected with him, should be cut off, and "mowed to atoms, root and fiber. The guilt of a vassal who raises his hand against his master, even though he does not assassinate him, is the same." In this code of laws concubinage was permitted. An emperor could have twelve, a prince eight, and officers of high grade five concubines. A Samauri could have two, all others only one. In these families

the wife was as far above the concubine as the lord was above his vassal. He who neglected his true wife for a mistress was a silly and ignorant man, and disturbed the most important relation of life. Such men were without fidelity and sincerity. "It is," said Iyeyas, "a righteous and world-recognized rule, that a true husband takes care of outside business, while a true wife manages the affairs of the house. When a wife occupies herself with outside affairs, her husband loses his business, and it is a pre-evidence of the ruin of the house; it is as when a hen is afflicted with a propensity to crow at morn—an affliction of which every Samauri should beware. This is an assistance to the knowledge of mankind."

In conclusion, says the lawgiver, "In all questions of policy cherish precedents, and do not give exclusive attention to small or large matters; let this be the rule of your conduct." "Let my posterity thoroughly practice with their bodies what I here declare. They are not permitted to be looked upon save by the great noblemen. In them I have exposed and laid bare the limited reflections of my heart. Let not future generations be induced to ridicule me as having the heart of a venerable old grandmother. I bequeath this record to posterity."

Life at Nikko was a pleasant episode in General Grant's visit to Japan, because it took him out of the rush and roar of Tokio life and ceremony and parade. It was at Nikko that General Grant met the representatives of the Japanese government who came to speak to him officially of the difficulty between China and Japan on the Loochoo question. This conference, which may some day have historical value, took place on the 22d of July. General Grant had intimated to the Japanese government, on his arrival in Tokio, that he had received a communication from the Chinese government which he would like to present officially to the Japanese cabinet, if he could do so without appearing to interfere in their concerns. The Emperor sent Mr. Ito, Minister of the Interior, and General Saigo, the Minister of War, to receive the statement. Mr. Ito presented the case of Japan at length, contending that Japan's rights of sovereignty over Loochoo were immemorial,

and going over the whole question. When Ito had finished, General Grant said that he had been anxious to have this conversation with the Japanese government, because it enabled him to fulfill a promise he had made to Prince Kung and the Viceroy, Li Hung Chang. He had read the Chinese case and studied it. He had heard with great interest the case of Japan. As to the merits of the controversy he had no opinion to express. There were many points, the General said, in



GENERAL GRANT AND PRINCE DATI IN THE STREETS OF TOKIO.

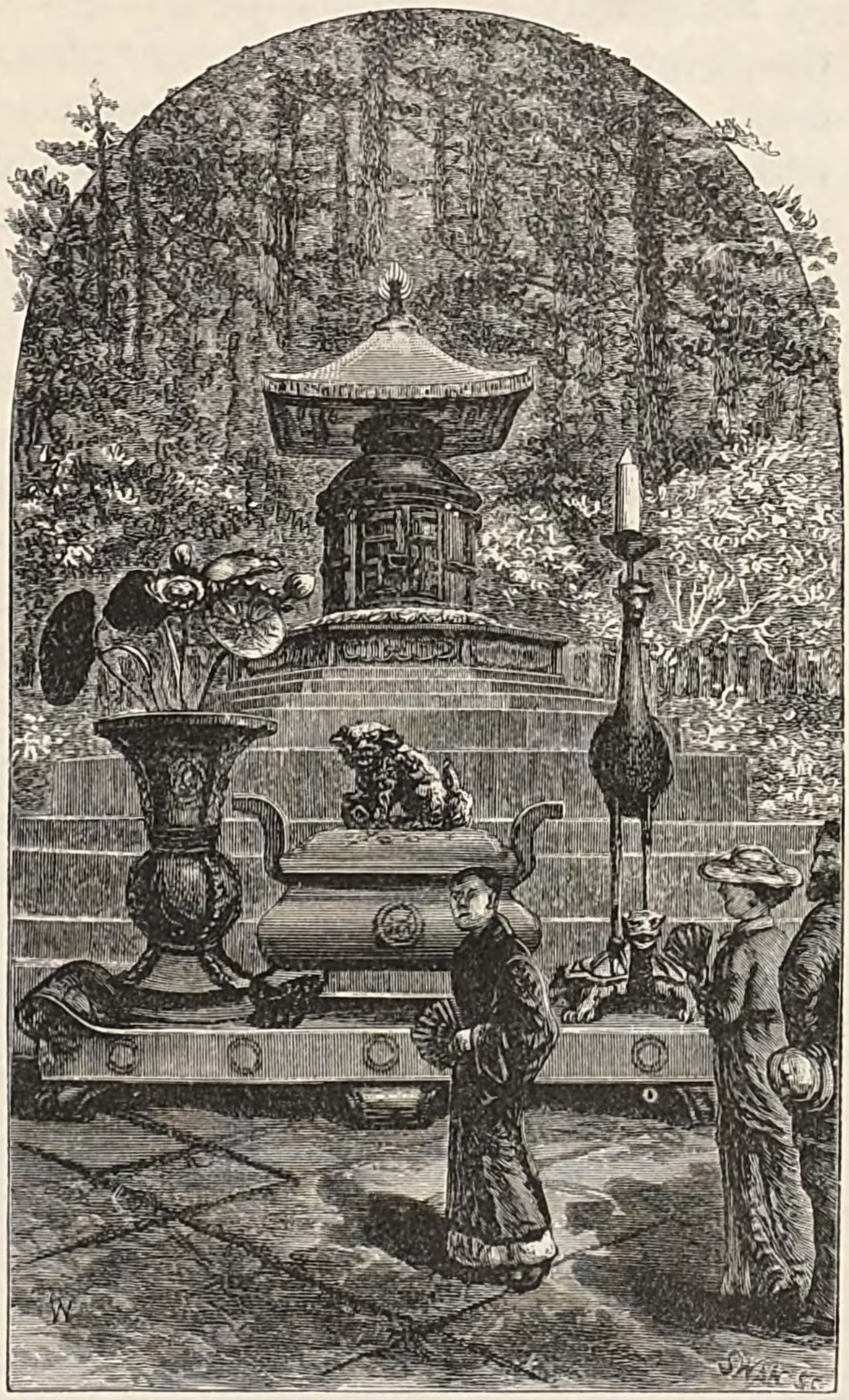
both cases, which were historical and could only be determined by research. His entire interest arose from his kind feeling toward both Japan and China, in whose continued prosperity America and the entire world were interested. Japan, the General said, had done wonders in the past few years. She was, in point of war materials, army and navy, stronger than China. Against Japan, China, he might say, was defenseless, and it was impossible for China to injure Japan. Consequently, Japan could look at the question from a high point of view. At the same time, China was a country of wonderful resources,

and although he had seen nothing there to equal the progress of Japan, there had nevertheless been great progress.

General Grant continued by saying that there were other reasons why Japan should, if possible, have a complete and amicable understanding with China. The only powers who would derive any benefit from a war would be foreign powers. The policy of some of the European powers was to reduce Japan and China into the dependence which had been forced upon other nations. He had seen indications of this policy during his travels in the East which made his blood boil. He saw it in Siam and China and Japan. In Siam the king was unable, as he had told the General, to protect his people from opium. In China opium had been forced upon the people. That was as great a crime against civilization as slavery. In Japan, only the other day, he saw the Germans deliberately violate a Japanese quarantine by sending down a German gun-boat and taking a German merchantman out of quarantine. No European power would dare to do such a thing in the United States. But it illustrates European policy in the East. If war should ensue between China and Japan, European powers would end it in their own way and to their own advantage, and to the disadvantage of the two nations. "Your weakness and your quarrels are their opportunity," said the General. "Such a question as Loochoo offers a tempting opportunity for the interference of unfriendly diplomacy." Minister Ito said that these were all grave considerations; but Japan, standing on her immemorial rights, had simply carried out an act of sovereign power over her own dominions. General Grant answered that he could not see how Japan, having gone so far, could recede. But there might be a way to meet the susceptibilities of China, and at the same time not infringe any of the rights of Japan. The conversation then took a range that I do not feel at liberty to embrace, as propositions and suggestions were made which it would be premature to disclose, and which, in fact, would have no value until they were considered and adopted by the cabinets of Japan and China. The Japanese ministers showed the most conciliatory spirit. General Saigo did not

speak English, but Mr. Ito and Mr. Yoshida both conversed fluently in that tongue. The subject of the Formosan expedition, which General Saigo commanded, came up, and was discussed for some time.

The afternoon was warm and the clouds swept over the mountains, and it was pleasant to watch the sun's rays toying around the stately cedars that clothed the mountain sides, lighting up the green summits, and losing themselves in the clouds and the mist. But this land of the mountains is also a land of rain, and suddenly the black clouds came over the ridges and we had a rattling summer thunder-storm. When the talk ran out and the rain ceased, Minister Ito said that what had been communicated by General Grant would be submitted to the cabinet and be considered very carefully. He had no idea what the cabinet would decide. He would probably have occasion to speak with General Grant again on the subject. But on behalf of the government of Japan he desired to express their thanks and their gratitude to General Grant for



TEMPLE OF THE FIRST SOIGON.

having presented this question, and for his efforts to continue between Japan and China relations of peace, based upon the honor and independence of both nations. Japan had no desire but peace, and no feeling toward China but a desire to preserve the friendship which had existed so long.

Many were the entertainments given to us in Nikko by the people. One especially I remember, when the whole town came in procession carrying banners and trophies. It was understood that we were to have a public reception by the people, and that it would take place at the temple. So we strolled over to the temple steps, and the priests gave us chairs. The first performance was theatrical. A stage was erected in front of the temple. When the curtain arose three actors made their appearance, one male and two females. The male was dressed in elaborately embroidered robes, which trailed under his feet, of red and gold, with an under robe of light blue, embroidered with flowers. One of the women was dressed in a gown of crimson pantaloons, with a green sash, and the other in purple and deep blue. The man walked across the stage and danced slowly. His face was covered with powder, his changeless and solemn features giving him an expression of solemn gravity. The faces of the women were almost as white as the clowns in our shows. Sometimes they knelt, keeping time to the music with their knees, sometimes there was a merry measure of the tambourine, which was used as the Spaniards do the castanets. What you observed was the serious intensity of every act of the performance. One of the performances which amused the people was that of a man who, with a fan, tried to catch two butterflies which a crouching supernumerary dangled from a stick. All this was done with a graceful and lively movement to the music, which never ceased to play. Then came two children in scarlet gowns, with butterfly wings, who skipped about like romping children, while the women waved their fans, as though directing their motions. Then came three other children, wearing wigs of brown, white, and black hair. I did not discover any special point in the performance, which was pantomime and dancing. The curtain

rose again and we had a little comedy. The scene discovered a maiden sitting on a bench, a priest crouched at her side reading from a scroll, which he carried in his bosom, some verses of poetry. After reading, the priest relapsed into a condition of repose. Then came two women, with a serious expression on their faces, looking as though they were about to cry. They slowly danced around the stage. After they had danced a few minutes with fans, there was a long conversation developing the plot of the play. I was told that the two women were supposed to be jealous of each other about the priest. What became of their emotions was a mystery, for after dancing for a few minutes the curtain fell. At the close of the performance the citizens marched in procession past the General, beating gongs and carrying small booths, some of which were elaborately carved and ornamented. These booths, which look something like shrines, are greatly prized by the people, and are brought out on great occasions only. They were decorated with Japanese and American flags, and each detachment of people came with a special booth, and while they passed in front of the stage played a deafening fanfaronade on their drums. When night came lanterns added to the beauty of the scene. Then came suddenly heavy peals of thunder and lightning, like rifle-shots, and the whole procession dissolved in the rain. But the rain was only temporary, and later in the evening the jugglers came to the temple grounds and insisted upon performing their tricks before the General after he had dined. There was nothing specially interesting in the jugglery excepting the singular dexterity with which the actors threw around plates and umbrellas and balanced fans in the air.

Nothing could be more pleasant than our life at Nikko, and it was not without regret that on the morning of the 28th of July we took leave of our kind friends the custodians of the temple. The priests came with us to the end of the town, and the General thanked them for their courtesy. There was a thin, falling mist, as we took up our journey to the valley and the sea-shore. At the foot of the hill the children from the school were ranged in order, and bowed a grave farewell as we

were carried past them dangling in our kagoes. There also were the chief men of the town, who bowed their heads in token of courtesy and farewell. On reaching the town we took jinrickshaws and started on a run. The roads were heavy with the rain, and we were weary with the day's journey, when, in the evening, we drew up in front of a tea-house. Here also there was a visit to the barracks, and there would have been a parade but for a thunder-storm. Next morning we went to Kanagana, to see the silk-works, and the next day we continued on our way, and stopped for the night at a frowsy, dirty village. The governor came to wait upon us, and we spent the evening conversing with him. On the 31st of July, tired and worn with travel, we returned to our pleasant quarters at Enriokwan.

No event in the visit of General Grant to Japan excited more attention than the public festival at Uyeno, on the 25th of August. This event may be regarded as the culminating incident in the General's visit. There was much to attract, more to interest, perhaps, in other fêtes and ceremonies. Nothing, for instance, could be more stately than our progress through the Inland Sea, with a vessel of war to carry our flag, and two additional vessels, one of the Japanese, the other of our own navy, to keep us company. One cannot hope to see again so much beauty as was there unfolded. All things combined to favor that incomparable journey. Nature in a romantic mood composed that wonderful blending of hill and slope—of mountain-crag, meadow, and sea—of terraced garden-summits, of snow-clad volcano heights losing themselves in the clouds. The sea itself welcomed us with a smile, and never ceased to smile while we rested on her bosom. Nor did we hurry through after the manner of travelers who go in company of the mails. At night we found rest, and every night was adorned with an illumination and a fête. In looking back over our Japanese reception, the journey through the Inland Sea transcends all the rest, and was well worth a journey around the world to enjoy.

There were features in the Uyeno fête, however, that lifted it out of the range of mere festivals and gave it a political significance. When I come to write about our visit to Japan, I

am oppressed with a sense of my inability to do justice to the hospitality of our friends. I am conscious of having said little in the way of direct acknowledgment of the efforts of our hosts to entertain us. I have avoided the subject because it



MEETING THE EMPEROR IN THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

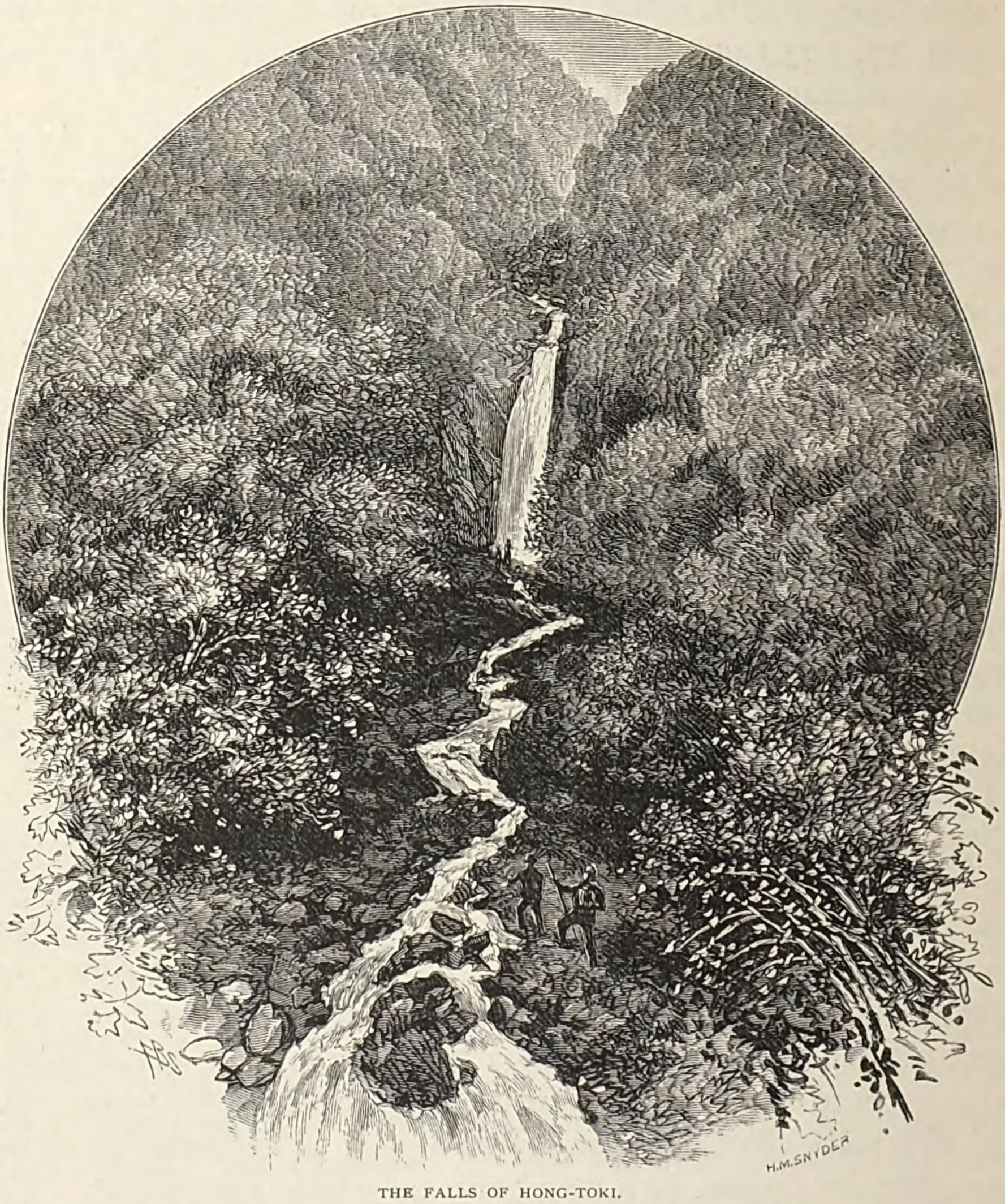
seemed that no words of mine could express an acknowledgment of a kindness so courteous, so thoughtful, so princely, so imperial. From the hour that General Grant came under the green, sheltering hills of Nagasaki, and heard the thunder of

the guns which welcomed him to Japan, down to the present, when we are saying farewell, and spreading our sails for California—nothing has been wanting that Emperor or citizen could desire to show honor to our country, our flag, and our ex-President. We have been in the fullest sense the guests of the nation, and it is hard to say now whether we have been received with the more cordiality by the rulers or the ruled. It would be ungracious to make any distinction, and I am far from doing so. In the case of the Emperor and the high officers of the state, there have no doubt been political reasons why the good feeling of Japan toward America should be shown to a representative American. But in many of its phases the intercourse of the Mikado with the General has been an event in the history of Japan. You cannot imagine, without ascending into the regions of mythology, and recalling what the poets have dreamed of the gods of Mount Olympus, the position in which the Mikado is held in Japan. The office is the highest known development of the royal quality. Other sovereigns reign because of the divine right, the grace of God. The Mikado reigns because he is divine—not alone because his office is sacred, but that he is sacred himself, destined when he passes away to become one of the immortal gods. In all the changes that have befallen Japan the reverence that surrounds the throne has never abated. When the tycoons reigned, holding the sword and the purse—absolute masters of Japan—a word from the secluded monarch of Kiyoto, who had never seen the sun shine beyond the walls of his castle, was sufficient to undo them. At his bidding the Tycoon resigned an empire. When the Emperor commanded, the feudal princes—men of ancient lineage, of rank and wealth, sovereigns over their own clans—surrendered rank, honor, heritage, and emolument. In obedience to his will the chivalry of Japan, the soldiers and gentlemen, gave up their swords and feudal rank, which had been in their families for generations. The priests, the noblemen, the army, all obeyed his command because they regarded it as a command from Heaven. Even the people, conservative as the Oriental mind naturally is, and

proud of the traditions of an ancient civilization, changed in a day, and never questioned the change, because it was the will of the Emperor. No internal commotion or external pressure has affected the legend that makes holy the imperial person. The revolutions have never been against the Mikado, only against his officers, while the treaties made with the Tycoons never had any value in the eyes of the Japanese until they had been confirmed by the sacred will.

The Mikado has never failed in courtesy to the princes of other royal families who have visited him. But while he treated English, Russian, and German princes as princes, he has treated General Grant as a friend. The honors have been such that would have been given to the head of a nation. But it is in other ways that the Mikado showed his esteem. The conversation of which I have given a narrative may have seemed an ordinary and perhaps an indifferent affair. But when you consider it was the Mikado, and that never before had he allowed any such intercourse with an alien, you will see the importance of the incident in the history of Japan. While the Mikado has departed from the traditions of centuries to do honor to his guest, the people have on their part shown a strange interest in General Grant. The people in Japan have never had a pleasant position. One of the features of the Oriental civilizations, picturesque and quaint as we find them, is that development runs to the top. The throne, the nobility, the military classes, are magnified at the expense of the people. Such an institution as the people was not known in ancient Japan, except to labor, pay taxes, and contribute to the comfort and glory of the feudal lords. In our western civilizations the merchant has a high place. We honor those who excel in handicraft. We have a sentiment for those who till the soil. But in Japan it was almost a degradation to be a farmer, an artisan, or a merchant, especially a merchant. To work in leather was to rank with mendicants. When Mr. Seward was in Japan he was desirous of presenting to the Mikado, at the time of his own audience, the merchant with whom he lived at Yokohama, an honorable and worthy gentleman. But it was

impossible. The Mikado had never spoken to a merchant, no one of the degraded merchant class had ever looked upon his sacred face. I question if these classes had before the revolution a much higher place than the slaves in the Southern States



THE FALLS OF HONG-TOKI.

before the war. They certainly had not, so far as the samauri were concerned. In the South even a slave had under the laws a certain protection from his master. In Japan, if a samauri felt that a farmer, a merchant, or an artisan had been rude to

him, he could cut him down. One of the features of the revolution has been the awakening of the people, and this awakening has received a strange impulse from the presence of General Grant. Since the revolution there have been cases of men of rank going into business, and of professional men, and others who had been in trade, taking high office. A member of the present cabinet was formerly a physician, which is as great a change in the social relations of Japan as it was in the United States for a negro to sit as a senator by the side of the man who once owned him as a slave.

The people have taken a novel interest in General Grant. In some respects this is the feature of our visit most worthy of consideration. The future of Japan of course depends much more upon the freedom, the education, and the independence of the people than upon any other agency. And while the courtesy of princes and gentlemen is worthy of note, and has been marked with princely grace, the part taken by the people is memorable. Several reasons have contributed to this. Ever since the revolution the people have taken an interest in affairs. They have newspapers, and although the press is under a severe curb, still there is room for free thought and independent criticism. They send their sons to the best schools—to Europe and America. They have debating clubs, where they assemble and discuss every kind of theme. They run to new and strange doctrines. "I am afraid," said one distinguished but conservative authority in Japan, "I am afraid of these new ideas. It is not a good sign, those young men rushing to debating clubs. They imbibe democratic and skeptical tendencies. There never was much religion in Japan, but everybody is now running to atheism. It is all Mill and Darwin and Spencer. The Japanese mind is not strong enough to take what is good and reject what is bad in that teaching." Professor Morse, of Harvard, one of those able and devoted young professors of science who have done so much in Japan, and who is now closing a period of brilliant service as a teacher of science, told me that there was no part of his work that was more interesting than his lectures to Japa-

nese students—to young men of all ranks, from the highest to the lowest—on the doctrines of evolution. Then the Japanese, all classes of them, are a warlike and brave people, fond of the parade and circumstance of war, and loving a hero. The military side of General Grant's career has taken hold of their imagination, and the street literature of the day is devoted to the achievements of the General and the Northern armies. You find these written in pamphlets, in broadsides, in penny tracts. You find rude engravings of the General in the shop-windows. Sometimes these pictures are in a heroic stage of color, and although I am not familiar with the Japanese text, I am sure, from looking over the illustrations in the pictorial lives of the General, that he has achieved tremendous feats in war. Most of these engravings depict the General as a military athlete doing marvelous things with his sword. This, however, is how history becomes mythology; and in looking over these rude designs you see the operation of the doctrine of evolution, how fact is gradually blended into romance and poetry. Sometimes this takes an unfortunate turn, as was the case the other day in Yokohama. The cholera was prevailing, and the authorities were sending the people to the hospital. This measure was unpopular, for, somehow, all the world over, human nature has a prejudice against the hospital. The people became panic-stricken. If they went to the hospital they would surely die, and when they died their livers would be taken out and sold to General Grant, or Iwakura, or Sanjo, for a thousand dollars apiece, as talismans. This was one of the rumors that was in the air during our visit, and it shows the hold that General Grant had taken upon the imagination of the people, down to the lowest and most ignorant classes.

There were several methods proposed of doing popular honor to the General. There was the play at the Shintomiga Theater, where the incidents of the life of the General were performed as a drama, and as having occurred in the earlier days of the history of Japan. There was the fête at Yokohama, as well as the reception at the Engineering College. These were brilliant incidents, but all was to be crowned by a

public festival in the park. The citizens took it up and managed it in their own way. The government had nothing to do with it. The people subscribed money to defray expenses. The money came in so freely that the subscriptions were closed, and I heard of folks complaining because they had not been allowed to pay money. It was arranged that the Emperor should attend, and that the event should be one of unusual splendor. The cholera came, and it was feared that the gathering of such a multitude, in a time of pestilence, would extend the epidemic, and so it was postponed. It was interesting to witness the preparations by the people for the fête. Beginning at the gates of Enriokwan, and continuing along the canal to the main street, and out along this street as far as the public park, it was one line of lanterns and flags. Special bamboo frames had been erected from which the lanterns could swing, and wherever the streets came to a crossing, or there were bridges, there were special trophies of flags and banners and lanterns. These lanterns were of various designs, some red, some blue, some white, some



JAPANESE LADIES.

variegated, some with the flag of Japan—the majority with the flag of Japan on one side, and on the other the flag of the United States—the banner of the stars blended with the banner of the sun. The announcement that the cholera would interfere with the festival gave great uneasiness, and the papers showed the disappointment of the people. So, after many debates, and in the hope that the cholera would abate, it was resolved to postpone the popular fête until during the last days of the General's visit. The date was fixed for the 25th of August.

It was a day of general festivity and rejoicing. Tokio fluttered with flags. People came in from the country, and as I strolled out in the morning, I noted curious groups, wandering about seeing the sights. All work was given up, and the city had that holiday look which you note at home in our own towns on a festival day. The Japanese love a festival. They rejoice in the sunshine, in the trees, in doing nothing. The pleasure-loving side of their character is what first attracts you. In this you are constantly reminded of the French. They are like the French in their gayety, good-humor, courtesy, and love of pleasure; like the French, too, as history shows, in their power of forming daring resolves, and doing terrible deeds. The day was very warm, but the people did not seem to mind the weather, going about in the lightest clothing. In the matter of clothing, your impression as you look at a Japanese crowd is, that Japan is an empire of thirty-five millions of people, and fifty thousand pairs of pantaloons. Travel in the East soon deadens any emotions you may have on the question of clothes, and what you note in a Japanese crowd is the lightness and gayety of the people, the smiling faces, the fun-loving eyes. Moreover, you note the good order, the perfect order, the courtesy, the kind feeling. I have come to the conclusion that the mob is a product of our Western civilization. I have never seen a crowd, a multitude, until I came to China and Japan. But here I have not seen a mob. You look out upon such masses of human beings as our sparse countries could not show. You look upon what you could call without extravagance a sea

of faces. But it is the sea when the sun shines upon it, and the light plays over the waters, and the waves ebb and flow with genial, friendly welcome. The good-humor and the patience of the crowd seemed to have no end. General Grant and party left Enriokwan at two o'clock. The hour and the route and every step in the programme had been considered,



THE FISH MARKET AT TOKIO.

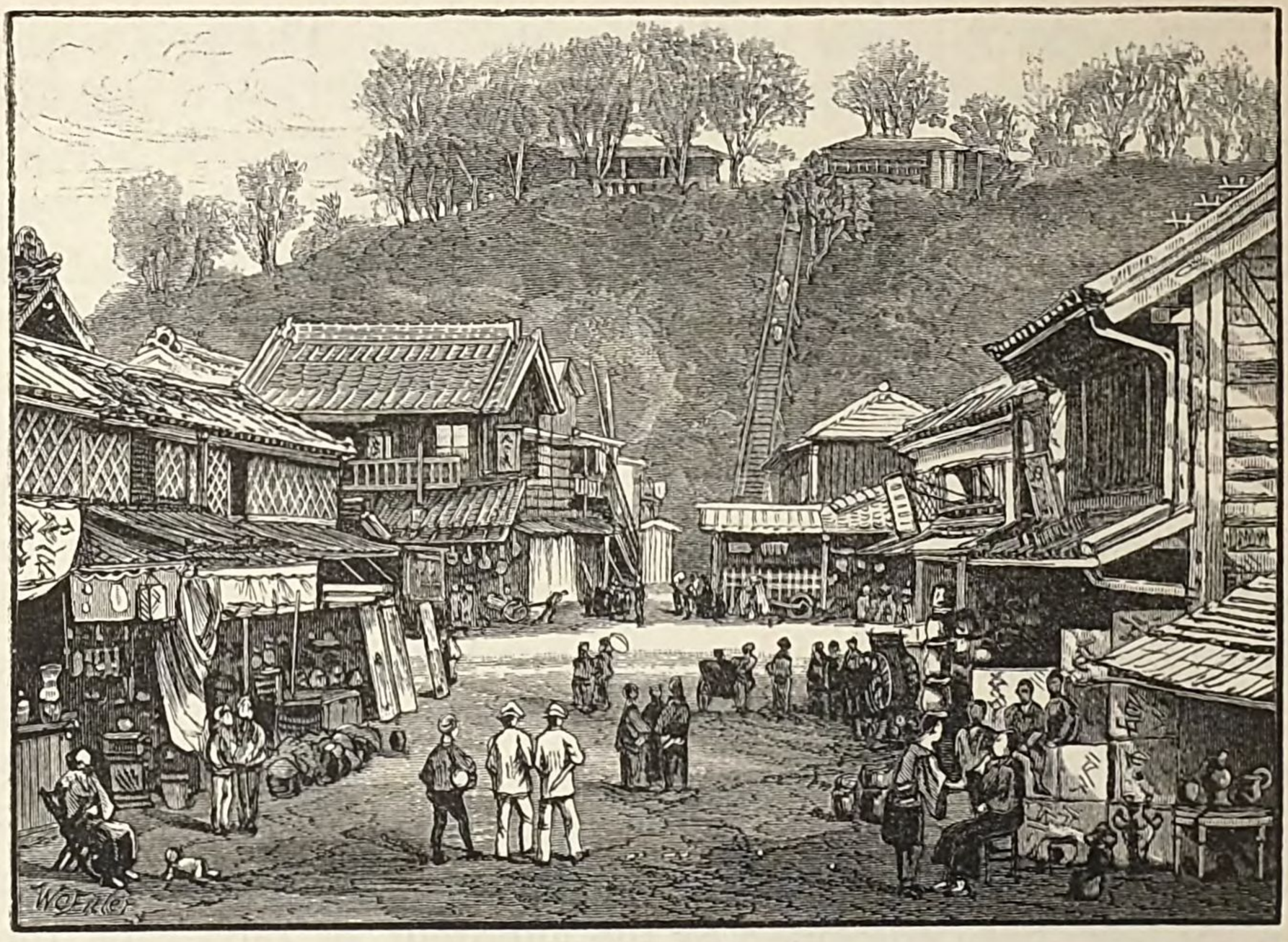
and set down in a programme, and we found ourselves going through the day as though we were in a drama, and everything had been written down for us and for everybody else by a careful prompter. General Grant's party on the occasion was a large one. As the fête was partly in his honor, and all the people were out to see, and his progress was to be in state, it was thought that the presence of the naval officers would be a compliment to the

citizens, and add to the interest of the day. Accordingly the General invited Admiral Patterson, Captain Benham, and the leading officers of the American ships to join him at the palace, take luncheon, and go with him to the park. At the hour named our company started from Enriokwan, and what with our Japanese escort, and our friends from the navy in their uniforms of blue and gold, it was quite a procession. The party rode in the Emperor's state carriages, preceded and surrounded by cavalry, and going at a slow pace, so that the crowd could see the General. I should say that the distance from Enriokwan to Uyeno was three miles, and every step of the way was through a crowd. Every house was decorated with flags and lanterns. The people, as the General's carriage came near, would rush to the windows and look in, but there was perfect order and courtesy.

As we approached the park the crowd grew denser and denser. The streets at certain points were covered with arches of evergreens and flags and lanterns, with inscriptions in Japanese. When we came to the park a line of infantry was drawn up, and as the General's carriage slowly turned in, the soldiers presented arms, and a Japanese band played "Hail Columbia." We drove on until we came to a certain part of the gardens, where we halted. Here a committee was in waiting, and the General was informed that, as a memento of his visit, it was hoped that he and Mrs. Grant would each plant a tree. This was done, and already the stone monuments were erected which signified the event in an inscription in English and Japanese.

This ceremony over, we re-entered our carriages and drove to the pavilion prepared for the General. This pavilion was a small Japanese house swathed in American flags. Here we were joined by Mr. Bingham and family, and several American friends. Just beyond us was a canopy reserved for the foreign ministers, where we met Sir Harry Parkes, the Chinese minister, and other members of the diplomatic body. Shortly after General Grant arrived the sound of guns and the music of the band playing the Japanese national air announced that the Emperor was on his way.

When the Emperor arrived on the ground he gave a special audience to General Grant and his party. Then advancing into a large pavilion, he received the foreign ministers and the naval officers who were present. Sir Harry Parkes, the British Minister, made a few remarks to his Majesty on behalf of the diplomatic corps. This ceremony passed, the Emperor took his seat in a high amphitheater, General Grant sitting on his right, the ministers of the cabinet surrounding him. Here he remained for an hour, while there were various sports and amusements, mainly feats of horsemanship. When his Majesty retired, the General, accompanied by the cabinet, dined, and when the sun went down were escorted back to their pavilion. After the fireworks, which were unusually beautiful, the General and party drove home. I recall this drive as among the most extraordinary phases of our Japanese visit. For miles the General's carriage slowly moved through a multitude that might have been computed by the hundreds of thousands, the trees and houses dangling with lamps and lanterns, the road spanned with arches of light, the night clear and mild, all forming a scene the like of which I had never witnessed, and which I can never hope to see again. It was the culmination of the General's visit to Japan, the highest honor that could be paid to him by the Japanese government and people.



STREET IN TOKIO.

CHAPTER XLIV.

JAPAN.

GENERAL GRANT made a short visit to Hakone to see the beautiful scenery that surrounds Fusi-yama. On his return he prepared to leave Japan. We had already stayed longer in the country than we had intended, but life was pleasant in Tokio, and every day seemed to open a new scene of beauty and interest, and we felt ourselves yielding to the fascinations of this winning civilization. The hospitality of our hosts seemed to show no sign of weariness. We became attached to our palace home of Enriok-wan, and began to feel acquainted with the rooms, the curious figures on the walls, the odd freaks in the way of gardening, the rustic bridges, the quaint and clean little summer-houses, where we could sit in the afternoon and feel the breezes from the sea. The weather kept unusually warm, and with the heat

came the pestilence, and, although in Enriokwan we were not conscious of its presence, and felt safe under the sheltering influence of the ocean, yet it saddened the community and seemed to rest upon the capital like a cloud, and we sorrowed with our friends. There were trips to Yokohama, where our naval ships were at anchor; and Yokohama itself was well worth seeing, as an evidence of what the European had done in making a trading camp on the shores of Asia. For, after all, these Eastern European cities are but trading camps, and remind you in many ways of the shifting towns in Kansas and Nebraska during the growing, railway days. Now that the time was coming when we were to leave Japan there were discussions as to where and when we should go.

When it was finally determined to return, it was surprising to see how much we had to do. There was the gathering together of the odds and ends of a long journey—the bundling up for home. Sticks from Malacca, fragments of gauze from Delhi, brasswork from Benares, bits of crockery from Pekin—what you call your "things"—assume a consequence that their importance does not justify. When I started on my journey around the world one of the pleasures that I set apart for myself was that I would not buy anything; that I should not burden my mind with curiosities, nor allow any of the porcelain or ivory manias to afflict me. There seemed to be among my friends so much useful energy gone to waste on crockery and bronze that I resolved to make a merit of my own self-denial, and bring back from the East only a flush of radiant memories. But no virtue, however robust, can stand the temptations of Canton and Yokohama, and I found myself taking an interest in "things" like other people, and going into silk shops, and fumbling the light and airy stuffs which the genius of the East has fashioned for woman's adornment, and studying out the beauty of a saucer or a vase. And although I clung to my resolution valiantly, "things" began to accumulate, and the great question of our latter days in Japan was what should we do with them, and, moreover, what would the Collector at the California Custom-House do with them? I never knew that

there was so much to interest you in the revenue laws until I began to look up the duties on a bit of "old blue." If any of my readers do not know what "old blue" means, I would advise them never to learn. I happened at times, while in Tokio, to be the companion of an honored friend who has mastered



IMAICHI.

the "curio" question; who knew bronze and ivory, silk and clay and iron, and whose amusement was to run away from the hospitalities of his Japanese hosts, and lose himself in a suburb of Tokio, and prowl from shop to shop. "You see," he would say, "by doing this we get away from the range of the globe-trotters, who ruin the market and give the people false ideas as to prices and degrade the taste of the sellers. Here we are

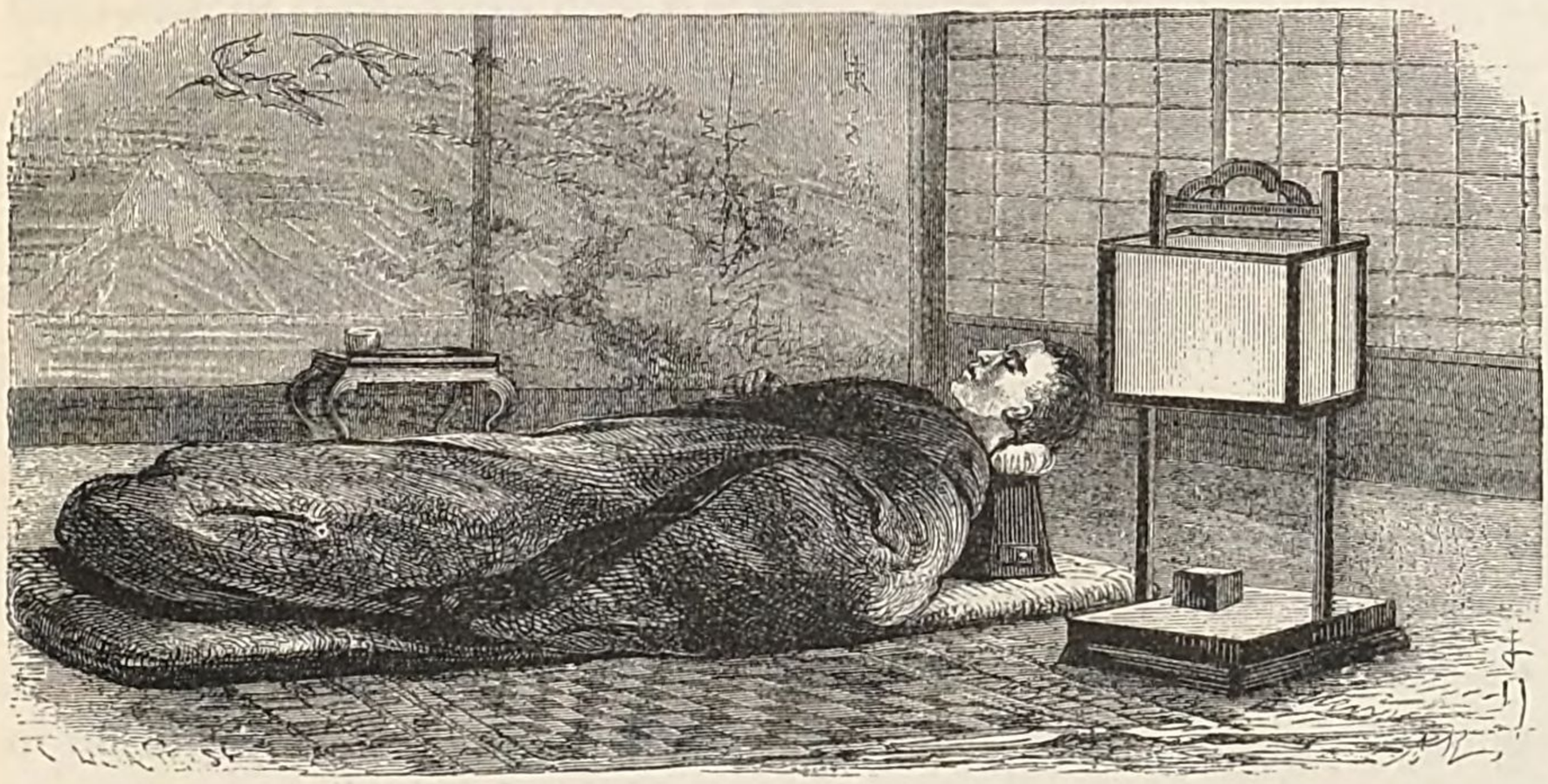
in old Japan, and I never pay more than one dollar for anything." These were interesting expeditions.

General Grant has thrown a good deal of suspicion upon one's enthusiasm for the antique by circumstantial narratives of a certain factory which flourishes in Newark, New Jersey, whose owners declare large dividends—a factory devoted to the manufacture of curios, where they make antique and modern works of art, especially old blue and hawthorn blue and blue after the rain, and mark them with the mark of the Ming dynasty. But I believe in my vase. I certainly believe in the reverent and friendly spirit that sent it to my table; and although if I were buying "old blue" from my own unaided experience I would not give a large sum for such a vase, I know that it is the result of my ignorance, and that I really have a treasure, something that the Chinese artisan labored over with loving hand in the days of the Mings, before the Tartar came to harden and desolate his land, and I idealize it in various ways, and think myself into the belief that it has a poetic beauty of its own. And this leads me back to the revenue laws, and to wonder whether Mr. Merritt will put the poetic value upon the vase, or assess it at my own estimate of its worth. As I was saying, I never knew how much there was to interest you in the revenue laws until I began to look over my "things," and wonder what they will cost in New York. As to taking them to California, no one would dream of it. You hear terrible stories of the California Custom-House; how the officers rummage your trunks and break your vases, and make you pay a double valuation, and have no respect for your word, or even your oath; and how one independent American, with a temper easily heated, took a Satsuma vase, a lovely work that cost him five hundred dollars, and dashed it to pieces before the eyes of the excisemen rather than be taxed for more than its value. I am afraid this is not a true story, but hope it is, as I like to read of anything original or eccentric, and you hear so many stories of revenue exactions that you become a free-trader. You think about your "things" and talk about them so much that they assume princely proportions, and you

begin to feel like a collector, that you have exhausted the bazaars of the East and that you have rare possessions, and not, as happens to me, only a few odds and ends that have, as it were, trickled in upon you as you wandered along, and will have no value when they reach home but the value of the memories that surround them.

After mature deliberation and taking everybody's advice—and on this subject everybody is anxious to advise you—I concluded to send my "things" home, by the way of the Suez Canal, direct to New York, and to go to California in light marching order, and when the excisemen came down upon me for curios, show them only my clothes and a few volumes of useful information. Somehow, even after the question had been settled and was out of your mind, there was an irresistible fascination in talking about your "things." I suppose the real reason was that the talk about the "things" led in an indirect way to a talk about home, and that we were all of us just a little homesick, more than we would care to admit. I have observed that people are apt to treat homesickness as they would a love affair. They like to talk about such emotions in other people, but not in themselves. Take our naval friends, for instance, who have been on this station for some time. You never saw so much fortitude! "Home"—away with such a sentiment—it is not home but "duty" which animates a sailor, and since duty commits them to the Asiatic coast, why, of course! But I observed, all the same, when the mail day drew near, and it was time for the steamers to come in from the seas, that a strange interest took possession of our naval friends, and you heard only prayers for good weather and impatience at the slow, lingering hours. Our naval friends are the most patient of men. Weather, climate, pestilence—it makes very little difference whether the winds blow high or blow low, so that the mails come in. I fancied that we talked about our "things," because it led to talk about home and what people would say, and how affairs had changed in our absence. We are none of us willing to confess to a homesick feeling except the Colonel, who has been avowedly homesick ever

since we left Singapore, and has announced that his travels are at an end, except over the road that leads by the shortest and most direct route to General Sheridan's head-quarters in Chicago. I am sure that not all the "old blue" made, either in China under the Ming dynasty or in General Grant's Newark curio manufactory, would keep our gallant comrade over another steamer from the performance of his duties at the head-quarters of the Military Division of the Missouri. As we are all going home together it makes little difference, and I only allude to the Colonel's military enthusiasm because I like to see such a



A JAPANESE BED.

spirit among the young officers in our army, and to hold it up for public notice and commendation.

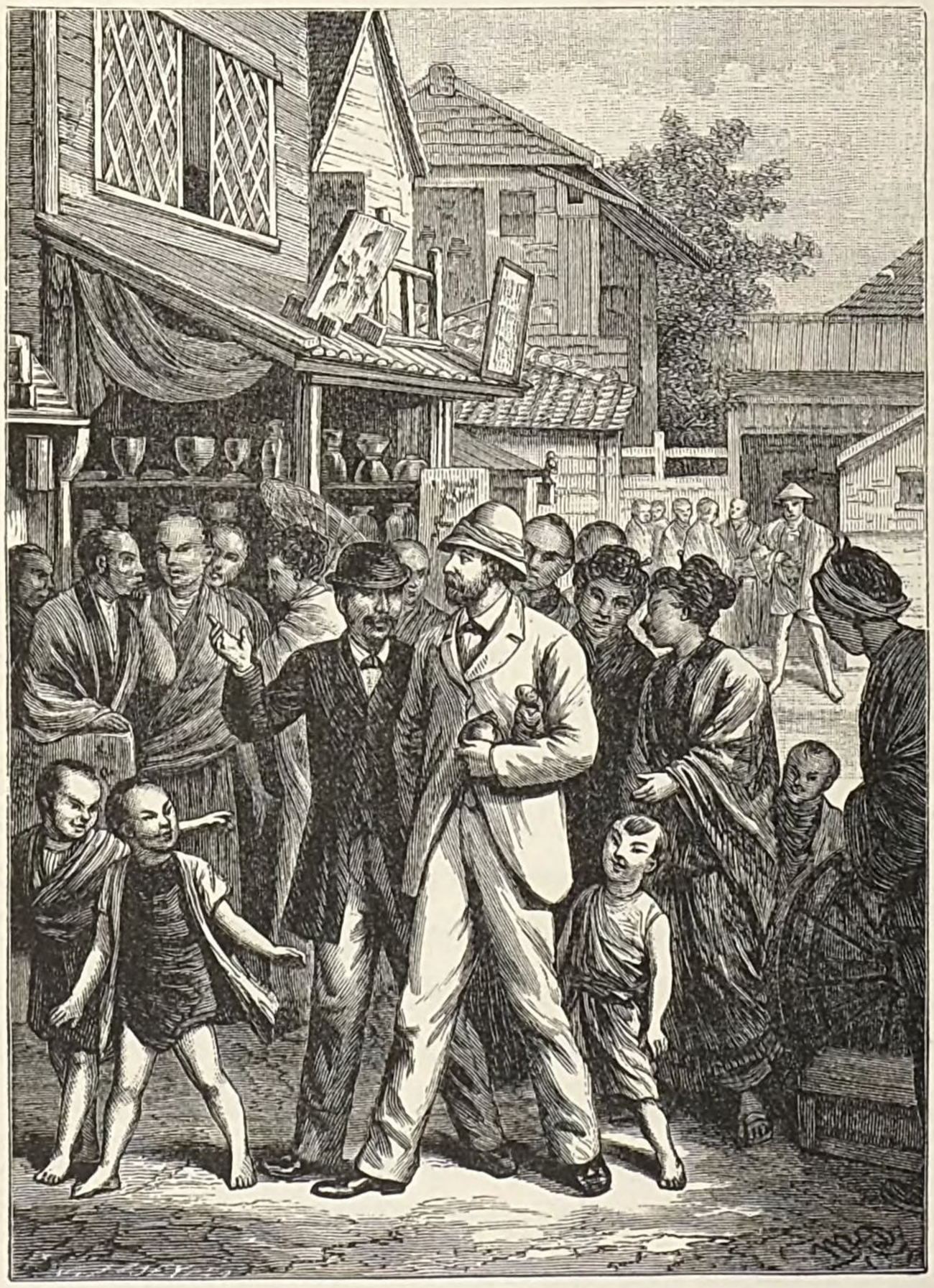
Our last days in Japan were crowded with incidents of a personal and public character. I use the word personal to describe events that did not find their way into the newspapers nor belong to public receptions. There were constant visits to the General from members of the cabinet—from Mr. Iwakura, especially, who came to talk about public affairs. There were conferences on the Loochoo question, when General Grant used his best efforts to bring China and Japan to a good understanding. What the effect of these conversations will be, history alone can tell, but I may add that the counsel which the General has given in conversations with Mr. Iwakura and the Min-

istry he has also given in writing, and very earnestly, to Prince Kung and Li Hung Chang. Since hearing both sides of the Loochoo question—the Japanese case and the Chinese case—General Grant has felt himself in a position to speak with more precision than when, in China, he heard only the Chinese story. Other questions arose—questions connected with the industrial and agricultural advancement of Japan. The General pointed out to his Japanese friends the large area of fertile land awaiting cultivation, and how much might be added to the wealth and revenues of the country if the people were induced to develop the whole territory. This led to a discussion of the land tax, so heavy a burden to the people, and which the government is compelled to impose for revenue. If, instead of taxes on land the authorities could levy a tariff for revenue—such a tariff as we see in Germany and France—then the tax on land could be abated. This led up to the revision of the treaties, the absorbing question in Japanese politics, and which is no further advanced than it was when Mr. Iwakura went to the treaty powers on his mission many years ago. The General has always given the same advice on the treaty question. One of the odd phases of the English policy in the East is, that while England allows her own colonies to do as they please in tariffs, to have free-trade or protection, she insists that Japan and China shall arrange their imposts and tariffs solely with the view of helping English trade. In other words, Japan, an independent power, is under a duress that Canada or Australia would never accept. This anomalous condition of affairs will exist so long as the treaty remains, and England has never shown an inclination to consent to any abrogation of her paramount rights under the treaty. General Grant's advice has been that Japan should make a statement of her case to the world. She should show the circumstances under which this treaty was made—how her ignorance was used to put her in an unfortunate and humiliating position. She should recall her own extraordinary progress in accepting and absorbing the modern civilization; that in doing this she has opened her empire to modern enterprise, and shown the best evidence of her

desire to be friendly with the world. She should recount the disadvantages under which this treaty places her—not alone moral, but material, crippling and limiting her resources. She should announce that the treaty was at an end, but that she was prepared to sign the most favorable conventions that could be devised, provided the treaty powers recognized her sovereign, independent rights. She should at the same time proclaim her tariff, open her ports and the interior of her country, welcome foreign capital, foreign immigration, foreign labor, and assert her sovereignty. The objection to this in the minds of the Japanese is that fleets may come, and the English may bombard Tokio as they did Simonoseki. "If there is one thing more certain than another," reasoned the General, "it is that England is in no humor to make war upon Japan for a tariff. I do not believe that under any circumstances Lord Beaconsfield would consent to such an enterprise. He has had two wars, neither of which have commended themselves to the English people. An Englishman does not value the glory that comes from Afghan and Zulu campaigns. To add to these a demonstration against Japan, because she had resolved to submit no longer to a condition bordering on slavery, would arouse against Lord Beaconsfield a feeling at home that would cost him his government. Just now," the General advised, "is the best time. Lord Beaconsfield must soon go to the people. His Parliament is coming to an end, and even if he had adventurous spirits in his cabinet or in the diplomatic service disposed to push Japan, he would be compelled to control them. Japan has a great many friends in England who are even now making her cause their own, and who would support her when she was right. More than all, there is a widespread desire for justice and fair play in England, to which the Eastern nations, and especially Japan, need never appeal in vain. Japan has peculiar claims upon the sympathy and respect of mankind, and if she would assert her sovereign rights she would find that her cause met the approval of mankind."

Time will show how far this clear and firm advice will be accepted by the Japanese. While a good deal of politics was

talked in these last days between the General and the rulers of Japan, there were other and more pleasant occupations. Attached to the palace was a billiard-room, and here every morning would come tradesmen from the bazaars of Tokio, with cloths and armor and swords and all manner of curious things to sell or to show. The hour after breakfast was our hour of temptation. "This," said the emotional young lady, as she moved away from the piano while Moore was singing one of his love-songs, "this is not for the good of my soul." I used to think of this story when I went into the billiard-room after breakfast to see the fresh invoices from the bazaars. What a world of art and of beauty and of taste has been created by the genius of Japan! Here is a scroll of silk on which the artist, with a few daring lines, has drawn a history or a poem. Here is a morsel of bronze not much larger than a dollar. It was formerly a sword ornament, and looks like a trifle until you closely examine it and see the fine touches—a sunrise, a volcano, a flight of storks in the air, sea or stream, all told on the smallest space, with touches of silver or gold. Some-

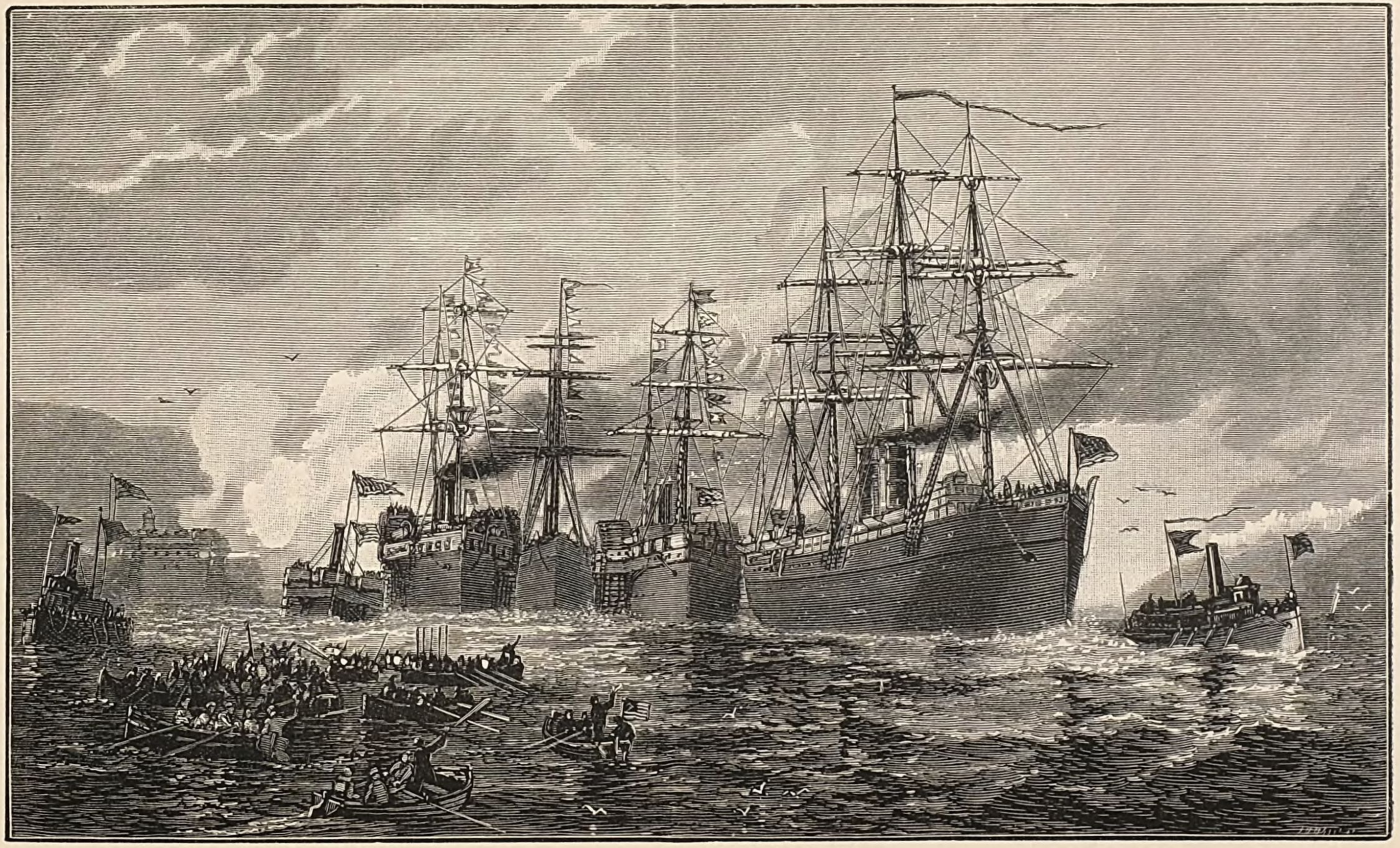


AFTER "OLD BLUE."

times we had collections of toys and dolls, for Japan is the paradise of children, and in nothing does the genius of the people assert itself with more sincerity than in devising pleasures for the little people. There is something tangible in Japanese toys. The monkeys have real hair, and you can wool the dogs about and worry the cats without seeing them unravel over the nursery floor. And the dolls! You take an assortment of dolls at home, and they seem to have been cast in the same mold. They look alike, they have no expression—the faces are dead, dull, flabby; it will be a mercy if they have noses or ears; and the only way the boys can be told from the girls is by the way the hair is parted. But what can you expect from a mighty people thinking of canals and railways? The genius of America does not run to dolls, but to manifest destiny and bonanza mines. The Japanese artist makes a doll as though he loved it, and when he is through with the toy it is not alone a toy, but a story, or it may be a poem; something to come home to the baby heart, to have joys and sorrows, to be loved with the passionate love of innocence and childhood. Those were, indeed, our hours of temptation, those after-breakfast hours in the billiard-room at Enriokwan, especially in the matter of swords. There is no place in the world where you can buy such beautiful swords as in Japan. Until within the last few years every gentleman's retainer carried two swords—a long and a short one. These weapons were the mark of his rank—his badge of gentle life. He took pride in his swords, and aimed to have them of the keenest temper and most exquisite adornment. But in the hour of change came a decree forbidding the wearing of the swords, suppressing the two-sworded men, the samauri, as they are called, as a class. So all that was left for the abolished samauri was to carry their swords to the bazaars and turn them into rice and fish. Consequently the bazaars are now overstocked with swords and spears of the finest workmanship, with scabbards of lacquer and bronze, ingeniously worked in silver and gold. I have looked at innumerable specimens and never found two alike. Each separate weapon seemed to be the expression of an idea, and you never cease

to marvel at the endless variety and sweep of the decorative art.

You felt also, if you bought one of the swords, that you were investing in the antiquity and .chivalry of Japan. The two-sworded men are now as other people, and wear plain clothes, and work for their living, and use civil language, which was not always their custom when Sir Rutherford Alcock flourished. And yet, now that nothing is left of the poor samauri but their swords, which litter the bazaars, and over which you haggle and chaffer, trying to cheapen the weapon that for generations, perhaps, was the heirloom and the pride of a gentleman's family—now that the samauri no longer infest the streets, to worry British Ministers and foreign merchants—I am disposed to think kindly of them, and not feel as harshly as Sir Rutherford's narrative would justify me in doing. "It is rather a pity," said Sir Harry Parkes, the British Minister, one day to the writer, "that the samauri were abolished. They included in their ranks men of culture and valor. They were the middle class—or one might say the martial class—and were a kind of backbone to the social system. Some of the old samauri now hold high places. I do not think they did any harm, and the country would have been stronger with them." I quote this indulgent opinion of the British Minister in justice to the memory of the samauri, and rather as an offset to the unfavorable impression given of their character by Sir Harry's predecessor. Mr. Seward was in Japan when the samauri class were in power, and at the crisis of the revolution which was to destroy their power; and he noted that while there was abroad a warlike, turbulent body of men, he did not see one act of rudeness nor hear one word of ill-temper. I take it one never feels more generous toward his friends, more disposed to do them justice and see the real virtues in their character, than when he is attending a bankruptcy or executor's sale of their effects, and possessing himself of their household gods for about one-fourth their value. It awakens the hidden springs of benevolence in your nature, and as I marvel at the finish of these samauri swords I think of all the kind things possible about the poor,



THE ARRIVAL AT SAN FRANCISCO.

shorn gentlemen who once bore them. One advantage about the sword market in Japan is that swords are cheaper than they will ever be again, and they make capital presents. That is one of the problems of travel—to find something unique and valuable that you can buy cheap. What a pity it is that you cannot make presents on the principle that England governs India—by prestige. When some Maharajah gives the Prince of Wales a diamond aigrette for his wife, the Prince knows he cannot give diamonds in return. So the Maharajah is declared to be a loyal and deserving prince, and has two guns added to his salute. The Prince has the diamonds and the Maharajah the guns, and both are satisfied, the Indian more especially. Now, if a traveler could only give his friends his good intentions, and have them accepted at their par value, what a relief it would be, and what trouble it would save you in wondering how so-and-so would be pleased with this or that; and what heart-burnings would be avoided when the various idols of your existence came in after days to compare your offerings and sit in judgment upon your affection.

But while we had our hours of temptation in the billiard-room, and struggles with conscience—the extent of which, I am afraid, so far as some of us are concerned, will never be known until the time cometh when all things must appear—we had hours of instruction. Our hosts were ever thinking of some new employment for each new day. We grew tired in time of the public institutions, which are a good deal the same the world over, and after we had recovered from our wonder at seeing in Japan schools and workshops like those we left behind us, they had no more interest than schools and workshops generally. The heat of the weather made going about oppressive, and even the sea lost its freshness; and when the tides went down and the breeze was from the land the effect of the water was to increase the heat. Our interest in earthquakes was always fresh, and whenever the atmosphere assumed certain conditions our Japanese friends would tell us that we might expect a shock. In Japan the earthquake is as common a phenomenon as a thunder-storm at home in midsummer, although

there are no laws that govern its approach. I have told you of one experienced when we were all at dinner, and when we owed it to Governor Hennessy that we discovered there had been an earthquake. On that day it had rained, and all that I remember specially was that in walking about the grounds before dinner the air seemed to be heavy and the sea was sluggish. A few mornings before we left Enriokwan there was another experience. Our hosts had sent us some workers in pottery, to show us the skill of the Japanese in a department of art in which they have no superiors. One of the famous potters had expressed a desire to show the General his work. After breakfast we found the artisans arranged in the large drawing-room. There was the chief worker, a solemn, middle-aged person, who wore spectacles. He was dressed in his gala apparel, and when we came into the room went down on his face in Japanese style. There were three assistants. One worked the wheel. Another baked the clay. A third made himself generally useful. The chief of the party was a painter. We saw all the processes of the manufacture, the inert lump of clay going around and around, and shaping itself under the true, nimble fingers of the workmen into cups and vases and



A JAPANESE BEAUTY.

bowls. There is something fascinating in the labors of the wheel, the work is so thoroughly the artisan's own; for when he begins he has only a lump of mud, and when he ends his creation may be the envy of a throne-room. It seems almost like a Providence—this taking the dust of the valley and creating it—for the work is creation, and we are reminded of Providence in remembering that when the Creator of all fashioned his supreme work it was made of clay. The decoration of the clay was interesting, requiring a quick, firm stroke. We were requested to write something on the clay before it went into the furnace. General Grant gave his autograph and the rest of us inscriptions, written as well as we could write with a soft, yielding brush. After the inscriptions had been written, the cups were washed in a white substance and hurried into the furnace. When they came out, the fire had evaporated the coating and turned into a gloss the tints of our writing, and the painter's colors had changed, and our inscriptions were fastened in deep and lasting brown.

It was while we were watching the potters over their clay, and in conversation with a Japanese citizen, who spoke English and came as interpreter, about the progress of this special industry in Tokio, that we heard a noise as though the joists and wooden work of the house were being twisted, or as if some one were walking on the floor above with a heavy step. But there was no second floor in Enriokwan, and I suppose the incident would have passed without notice if our Japanese friend had not said, "There is an earthquake." While he spoke we paused, and again heard the wrenching of the joists and the jingling of the glass in the swinging chandelier. This was all that we noted. We walked out on the porch and looked at the foliage and toward the sea, but although observation and imagination were attuned, we saw nothing but an unusual deadness in the air, which we might have seen on Broadway on a midsummer day. These were our only earthquake experiences in Japan. I have noted them because an earthquake is always an interesting subject, and because I was impressed with the indifference shown by our Japanese friends toward this supreme

and awful manifestation of the power of nature. This comes from the fact that earthquakes are rarely severe in Japan. History tells of a fearful disaster, even here, in imperial Tokio, not many years since. In conversing with some of our naval friends who had been in the West Indies and seen our tropical American earthquakes, I discovered that they did not share the indifference of the Japanese toward the earthquake. They felt toward it as experienced mariners toward the sea—the more they saw of its power the more they held it in awe. I was told that the prudent thing to do, when you hear the tremor of the earthquake, is to rush out into the open, and there remain until the second shock spends its force. The shocks of the earthquake come in twos, and generally give you warning. The houses in Japan, however, seem to have been built for the fire and the earthquake. They are put together in a loose, elastic manner, of light woods, so as to stand a great deal of shaking. Even if they fell they would not do much harm. As to fires, the custom is to have in each block of houses one small fire-proof building, whither, in case of need, all in the neighborhood can hurry with their special treasures. If Tokio were to burn, what you would see would be a wilderness of ruins, with fire-proof buildings at regular stations, containing the essential wealth of the town. If a resident can afford it he has his own special fire-proof building. But this is a luxury only enjoyed by the rich.

There were dinners and *fêtes*, and many quiet, pleasant parties during our last days at Enriokwan. The British Minister, Sir Harry Parkes, proposed an entertainment, but we were about to sail, and every night and every day we were engaged, and the General was compelled to decline Sir Harry's hospitality. There was a luncheon with Mr. House, the editor of the Tokio *Times*, in a pretty little house near the American Legation, looking out on the sea. I had known House years ago, more years I am afraid than I care to remember, when he was among the most brilliant of a noted group of young men, who were then making their way in the world, through the attractive but not always fruitful fields of journalism. I was glad

to see him again, and although Time had laid his hand upon him, as I fear it had upon both of us, and there was the suggestion of care and labor in his features, it had not dimmed the buoyancy, the grace, and the genius that made him, in our early New York times, attractive and envied among men. House, even in those days—it was before the rebellion, Heaven help us! ages and ages ago!—felt a singular interest in Japan. He became familiar with the embassy, the Tycoon's embassy,



A MOUNTAIN INN.

in 1860, and his interest in Japan deepened, but everybody was surprised when they heard that he had left a career of promise and renown to seek his love in the far East. Since then House has given himself to Japan with a spirit that I might call the missionary spirit of self-abnegation. He has fought her battles. He has defended her name. He has endeavored to win her a place among the nations. He has accepted contumely and misrepresentation in her cause, for I found—how quickly you find it out!—that if you take sides with the Eastern nations in this far East you bring upon you the rancor of the foreigners. You are as much an outlaw as Wen-

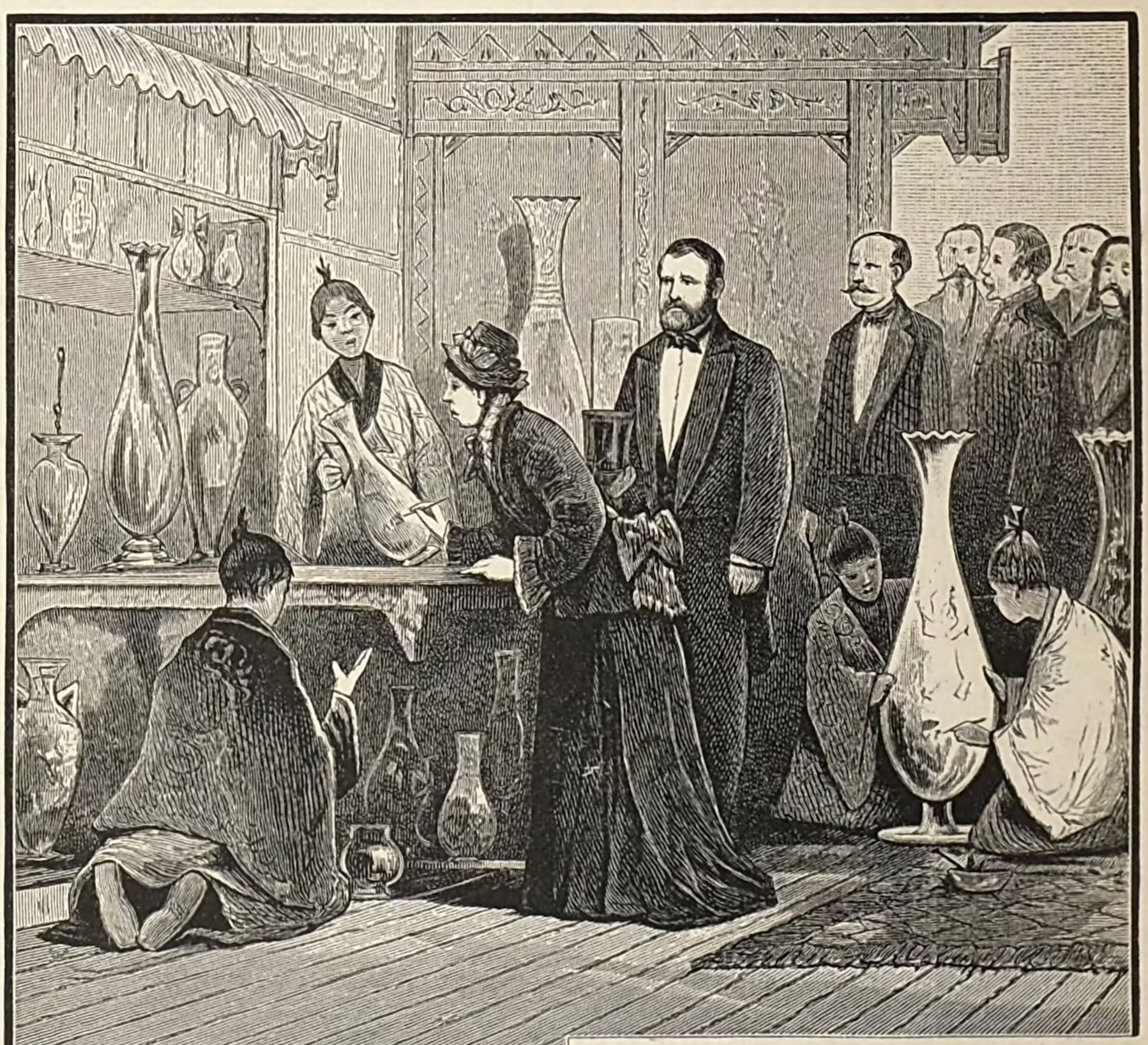
dell Phillips in anti-slavery days was an outlaw in Beacon Street. You are not respectable. You are against the interests of your own country. You are anxious to see Japan close up again, and the foreigners driven into the sea. You are bribed, bought, corrupted. You are possessed of the devil. But House has held his place and made his fight, and still makes it with all the brilliancy of old days, and his name is a power in Japan. I have ventured upon this allusion to his career because I happen to know a great deal about it, and I am glad to honor, especially in my own craft, what seems to be a lofty and self-denying spirit. And certainly nothing but that self-denial which love alone can inspire, would have induced House to surrender the career he was enjoying when I knew him in New York, to bury himself in Japan.

Among the most pleasing incidents of our last days in Tokio was a dinner with Sanjo, the Prime Minister, who entertained us in Parisian style, everything being as we would have found it on the Champs Elysées—the perfection of French decoration in the appointments of the house, and of French taste in the appointments of the table. Mr. Mori, who was formerly Japanese Minister to the United States, and is now Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs, and one of the strong and rising men in the empire, gave a dinner and a reception. Here the General met most of the men noted in literary and scientific pursuits. Mr. Terashima, the Foreign Minister, also gave a dinner, which was Parisian in its appointments. Mr. Yoshida entertained a portion of our party—the General not being able to attend—in Japanese style. Among the guests were Saigo, Ito, and Kawamura, of the cabinet, and our good friends and daily companions Tateno and Ishibashi, of the Emperor's household, who had been sent by his Majesty to attend upon the General and give him the advantage of their knowledge of English. We had had a stately Japanese dinner in Nagasaki, when we were entertained after the manner of the old daimios, but with Mr. Yoshida we dined as we would have dined with any Japanese gentleman of distinction if we had been asked to his house in a social way. Mr. Yoshida lives some distance from Enriokwan,

in one of a group of houses built on a ridge overlooking the sea, on the road toward Yokohama. There are grounds where the master of the house indulges a fancy for gardening, a fancy which in no place do you see so perfect as in Japan, for the gardener in Japan is a poet. He loves his trees and shrubs and flowers, and brings about results in his treatment of them that show new possibilities and a new power of expression in nature.

Mr. Yoshida had a few lanterns among his trees, but beyond this modest bit of decoration—just a touch of color to light up the caverns of the night—there was no display. Dinner was served in Japanese style. Our host wore Japanese costume, and the room in which we dined was open on three sides and looked out on the gardens. When you enter a Japanese house you are expected to take off your shoes. This is not alone a mark of courtesy, but of cleanliness. The floors are spotless, and covered with a fine matting which would crack under the grinding edges of your European shoes. We took off our shoes and stretched ourselves on the floor, and partook of our food from small tables a few inches high. The tables were of lacquer and the dishes were mainly of lacquer. There is no plan, no form, in a Japanese dinner—it is simply to dine with comfort. Of the quality of the food I have not confidence enough in my judgment to give an opinion. Dining has always appeared to me one of the misfortunes that came with Adam's fall, and I have never been able to think of it with enthusiasm. I know that this is a painful confession, the display of ignorance and want of taste, but it cannot be helped. I gave myself seriously to my dinner, because I am fond of Mr. Yoshida, and wanted to pay him the compliment of enjoying his gracious and refined hospitality. Then I thought that it would be something that I might want to write about. But the dinner was beyond me. I cannot say that I disliked it, and I liked it about as well as nineteen out of twenty of the dinners you have in New York. It was picturesque and pleasing, and in all its appointments so unlike anything in our close and compact way of living that you felt somehow that you were having a good time; you felt like laughing, and if you gave way to your impulse it would have

been to roll about on the floor in the delight and abandon of boyhood. If you did not want to eat you could smoke, and if not to smoke, to drink—and there was drinking, smoking, and eating all the time. Your attendants were maidens, comely and fair, who knelt in the middle of the floor and watched you with unmoving features, fanning you and noiselessly slipping



THE POTTERS AT ENRIOKWAN.

away your dishes and bringing new ones. They were so modest, so graceful, that you became unconscious of their presence. They became, as it were, one of the decorations of the dinner. They watched the guests and followed their wishes, as far as comfort was concerned. Beyond that I saw no word or glance of recognition. At home your servants are personages with all the attributes of human nature, and sometimes in a form so aggravated that they be-

come a serious care, and you dine under fear, in the presence of some oppressive responsibility. But our maidens might have been sprites, they were so far from us, and at the same time their grace and quickness made the mechanism of our dinner smooth and noiseless.

I have been trying to think of something concerning this dinner that would be regarded as useful information. I am conscious of the absence of that quality in all that I have written about Japan. I would give the world if I could only tell you how some of the soups were made and how the ragouts were seasoned. But if I had been told I never would have remembered, and would have certainly written it wrong, and so I am compelled to fall back upon my impressions. My main impression was that we were having a good time, that we were amusing ourselves, playing, romping—not dining. I have never been upon the stage, but I can fancy that if I had taken part in a comedy I should have had the same sensations with which I enjoyed Mr. Yoshida's dinner—that I was having a merry time and giving others a merry time. To chat and listen, to lie prone on the floor and see the red lanterns among the trees; to see the universe beyond, the calm and infinite stars; to run into light and airy talk about music and books and songs and folk-lore; to hear our friends tell us of the martial songs of Japan, and chant for us some of their stirring strains; to try and tell them something of our own martial songs, what our soldier boys sang during the war; to note the energy and conscientious desire to please and give instruction with which Colonel Grant sang "John Brown," and "Sherman's March through Georgia," and "Johnny Comes Marching Home"—these are the impressions I recall. Neither the Colonel nor myself know anything about the words or music of these songs, nor about music in general, and would have given a large part of our fortunes if, for that evening at least, we had had any musical faculty. But what could we do? Our friends were curious on the subject, and there was no way of changing the theme, and we told all we knew—who John Brown was, and what Sherman marched for, and who Johnny was supposed to be.

There was a line in the Sherman song—something about the soldiers marching off with the turkey gobblers—which amused our friends, although it was difficult to explain to them the exact meaning of the word "gobblers." The Colonel's singing was mainly in heroic measure, and his tunes seemed to run into the same key; but our friends were interested. In this fashion the evening passed on. A good deal of the pleasure, no doubt, came from the fact that we were all friends, good friends, anxious to please and to be in each other's society. That would add grace to a dinner of pottage and herbs; and when at last the inevitable hour came it was late before we accepted it, and when our carriage drove up to take us home we took our leave of our host and of our Japanese friends with regret, and the feeling that we had enjoyed our evening as much as any we had spent in Japan.



BRONZE IDOL, HAKONE.

Another dinner worth noting, for it was the last expression of Japanese hospitality, was the entertainment given to General Grant by Prince Dati. Since we came to Japan Prince Dati has been always with us. The Prince is about sixty years of age. Under the old régime he was a daimio, or feudal lord, of ancient family, who had the power of life and death over his retainers. When the change came, and the power of the lords was absorbed by the Mikado, and many of their rights and emoluments taken away, most of the daimios went into retirement. Some came to Tokio, others remained at their country

homes. The great princes, like Satsuma, have ever since only given the government a sullen, reserved obedience. You do not feel them in State affairs. You do not see them. The authorities do not have the prestige of their influence and authority. They are names in Japan, possible centers of rebellion; while the forces of the State are in the hands of men who, a few years ago, were their armor-bearers and samauri. The daimios appear to accept the revolution and give allegiance to the present government of the Mikado, but their acceptance is not hearty. Some of them, however, regard the revolution as an incident that could not be helped, as the triumph of the Mikado over the Tycoon, and altogether a benefit to the nation. Among these is Prince Dati. His position in Japan is something like that of one of the old-fashioned Tory country lords in England after the Hanoverian accession. His office in the State is personal to the Emperor. We have all become much attached to Prince Dati, and it seems appropriate that our last festival in Japan should be as the guest of one who has been with us in daily companionship. The Prince had intended to entertain us in his principal town-house, the one nearest Enriokwan, but the cholera broke out in the vicinity, and the Prince invited us to another of his houses in the suburbs of Tokio. We went by water, embarking from the sea-wall in front of Enriokwan. We turned into the river, passing the commodious grounds of the American Legation, its flag weather-worn and shorn; passing the European settlement, which looked a little like a well-to-do Connecticut town, noting the little missionary churches surmounted by the cross; and on for an hour or so past tea-houses and ships and under bridges, and watching the shadows descend over the city. It is hard to realize that Tokio is a city—one of the greatest cities of the world. It looks like a series of villages, with bits of green and open spaces and inclosed grounds breaking up the continuity of the town. There is no special character to Tokio, no one trait to seize upon and remember, except that the aspect is that of repose. The banks of the river are low and sedgy, at some points a marsh. When we came to the

house of the Prince we found that he had built a causeway of bamboo through the marsh out into the river. His house was decorated with lanterns. As we walked along the cause-



FALLS NEAR HAKONE.

way all the neighborhood seemed to be out in a dense crowd, waiting to see the General. Our evening with the Prince was very pleasant. He lives in palatial style. He has many children, and children's children have come to bless his declining years. He took an apparent pride in presenting us

to the various members of his family. Our dinner was served partly in European, partly in Japanese style. There were chairs, a table, knives, forks, napkins, bread, and champagne. This was European. There were chopsticks, sea-weed jellies, raw fish, soups of fish and salvi. This was Japanese. There was as a surprise a special compliment to our nation—a surprise that came in the middle of the feast—a dish of baked pork and beans, which would have done honor to Boston. Who inspired this dish and who composed it are mysteries. It came into our dinner in a friendly way, and was so well meant, and implied such an earnest desire to please on the part of the host, that it became idyllic, and conveyed a meaning that I venture to say was never expressed by a dish of pork and beans since the "Mayflower" came to our shores. The dinner over we sat on the porch and looked out on the river. In the courtyard there were jugglers who performed tricks notable for dexterity, such as making a fan go around the edge of an umbrella, and keeping a bevy of balls in the air, on the wing, like birds.

Our last Japanese entertainment was that of Prince Dati. But there were others from Americans. Admiral Patterson gave a dinner on board his flagship, the "Richmond," at which were present officers from our various ships, the Japanese Admiral, the Minister, and the Consul-General. The dinner was served on deck, and our naval friends gave us another idea of the architectural triumphs possible in a skillful management of flags. The dinner was quite a family affair, for the officers had been our shipmates and we knew all their nicknames, and the Admiral had won our friendship and respect by his patience, his care, his courtesy, his untiring efforts to make General Grant's visit to Japan as pleasant as possible. When the rain began to fall, and to ooze through the bunting and drip over the food, it added to the heartiness of the dinner, for a little discomfort like that was a small matter, and only showed how much we were at home, and that we were resolved to enjoy ourselves, no matter what the winds or waves might say. When Consul-General Van Buren came he brought with him rumors of a typhoon that was coming up the coast, and might break on us at any

moment and carry us all out to sea. This gave a new zest to our dinner, but the typhoon broke on Tokio, turning aside from our feast, and when we returned on shore at midnight the rain was over and the sea was smooth. There was a garden party at the Consulate, brilliant and thronged, said by the Yokohama press to be the most successful fête of the kind ever given in the foreign settlement. The Consular building in Yokohama is a capacious and stately edifice, standing in the center of a large square. The building and the grounds were illuminated with lanterns—festoons of lanterns dangling from the windows and the balconies—running in lines to the gate, and swaying aloft to the cross-trees of the flagstaff. A special tent had been erected on the lawn, and the band from the "Richmond" was present. The evening was clear and beautiful, and everybody came, the representatives of the foreign colony, of the consular and diplomatic bodies, of the local government, officers of our navy with Admiral Patterson at the head, members of the cabinet, and high officials of the Japanese government. There was dancing, and during the supper, which took place in the tent, there was a speech from Consul-General Van Buren, in honor of General Grant, in which he alluded to the approaching departure of the General for home, and wishing him and the rest of the party a prosperous and successful voyage. To this General Grant made a brief response, and the entertainment went on far beyond midnight and into the morning hours.

On Saturday General Grant took his leave of the Emperor. An audience of leave is always a solemn ceremony, and the court of Japan pays due respect to splendor and state. A farewell to the Mikado meant more in the eyes of General Grant than if it had been the ordinary leave-taking of a monarch who had shown him hospitality. He had received attentions from the sovereign and people such as had never before been given. He had been honored not alone in his own person, but as the representative of his country. His visit had this political significance, that the Japanese government intended by the honors they paid him to show the value they gave to American

friendship. In many ways the visit of the General had taken a wide range, and what he would say to the Emperor would have great importance, because every word he uttered would be weighed in every Japanese household. General Grant's habit in answering speeches and addresses is to speak at the moment, without previous thought or preparation. On several occasions, when bodies of people made addresses to him, they sent copies in advance, so that he might read them and prepare a response. But he always declined these courtesies, saying that he would wait until he heard the addresses in public, and his best response would be what came to him on the instant. This was so particularly at Penang, when the Chinese came to him with an address which opened up the most delicate issue of American politics, the Chinese question. A copy of this address had been sent to the Government House for him to look over, but he declined, and his first knowledge of the address which propounded the whole Chinese problem was when the blue-buttoned mandarin stood before him reading it. The response was one of the General's longest and most important speeches, and was made at once, in a quiet, conversational tone. The farewell to the Emperor was so important, however, that the General did what he had not done before during our journey. He wrote out in advance the speech he proposed making to his Majesty. I mention this circumstance simply because the incident was an exceptional one, and because it showed General Grant's anxiety to say to the Emperor and the people of Japan what would be most becoming, in return for their kindness, and what would best conduce to good relations between the two nations.

At two in the afternoon the sound of the bugles and the tramp of the horsemen announced the arrival of the escort that was to accompany us to the imperial palace. Mr. Bingham arrived shortly after, looking well, but a little sad over the circumstance that the ceremony in which he was about to officiate was the close of an event which had been to him the source of unusual pleasure—the visit of General Grant to Japan. Prince Dati and Mr. Yoshida were also in readiness, and a few min-

utes after two the state carriages came. General and Mrs. Grant rode in the first carriage, Mr. Bingham, accompanied by Prince Dati and Mr. Yoshida, in the second, Colonel Grant and the writer in the third. Colonel Grant wore his uniform, the others evening dress. The cavalry surrounded our carriages and we rode off at a slow pace. The road was long, the weather hard and dry, the heat pitiless. On reaching the palace infantry received the General with military honors. The Prime Minister, accompanied by the Ministers for the Household and Foreign Affairs, were waiting at the door when our party arrived. The princes of the imperial family were present. The meeting was not so stately and formal as when we came to greet the Emperor and have an audience of welcome. Then all the cabinet were present, blazing in uniforms and decorations.



JAPANESE BONZES.

Then we were strangers, now we are friends. On entering the audience-chamber—the same plain and severely furnished room in which we had been received—the Emperor and Empress advanced and shook hands with the General and Mrs. Grant. The Emperor is not what you would call a graceful man, and his manners are those of an anxious person not precisely at his ease—wishing to please and make no mistake. But on this farewell audience he seemed more easy and natural than when we had seen him before. After the salute of the Emperor there was a moment's pause. General Grant

then took out of his pocket the manuscript of his speech, and read it as follows:

"YOUR MAJESTY: I come to take my leave, and to thank you, the officers of your government, and the people of Japan, for the great hospitality and kindness I have received at the hands of all during my most pleasant visit to this country. I have now been two months in Tokio and the surrounding neighborhood, and two previous weeks in the more southerly part of the country. It affords me great satisfaction to say that during all this stay and all my visiting I have not witnessed one discourtesy toward myself, nor a single unpleasant sight. Everywhere there seems to be the greatest contentment among the people; and while no signs of great individual wealth exist, no absolute poverty is visible. This is in striking and pleasing contrast with almost every other country I have visited. I leave Japan greatly impressed with the possibilities and probabilities of her future. She has a fertile soil, one half of it not yet cultivated to man's use, great undeveloped mineral resources, numerous and fine harbors, an extensive sea-coast abounding in fish of an almost endless variety, and, above all, an industrious, ingenious, contented, and frugal population. With all these nothing is wanted to insure great progress except wise direction by the government, peace at home and abroad, and non-interference in the internal and domestic affairs of the country by the outside nations. It is the sincere desire of your guests to see Japan realize all possible strength and greatness, to see her as independent of foreign rule or dictation as any Western nation now is, and to see affairs so directed by her as to command the respect of the civilized world. In saying this I believe I reflect the sentiments of the great majority of my countrymen. I now take my leave without expectation of ever again having the opportunity of visiting Japan, but with the assurance that pleasant recollections of my present visit will not vanish while my life lasts. That your Majesty may long reign over a prosperous and contented people and enjoy every blessing is my sincere prayer."

When General Grant had finished, Mr. Ishibashi, the interpreter, read a Japanese translation. The Emperor bowed, and taking from an attendant a scroll on which was written in Japanese letters his own address, read it as follows:

"Your visit has given us so much satisfaction and pleasure that we can only lament that the time for your departure has come. We regret also that the heat of the season and the presence of the epidemic have prevented several of your proposed visits to different places. In the meantime, however, we have greatly enjoyed the pleasure of frequent interviews with you; and the cordial expressions which you have just addressed to us in taking your leave have given us great additional satisfaction. America and Japan being near neighbors, separated by an ocean only, will become more and more closely con-

nected with each other as time goes on. It is gratifying to feel assured that your visit to our empire, which enabled us to form very pleasant personal acquaintance with each other, will facilitate and strengthen the friendly relations that have heretofore happily existed between the two countries. And now we cordially wish you a safe and pleasant voyage home, and that you will on your return find your nation in peace and prosperity, and that you and your family may enjoy long life and happiness."

His Majesty read his speech in a clear, pleasant voice. Mr. Ishibashi at the close also read a translation. Then the Empress, addressing herself to Mrs. Grant, said she rejoiced to see the General and party in Japan, but she was afraid the unusual heat and the pestilence had prevented them from enjoying her visit. Mrs. Grant said that her visit to Japan had more than realized her anticipations; that she had enjoyed every hour of her stay in this most beautiful country, and that she hoped she might have in her American home, at some early day, an opportunity of acknowledging and returning the hospitality she had received in Japan.

The Emperor then addressed Mr. Bingham, our Minister, hoping he was well, and expressing his pleasure at seeing him again. Mr. Bingham advanced and said:

"I thank your Majesty for your kind inquiry. I desire, on behalf of the President of the United States and of the government and people I represent, to express our profound appreciation of the kindness and the honor shown by your Majesty and your people to our illustrious citizen."

His Majesty expressed his pleasure at the speech of Mr. Bingham, the audience came to an end, and we drove back to our home at Enriokwan.

The audience with the Emperor was the end of all festivities; for, after taking leave of the head of the nation, it would not have been becoming in others to offer entertainments. Sunday passed quietly, friends coming and going all day. Monday was spent in Yokohama making ready for embarking. The steamer, which was to sail on Tuesday, was compelled to wait another day. On Tuesday the General invited Admiral Patterson, Captain Benham, Commander Boyd, and Commander Johnson, commanding respectively the American men-of-war

"Richmond," "Ranger," and "Ashuelot," Mr. Bingham, General Van Buren, and several members of the Japanese cabinet, with the ladies of their families, to dinner, our last dinner in Japan. In the evening was a reception, or rather what grew into a reception, the coming of all our friends—Japanese, American, and European—to say good-by. The trees in the park were hung with lanterns, and fireworks were displayed, furnished by the committee of the citizens of Tokio. There was the band from the War Department. The night was one of rare beauty, and during the whole evening the parlors of the palace were thronged. There were the princes and princesses of the imperial family, the members of the cabinet, the high officers of the army and navy, Japanese citizens, ministers, and consuls. The American naval officers from four ships, the "Monongahela" having come in from Hakodadi, were in full force, and their uniforms gave color to what was in other respects a brilliant and glittering throng. It was a suggestive, almost a historic assembly. There were the princes and rulers of Japan. Sanjo, the Prime Minister, with his fine, frail, almost womanly face, his frame like that of a stripling, was in conversation with Iwakura, the Junior Premier, whose strong, severe, almost classical features are softened by the lines of suffering which tell of ever-present pain. In one room Ito sits in eager talk with Okuma, the Finance Minister, with his Hamlet-face and eyes of speculation. Okuma does not speak English, but Ito gives you a hearty American greeting. Mrs. Grant is sitting on the piazza, where the fireworks can be seen, and around are Japanese and American ladies. Mr. Bingham, whose keen face grows gentler with the frosty tints of age, is in talk with Sir Harry Parkes, the British Minister, a lithe, active, nervous, middle-aged gentleman, with open, clear-cut Saxon features, the merriest, most amusing, most affable gentleman present, knowing everybody, talking to everybody. One would not think as you followed his light banter, and easy rippling ways, that his hand was the hand of iron, and that his policy was the personification of all that was hard and stern in the policy of England. This genial, laughing, plump Chinese mandarin, with

his button of high rank, who advances with clasped hands to salute the General, is Ho, the Chinese ambassador, an intelligent gentleman, with whom I have had many instructive talks about China. His Excellency is anxious about the Loochoo question, and, when he has spoken with the General, advances



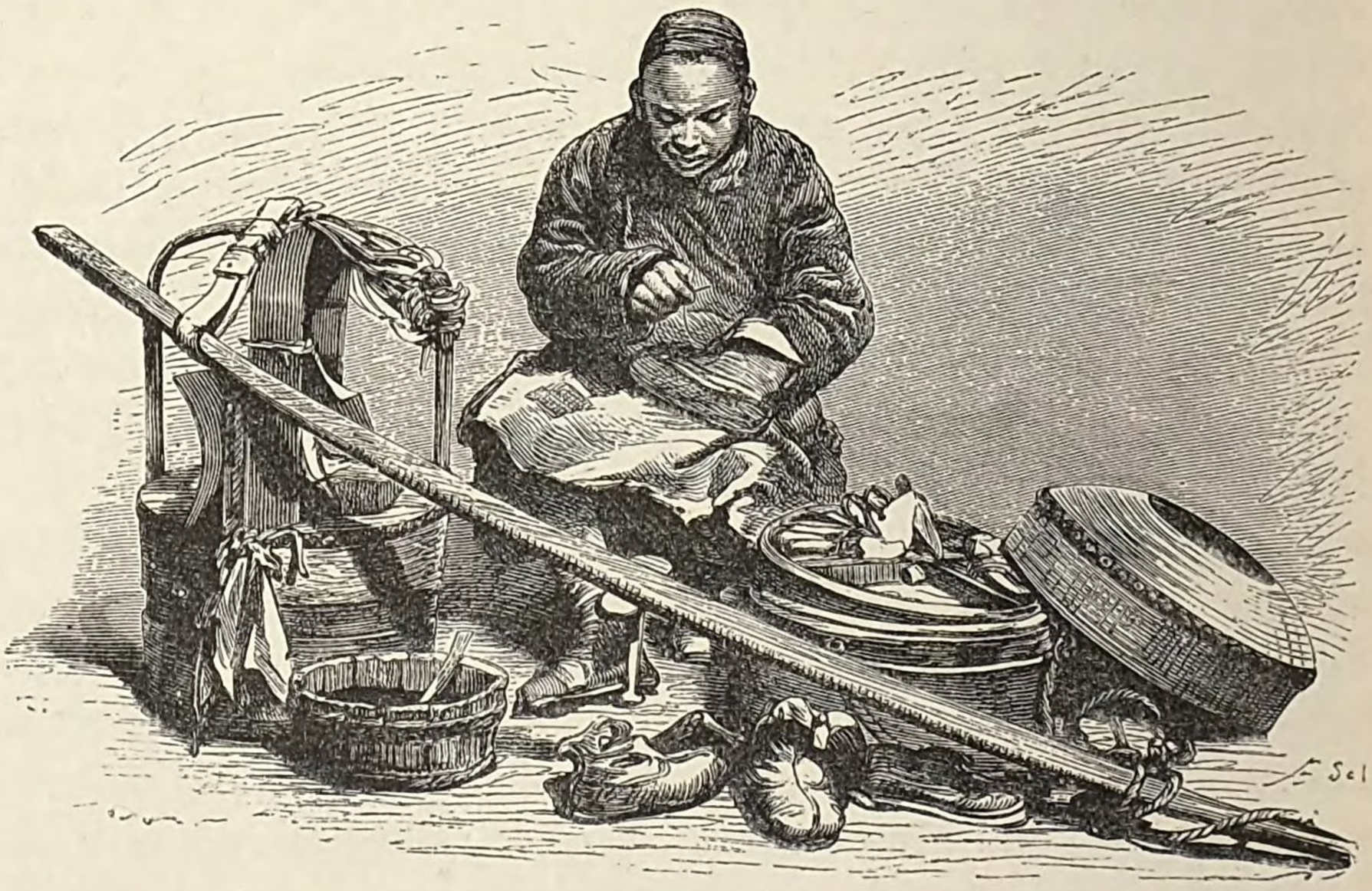
THE DINNER AT MR. YOSHIDA'S.

and opens the theme, and hopes the good offices of the General will go as far as his good wishes would have them. This man, with the swarthy features, and full, blazing eyes, who greets you with cordial, laughing courtesy, and who reminds you a great deal in his manners and features of General Sheridan, is the Secretary of War, the famous General Saigo, who commanded the Japanese expedition to Formosa. The Gen-

eral is brother of that still more famous Saigo—a great name and a great character—who threw away his life in that mad and miserable Satsuma rebellion. What freaks fate plays with us all! It was foreordained that this Saigo should be Secretary of War, and directing the troops of the government, while the other Saigo, blood of his blood, brother and friend, should be in arms against the government. General Saigo is in conversation with Colonel Grant, with whom he has become most friendly, and the Colonel is telling how a soldier lives on the Plains, and what a good time Saigo and the other friends who form the group would have if they came to America, and allowed him to be their host and escort in Montana. The other friends are notable men. The one with the striking features—a thin face that reminds you of the portraits of Moltke, a serious, resolute face that mocks the restless, dare-devil eye—is Admiral Kawamura, the head of the navy, famous for his courage, about which you hear romantic stories. Inemoto, who is near him, is Secretary of the Navy. It shows the clemency of Japan when you remember that Inemoto was the leader of a rebellion against the government in whose cabinet he now holds a seat. He owes his life, his pardon, and his advancement largely to the devotion and wisdom of one of the generals who defeated him. That officer is now at his side listening to the Colonel's narrative, General Kuroda, Minister of Colonization. Kuroda looks like a trooper. In another group you see Yoshida, with his handsome, enthusiastic face, and Mori, who looks as if he had just left a cloister, and Wyeno, fresh from England, where he has been Minister, whose wife, one of the beauties of Japan, is one of the belles of the evening, and Inouye, Minister for Public Works—all noted men, and all young men. The men here to-night have made the new Japan, and as you pick them out, one after the other, you see that they are young, with the fire, the force, and the sincerity of youth. The only ones in the groups who appear to be over forty are Sanjo and Iwakura. Sanjo has never put any force upon the government; his mission has been to use his high rank and lofty station to smooth and reconcile and conciliate. As for Iwakura, although he did

more than any one else at the time, they say that he has ceased to look kindly upon the changes, that his heart yearns for old Japan, and that his eyes are turned with affection and sorrow toward the lamented and irrecoverable past.

Supper coming, groups go in various directions—some with Mrs. Grant and the ladies to one room, where there are ices and delicate refreshments, and some, especially the Americans, with Saigo and Kawamura and Prince Dati, to drink a joyous toast, a friendly farewell bumper to the Colonel before he



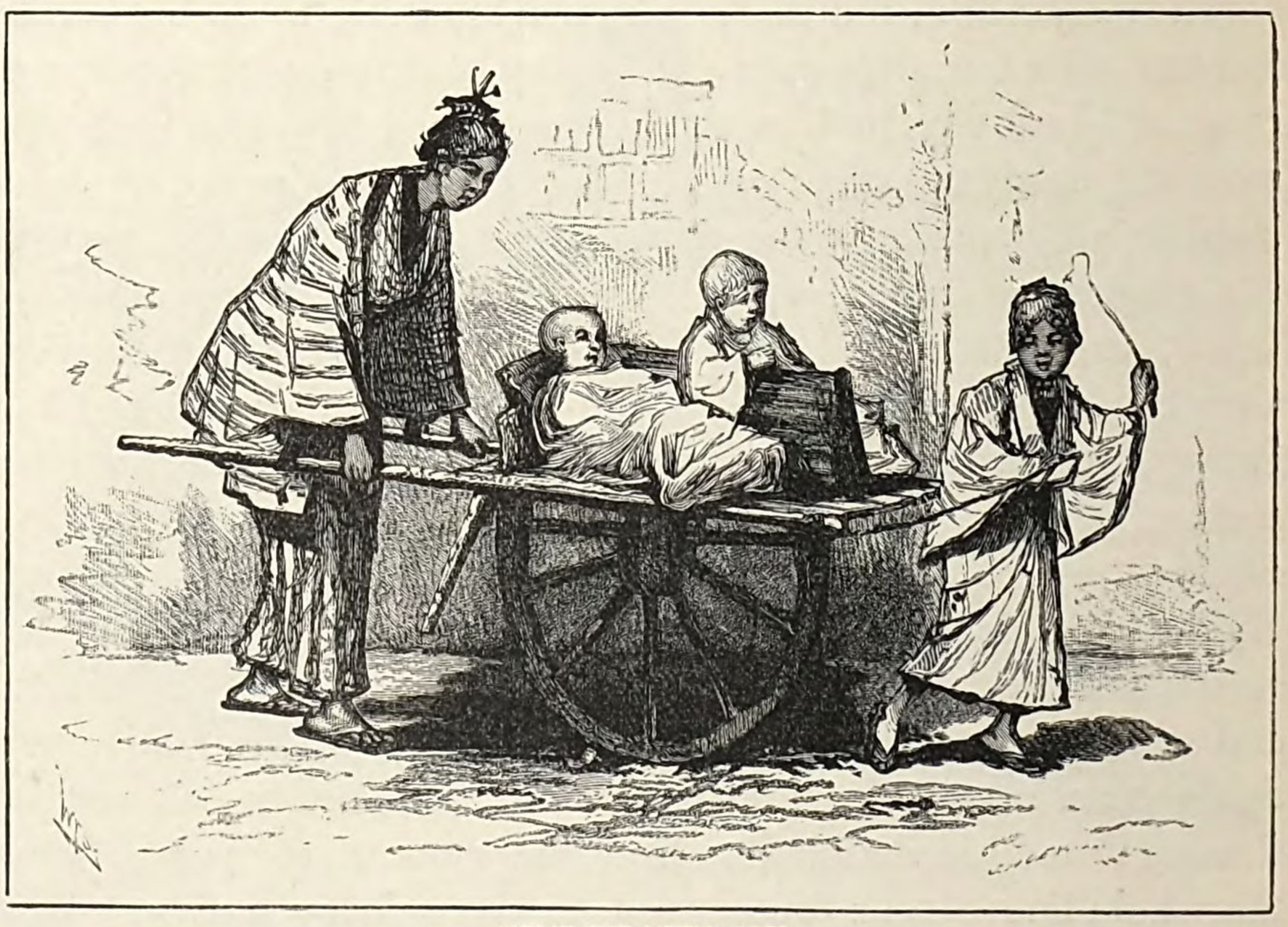
A JAPANESE SHOEMAKER.

sails home. And this special fragment of the company becomes a kind of maelstrom, especially fatal to naval men and Americans, who are sooner or later drawn into its eddy. But the maelstrom is away in one of the wings of the palace. In the drawing-rooms friends come and go, and give their wishes to the General and all of us, and wander about to see the decorations of our unique and most interesting dwelling; or more likely go out under the trees to feel the cool night air, as it comes in from the ocean, and note the variegated lanterns as they illuminate the landscape; or watch the masses of fire and flame and colors that flash against the dense and glowing sky, and shadow it with a

beauty that may be seen from afar—from all of Tokio, from the villages around, from the ships that sail the seas. Midnight had passed before our fête was ended, before the last carriage had driven away; and walking through the empty saloons the General and one or two friends sat down on the piazza to smoke a cigar, and have a last look at the beauty of Enriokwan, the beauty that never was so attractive as when we saw it for the last time under the midnight stars.

We were up and stirring in time, but our impedimenta was on board the steamer, and there was really nothing to do but breakfast and take our departure. The day of our leaving Japan was clear and beautiful, and, as the hour for our going was early, the morning shadows made the air grateful. While we were at breakfast the cavalry came trooping into the grounds, and we could hear the notes of the bugle and the word of command. Officials, ministers, and other friends came in to accompany the General. Shortly after eight the state carriages came. We drove slowly away, the cavalry forming around us, the infantry presenting arms. We looked back and took our farewell of Enriokwan, where we had passed so many happy hours. It was like leaving an old home. The servants swarmed on the veranda, and we felt sorry to leave behind us people so faithful and obliging. General Grant's departure from his Tokio residence was attended with as much ceremony as his arrival. Troops formed in double line from the door of the palace along the whole line of our route, even to the railway station. Military officers of high rank rode with the cavalry as a guard of honor. The crowd was enormous and increased as we came to the railway. The station had been cleared and additional troops were posted to keep the multitude out of the way. On entering the station the band played "Hail Columbia," and we found our Japanese and American friends present, some to say farewell, but most of them to go with us as far as Yokohama. The committee of citizens who had received us were drawn up in line in evening costume. The General shook hands with the members and thanked them for their hospitality. Mr. Iwakura escorted Mrs. Grant to the imperial car. Here

were Mrs. Mori, Mrs. Yoshida, and other ladies. The Chinese Minister came just as we were leaving, and our train, which was a long one, was filled with friends who meant to see us embark. At twenty-five minutes past eight the train pushed out from Tokio, the troops presenting arms, the band playing our national air, the people waving their farewell, while the General stood on the platform and bowed his acknowledgments. Our engine was draped with the American and Japanese flags. Our train was a special one, and stopped at none of the intermediate sta-



AIRING THE LITTLE ONES.

tions. But as we whirled past each station we observed the crowds assembled to have a last glimpse of the General. As we passed Kanagawa and came in sight of Yokohama bay we saw the ships dressed from stem to stern with streamers, flags, and emblems. When we entered the Yokohama station the crowd was apparently as large as what we had left in the capital. There were troops presenting arms, a band to play "Hail Columbia," and the Governor to welcome us. The merchants and principal citizens, in European evening dress, stood in line. The Governor escorted Mrs. Grant to her carriage, and we drove to

the Admiralty wharf. The road was decorated with Japanese and American flags, and when we came to the Admiralty there was a display of day fireworks, an exquisite combination of gray and blue, of colors that do not war with the sun, spreading over the sky gossamer shapes, delicate tints, showers of pearl-like spray. There in waiting we found the Consul-General, Admiral Patterson, Captain Benham, Captain Fitzhugh, Commander Boyd, and Commander Johnson, who had come to escort the General on board his steamer. We remained at the Admiralty several minutes while light refreshments were served. The General then went on the Admiralty barge, Mrs. Grant being escorted by Admiral Kawamura, and amid the noise of the exploding fireworks and strains of the naval band we pushed off.

We came alongside of the steamer and were received by Commodore Maury, who began at once to prepare for sea. During the few minutes that were left for farewells the deck of the "City of Tokio" formed a brilliant sight. Boats from the four men-of-war came laden with our naval officers, in their full uniforms, to say good-by. All of them were friends, many of them had been shipmates and companions, and the hour of separation brought so many memories of the country, the kindness, the consideration, the good-fellowship they had shown us, that we felt as if we were leaving friends. Steam-tugs brought from Yokohama other friends.

In saying farewell to our Japanese friends, to those who had been our special hosts, General Grant expressed his gratitude and his friendship. But mere words, however warmly spoken, could only give faint expression to the feelings with which we took leave of many of those who had come to the steamer to pay us parting courtesy. These gentlemen were not alone princes—rulers of an empire, noblemen of rank and lineage, ministers of a sovereign whose guests we had been—but friends. And in saying farewell to them we said farewell to so many and so much, to a country where every hour of our stay had a special value, to a civilization which had profoundly impressed us, and which awakened new ideas of what Japan had been, of her real place in the world, and of what her place might be if stronger

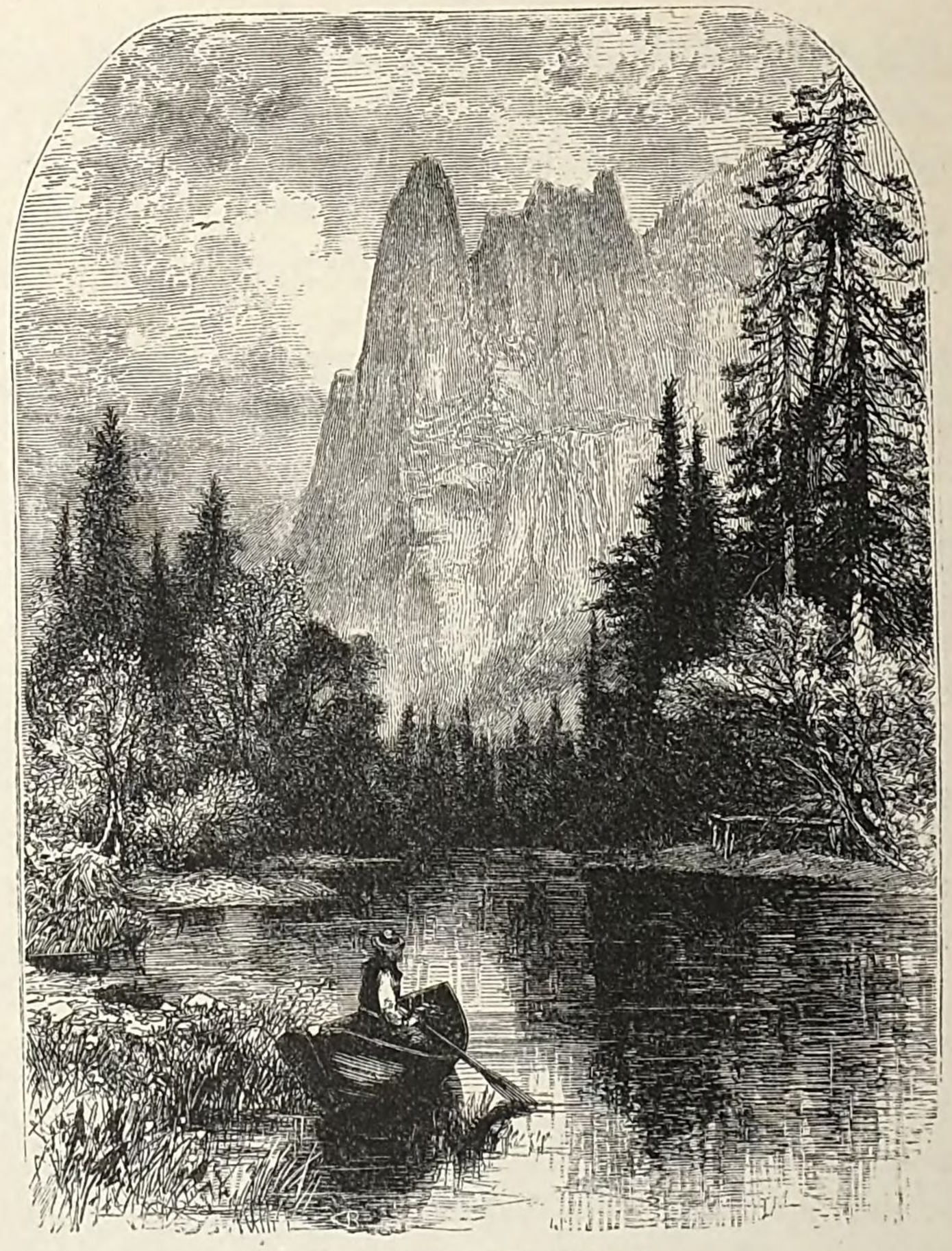
nations shared her generosity or justice. We had been strangely won by Japan, and our last view of it was a scene of beauty. Yokohama nestled on her shore, against which the waters of the sea were idly rolling. Her hills were dowered with foliage, and here and there were houses and groves and flagstaffs, sentinels



FAREWELL TO JAPAN.

of the outside world which had made this city their encampment. In the far distance, breaking through the clouds, so faint at first that you had to look closely to make sure that you were not deceived by the mists, Fusiyama towered into the blue and bending skies. Around us were men-of-war shimmering in the sunshine, so it seemed, with their multitudinous flags. There was the hurry, the nervous bustle and excitement, the glow of energy

and feeling which always mark the last moments of a steamer about to sail. Our naval friends went back to their ships. Our Yokohama friends went off in their tugs, and the last we saw of General Van Buren was a distant and vanishing figure in a state of pantomime, as though he were delivering a Fourth of July oration. I presume he was cheering. Then our Japanese friends took leave, and went on board their steam-launch to accompany us a part of our journey. The Japanese man-of-war has her anchor up, slowly steaming, ready to convoy us out to sea. The last line that binds us to our anchorage is thrown off, and the huge steamer moves slowly through the shipping. We pass the "Richmond" near enough to recognize our friends on the quarter-deck—the Admiral and his officers. You hear a shrill word of command, and seamen go scampering up the rigging to man the yards. The guns roll out a salute. We pass the "Ashuelot," and her guns take up the iron chorus. We pass the "Monongahela," so close almost that we could converse with Captain Fitzhugh and the gentlemen who are waving us farewell. Her guns thunder good-by, and over the bay the smoke floats in waves—floats on toward Fusiyama. We hear the cheers from the "Ranger." Very soon all that we see of our vessels are faint and distant phantoms, and all that we see of Yokohama are lines of gray and green. We are fast speeding on toward California. For an hour or so the Japanese man-of-war, the same which met us at Nagasaki and came with us through the Inland Sea, keeps us company. The Japanese cabinet are on board. We see the smoke break from her ports and we hurry to the side of our vessel to wave farewell—farewell to so many friends, so many friends kind and true. This is farewell at last, our final token of good will from Japan. The man-of-war fires twenty-one guns. The Japanese sailors swarm on the rigging and give hearty cheers. Our steamer answers by blowing her steam-whistle. The man-of-war turns slowly around and steams back to Yokohama. Very soon she also becomes a phantom, vanishing over the horizon. Then, gathering herself like one who knows of a long and stern task to do, our steamer breasts the sea with an earnest will—for California and for home.



THE SENTINEL ROCKS, YOSEMITE.

CHAPTER XLV.

CONVERSATIONS WITH GENERAL GRANT—HOME AGAIN.

WE steamed across the Pacific over a gentle, easy sea. There was a hope that we might bend the "Tokio" from her course so far as to allow us to visit the Sandwich Islands. But commercial reasons were paramount, and so we kept our way direct to San Francisco. We had pleasant, idle days on the "Tokio," General Grant spending most of his time in reading. But we talked of home

subjects, and the General was easily led to speak again of the great rebellion.

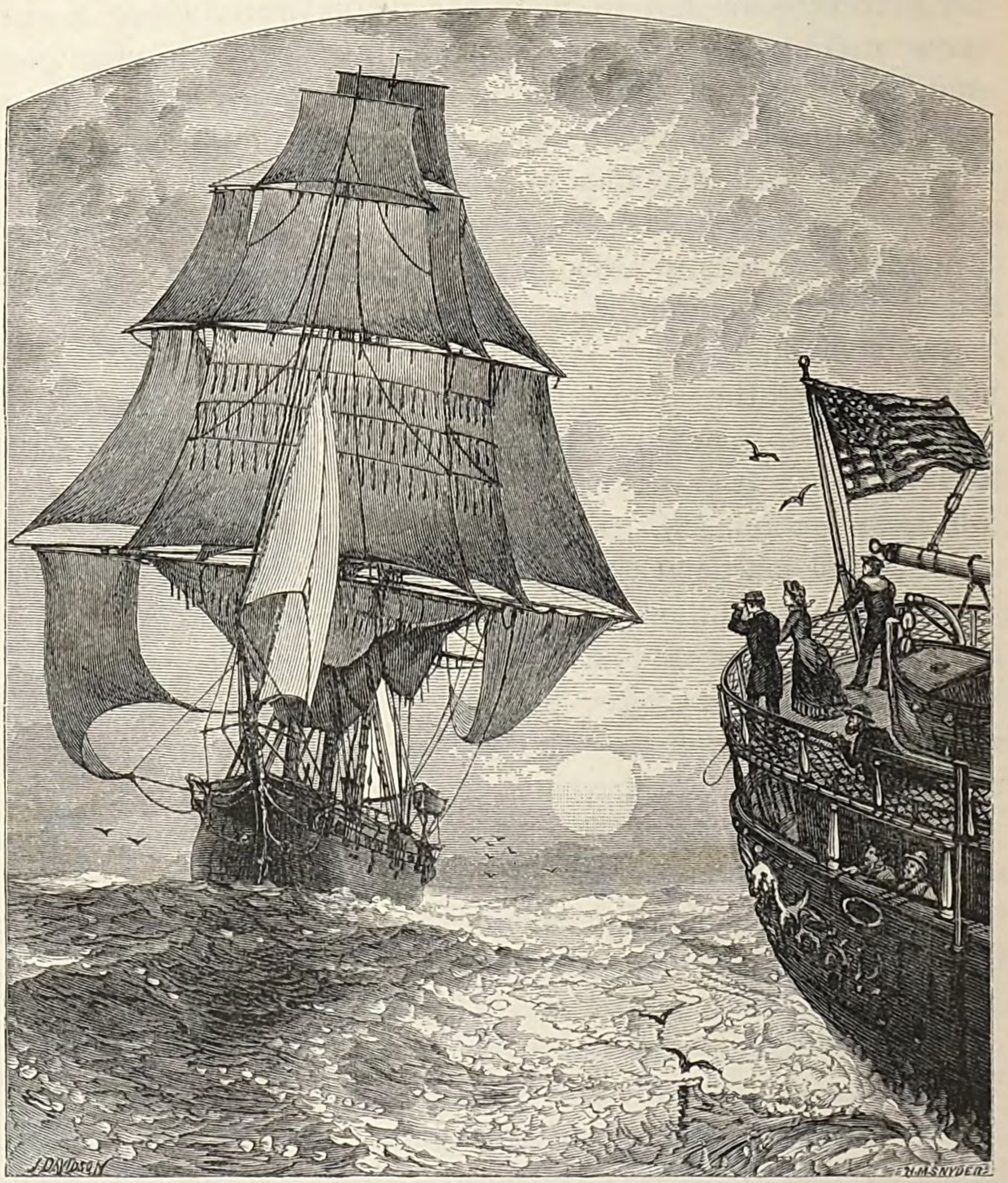
"War has responsibilities," said he one day, "that are either fatal to a commander's position or very successful. I often go over our war campaigns and criticise what I did, and see where I made mistakes. Information now and then coming to light for the first time shows me frequently where I could have done better. I don't think there is one of my campaigns with which I have not some fault to find, and which, as I see now, I could not have improved, except perhaps Vicksburg. I do not see how I could have improved that. When General Sherman fell under the censure of Mr. Stanton, because of his convention with Johnston, and there arose that inexplicable and cruel storm of defamation, even going to the extent of impugning Sherman's loyalty—one of the charges against him was that he had been unfaithful to me in the Vicksburg campaign. It was said, with circumstantial detail, that, not believing in that movement, he had written a protest against it; so that if I failed he would have the merit of having prophesied failure and profited by my blunder. Nothing could be more cowardly than such a charge. Sherman's behavior in that whole business showed the generosity and manliness of his high character. When I determined on that campaign I knew, as well as I knew anything, that it would not meet with the approval of the authorities in Washington. I knew this because I knew Halleck, and that he was too learned a soldier to consent to a campaign in violation of all the principles of the art of war. But I felt that every war I knew anything about had made laws for itself, and early in our contest I was impressed with the idea that success with us would depend upon our taking advantage of new conditions. No two wars are alike, because they are generally fought at different periods, under different phases of civilization. To take Vicksburg, according to the rules of war as laid down in the books, would have involved a new campaign, a withdrawal of my forces to Memphis, and the opening of a new line of attack. The North needed a victory. We had been unfortunate in Virginia, and

we had not gained our success at Gettysburg. Such a withdrawal as would have been necessary—say to Memphis, would have had all the effects, in the North, of a defeat. This was an ever-present consideration with me; for, although I took no open part in politics, and was supposed to be as much of a Democrat as a Republican, I felt that the Union depended upon the administration, and the administration upon victory. I talked it over with Sherman. I told him it was necessary to gain a success in the south-west, that the country was weary and impatient, that the disasters in Virginia were weakening the government, and that unless we did something there was no knowing what, in its despair, the country might not do. Lee was preparing to invade Maryland and Pennsylvania, as he did. Sherman said that the sound campaign was to return to Memphis, establish that as a base of supplies, and move from there on Vicksburg, building up the road as we advanced and never uncovering that base. My reply was that the move backward would further discourage the loyal North and make it difficult to get men or supplies. Already the elections had shown discouragement. I felt that what was wanted was a forward movement to a victory that would be decisive. In a popular war we had to consider political exigencies. You see there was no general in our army who had won that public confidence which came to many of them afterward. We were all of us, more or less, on probation. Sherman contended that the risk of disaster in the proposed movement was so great that even for my own fame I should not undertake it; that if I failed no credit would be given me for my intentions; that the administration, about which I was worrying so much, would root me up and throw me away as a useless weed; that the politicians in Washington should take care of their affairs and we would take care of ours. I thought that war anyhow was a risk; that it made little difference to the country what was done with me. I might be killed or die from fever. The more I thought of it the more I felt that my duty was plain. The story then is that Sherman went to his tent and wrote out that formal protest which might

arise in evidence against me should I fall on evil days. This is not true; what Sherman did was to write a letter to Rawlins—a hurried, friendly letter—asking Rawlins to use his influence with me not to incur the risk of ruin, which a rash move would insure; anyhow to consult with my principal generals, and if they approved to at least have a divided responsibility; but assuring him that he would give an earnest support to whatever plan was adopted. Rawlins was in the same mood as Sherman, shared his anxieties, and although not learned in the art of war, was so entirely devoted to me that he trembled at anything that might do me harm. The letter to Rawlins, so far as it referred to me, was no more than what one brother might have written to another. Rawlins brought it to me. I read it over and said nothing. The fact even that such a letter had been written never came from me. Sherman first told about it himself. I felt, however, that to carry out my move fully I must have it developed before it could be stopped from Washington, before orders could come—as they did in fact come—that would have rendered it impossible. I gave Sherman his orders. Nothing could exceed his energy and enthusiasm in carrying out his part of the campaign. I moved my troops down the river to Port Hudson.

"The gun-boats and six or seven steamers ran the batteries at Vicksburg, while I marched the troops from Young's Point to opposite Grand Gulf, expecting to silence the batteries at Grand Gulf and land my troops there, as the first point of high land, on the east bank of the Mississippi, from which I could operate. But the water-batteries proved about as strong as at Vicksburg, and after the gun-boats had fired upon them nearly all day they failed to silence their guns. I had, in the middle of the river, on board my transports, about ten thousand men, ready to land at any moment, as soon as the batteries should be silenced. Admiral Porter was there as the flag officer commanding the fleet of gun-boats. So toward evening, finding that we would not be able to effect a landing there, I took a tug and went on board Porter's flag-ship. We were under fire at the time, and Porter's vessel, I found, had been consid-

erably battered, shots having passed through the sides of the ship, killing and wounding a great many men. I told Porter that I saw that the idea of landing there was hopeless; but



ON THE PACIFIC.

that, as soon as it was dark, I should take my transports and land the whole of the troops and march them across the point to a point below Grand Gulf; if he would run the batteries as he had done at Vicksburg, that I would run the transports too, and that at daylight in the morning the enemy would find

we were crossing the river. The important object I had in seeing Porter was to find out if he would consent to the use of his gun-boats as ferry-boats, as they would be so much better than the steamers we had, and would reinforce and supplement them. Besides, the engines of some of my transports had been disabled and they would require to be towed, and Porter's gun-boats would answer admirably for this purpose. But Porter was not under my command, and I could not order him.

"I was naturally anxious. If he had been a touchy admiral, jealous of his rank, in a severe state of discipline, he would have objected to his boats doing ferry duty—certainly would have resented the suggestion, even, from an army officer. He might have told me, as he would have had the right to do, to command my troops and he would command his boats. So I was very anxious to know how Porter would take it. But as soon as the matter was suggested to him he relieved my anxiety by saying that all his gun-boats were at my disposal to be used as transports and ferry-boats for getting the troops over the river. He saw at once what I needed, and himself pointed out in what way his boats could be of service. This is a fine trait in Porter. He sees in an instant the best way of doing a thing, and does it with energy and ability. I was delighted with Porter's co-operation. I never can be too grateful to him for his promptitude. He turned his gun-boats into ferry-boats, and men, cannon, horses, and all, were ferried over next morning at Bruensburg.

"Instead of making a report to Washington of what had been done thus far, I hurried into the interior and developed my movement. You know the theory of the campaign was to throw myself between Johnston and Pemberton, prevent their union, beat each army separately if I could, and take Vicksburg. It was important to have this movement so far advanced before even the knowledge of it reached Washington that it could not be recalled.

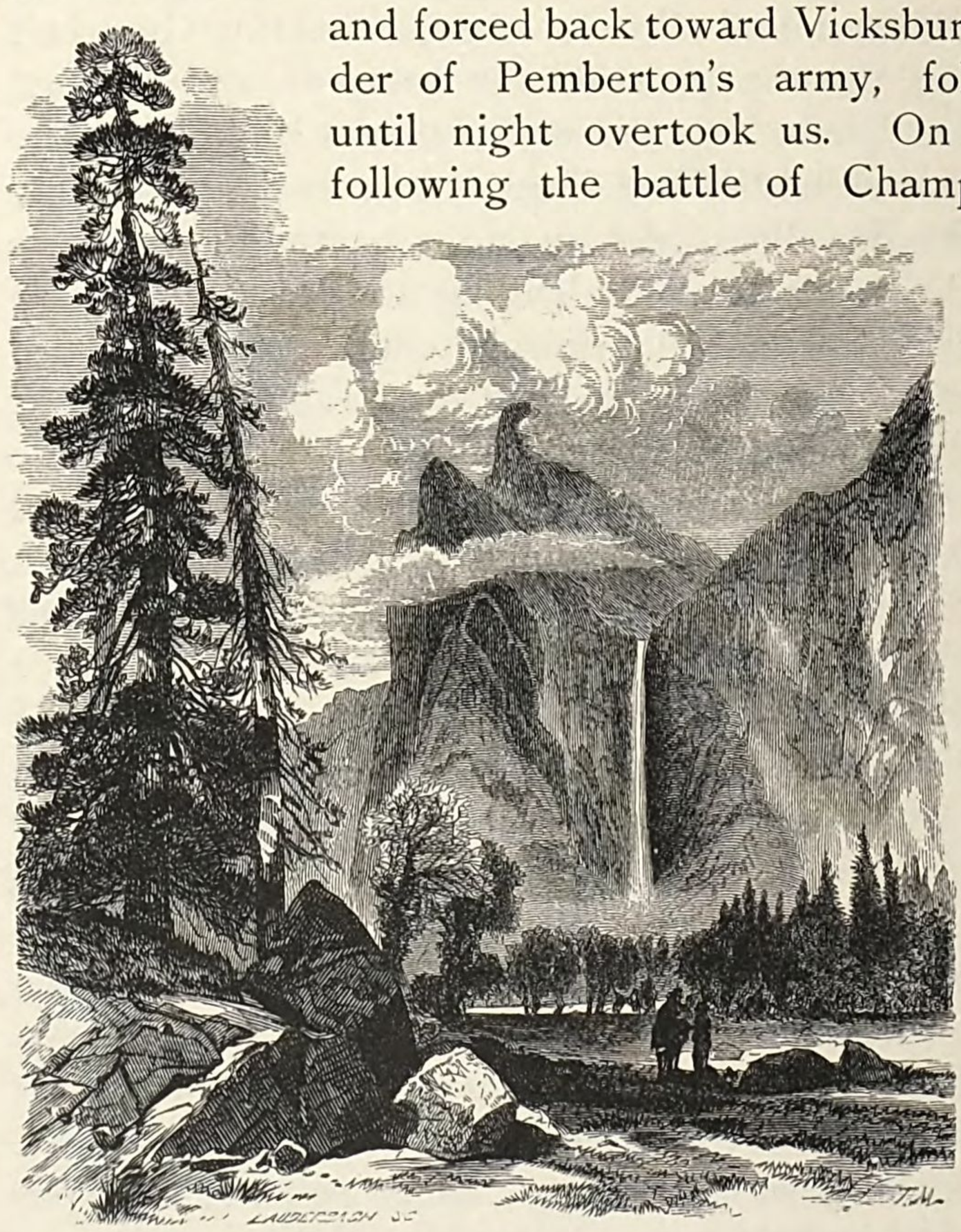
"After landing at Bruensburg, below Grand Gulf, I moved out to secure the high land before the enemy could get down

from Grand Gulf and confront me, dispatching the troops as fast as they were landed, without waiting for the whole force to move in a body. We had no transportation for the troops on shore after we crossed the river. Three days' rations had been issued, with orders that they must last five, and we also had rations in abundance on board the transports, but no transportation for them to the interior. I directed the officers to gather all the wagons and teams they could from the plantations as we moved on. We met the enemy and fought what is called in history the battle of Port Gibson, although, as a matter of fact, the battle was fought at Thompson's Hill, some five miles before we arrived at Port Gibson. After driving the enemy from that position we followed him toward Port Gibson until night overtook us. Then we lay upon our arms, not in any regular camp, but just where night had overtaken us. We marched on to Port Gibson the following morning, to find that the enemy had crossed Bayou Pierre, burning the bridges, of which there were two. This forced a halt to enable us to build a bridge to carry the army over. Before night we had a bridge built, the army had crossed, and the advance had marched eight miles, to the North Fork of the Bayou Pierre, where the enemy had also burned the bridge. This bridge we repaired during the night, so as to be able to cross on the morning of the third day. From there we pushed on toward the Big Black River, at Hankerson's Ferry, fighting and driving the enemy from all the high points which they had occupied, more to delay us and enable them to get back to Vicksburg than from any hope of stopping us altogether. By the night of the third day our advance was across Hankerson's Ferry, on the Big Black, and within six or seven miles of Vicksburg. There I halted the troops. Then I rode back at once that night to Grand Gulf, where our gun-boats were lying. It was seventeen miles away, and I had to get there, write my dispatches for Washington, and return by morning. I had been in the saddle since we crossed the river, three days before, and had not had a regular meal or any sleep in that time. I wrote my dispatches and sent them by courier to Young's

Point, to go by dispatch-boat to Cairo, the nearest point from which they could be telegraphed to Washington. It would take these dispatches some time to reach Cairo by boat, and some time for the response—eight days, I think. I remember how anxiously I counted the time I had to spare before that response could come. You can do a great deal in eight days. Sherman, McPherson, and all of us worked and marched and moved, sleeping on the ground, our army in the lightest marching order. From Hankerson's Ferry, withdrawing the troops that had crossed the Big Black, I marched, keeping my left flank on the Big Black and my right extending out so as to occupy all the roads we could leading toward the north, so that when I arrived near to the railroad connecting Vicksburg and Jackson, my left was on the Big Black and my right at Raymond, within twelve or fifteen miles of Jackson. There McPherson encountered the enemy, fought a sharp battle, and gained a victory. Then I determined to move rapidly upon Jackson, and capture and destroy that place and the railroads leading to and from it before turning toward Vicksburg. I gave my orders in the evening after the battle of Raymond for a rapid move by the right flank upon Jackson, leaving the Thirteenth Army Corps, under McClernand, where they were —in the neighborhood of Raymond—as a sufficient force between my moving column and the rebel troops in Vicksburg, in case they should come out to attack us. Jackson was taken by storm that afternoon in a heavy rain. McPherson captured an order from Johnston to Pemberton to come out from Vicksburg and force the attack there. I was rejoiced when I learned Johnston's plans, and turned about to meet Pemberton. I did meet him half way, at Champion Hill.

"At a point some miles before reaching Champion Hill—feeling that I had troops enough without Sherman's command, and knowing that it would be impossible to cross the Big Black, which was then much swollen, in presence of an enemy—I detached Sherman with his corps, and all the pontoons we had, and turned him upon a road to strike the Big Black some six or seven miles above where the railroad leading into Vicksburg

crosses it, expecting that by having his force on the Vicksburg side of the Big Black, he would be able to turn the enemy's position, force them back, and leave a free crossing for us on the main straight road. With the troops left with me we fought the battle of Champion Hill, captured some 3,000 prisoners, besides a considerable amount of artillery, cut off one division, and forced back toward Vicksburg the remainder of Pemberton's army, following them until night overtook us. On the morning following the battle of Champion Hill we pursued the enemy to the Big Black, where we found them in a fortified position in the flats on the east side of the river, with a portion of their army occupying the heights on the west bank. I disposed my troops so as to surround the enemy



BRIDAL VEIL FALL, YOSEMITE.

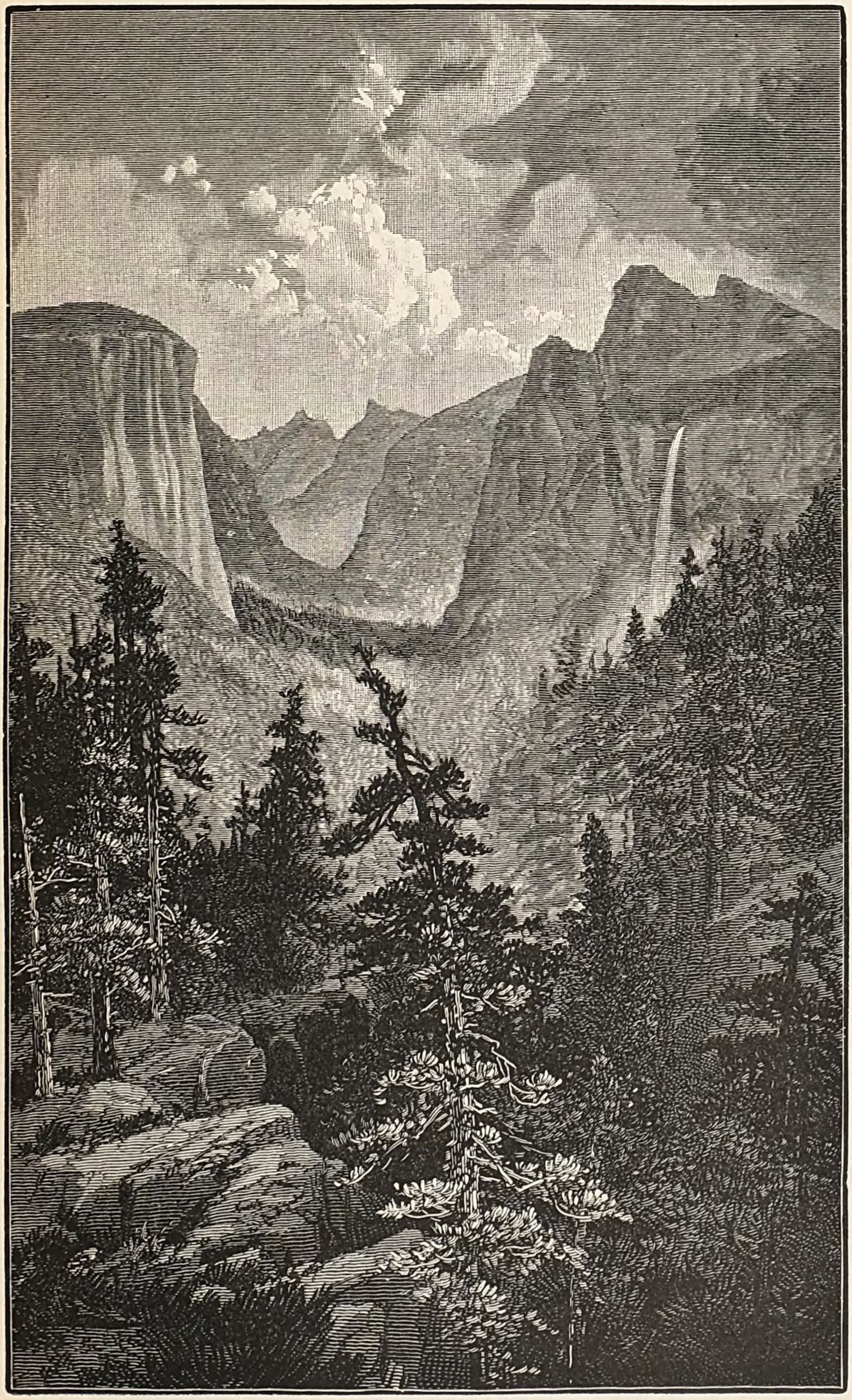
on the side of the river where I was, not intending to make any attack then, but to await the result of Sherman's move to turn the enemy and drive them back. It was while in this position—there being then some little firing of artillery and musketry on both sides—that I received the orders directing me to go back to the Mississippi, move down and co-operate with Banks in the reduc-

tion of Port Hudson, and when that was secured to move, with Banks's and my forces combined, back on to Vicksburg, having then New Orleans for a base of supplies. An officer came into my lines from Banks's army, then investing Port Hudson. This officer was a brigadier-general, in a high state of excitement, a small and impressive man, so overcome with the sense of his tremendous responsibility that he seemed to stand on his toes to give it emphasis. He had the order from Halleck for me to withdraw at once with my force and join Banks. This order was so important that he, a general officer, had come all the way to bring it and to escort me, if necessary, to Port Hudson. I acknowledged the order, but said I was there in front of the enemy and engaged, and could not withdraw; that even General Halleck, under the circumstances, would not expect me to do so. The little brigadier, standing on his toes, became more and more emphatic. I pointed out that we were not only engaged with the enemy, but winning a victory, and that General Halleck never intended his order to destroy a victory. While explaining to this officer the impossibility of my retreating after I had progressed so far, one of my brigade commanders, without orders from me, had given the command "Charge!" This commander was a brave but impulsive man, and seeing an opportunity he had taken advantage of it. A bayou filled with fallen trees and débris lay between his command and the enemy, and if they had shown a resistance to the attack our men might have been slaughtered. But the enemy were tired out with fighting the day before, and so, when they saw our troops charging them, after a show of resistance they just pulled out wads of cotton from the cotton-bales, stuck them on their bayonets and muskets, and held them up as a sign of surrender. The charge, of course, was successful, and we captured the whole batch—over 2,000 prisoners—and all the artillery on that side of the river. The enemy on the west bank immediately commenced their retreat on Vicksburg, without waiting to be turned by our troops, who had successfully crossed above them, burning their bridges, however, as they left. I immediately set my command to building temporary bridges over the river,

which was then very deep and with a swift, strong current. We built three of them. One I gave McPherson the direction of, one to Lieutenant Haynes, a young engineer who was just out of the Military Academy, and one to General Ransome, a brave volunteer officer. They each adopted different plans of building, but all three bridges were completed by daylight the following morning, giving us three bridges to cross on at the same time. After we had crossed the Big Black River I moved upon Vicksburg, aiming to get possession of the Yazoo above Vicksburg before accomplishing any other object, so as to give us a base of supplies.

"I remember when I came to the point which would give us a base for our supplies. That is, having this point, it gave us a safe place to bring our supplies from the right flank of the army. You see, our army was acting as a movable column, without a base. We were nearing what is called Walnut Hills, which overlook the Yazoo, at the point where Sherman had made his attack the December before. I felt very anxious, and so did Sherman—so anxious that we became impatient. We were together at the time, riding in advance of our column. We increased our pace and rode ahead, sometimes beyond our skirmish lines. When we ascended the hill we saw that our movement was a success. I remember Sherman's exclamations of joy at my side on that hill, his rapture over the success of the movement, his compliments to me especially. He could not have been more pleased if the plan had been his own. We were standing at the point which had been occupied by the enemy when Sherman made his attack the fall before. The enemy held this hill, and Sherman had reached the swamps and flats below, but without the possibility then, owing to the high water, of deploying his column so as to make a successful attack.

"Of course when Vicksburg fell Port Hudson went with it. I made all the explanations necessary to Halleck, who treated me handsomely, approved my campaign to the letter, comparing the move to Napoleon's movements on Ulm. Mr. Lincoln also wrote me letters, which he published at the time, saying



THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

that he had not approved the campaign when he heard of it, but the result showed that I was right and he was wrong. So far, in fact, from Sherman trying to belittle that campaign, as is the charge against him, he was most enthusiastic in his commendations. Citizens, and particularly the State officers of Illinois, began to come to our head-quarters after the fall of Vicksburg—Governor Yates and others—and Sherman would tell them, in his eager way, how he had opposed the movement, and that the credit was all mine. Nothing could be more generous than his treatment of me. But that is Sherman's way. He is generous to everybody, and while at West Point he was one of the most popular boys at the Academy.

"If the Vicksburg campaign," continued General Grant, "meant anything, in a military point of view, it was that there are no fixed laws of war which are not subject to the conditions of the country, the climate, and the habits of the people. The laws of successful war in one generation would insure defeat in another. I was well served in the Vicksburg campaign."

Allusion was made in our conversation to the statement of the Confederate General, Dick Taylor, that Pemberton in surrendering Vicksburg betrayed the South. "That," said General Grant, "is one of Taylor's romances. Pemberton could not have held Vicksburg a day longer than he did. But desperate as his condition was, he did not want to surrender it. He knew that, as a Northern man by birth, he was under suspicion; that a surrender would be treated as disloyalty, and rather than incur that reproach he was willing to stand my assault. But as I learned afterward his officers, and even his men, saw how mad would have been such a course, and he reluctantly accepted the inevitable. I could have carried Vicksburg by assault, and was ready when the surrender took place. But if Pemberton had forced this, had compelled me to throw away lives uselessly, I should have dealt severely with him. It would have been little less than murder, not only of my men but his own. I would severely punish any officer who, under such circumstances, compelled a wanton loss of life. War is

war, and murder is murder, and Vicksburg was so far reduced, and its condition so hopeless when it surrendered, that the loss of another life in defending it would have been criminal.

"Taking it all in all," said General Grant, "I see fewer mistakes in the Vicksburg campaign than in any other. Others, no doubt, see many; but I am speaking now as a critic



GENERAL GRANT AND THE SCHOOL CHILDREN AT OAKLAND.

of myself. Mission Ridge, although a great victory, would have ended in the destruction of Bragg but for our mistake in not knowing the ground. If I had known the ground as well before the battle as I did after, I think Bragg would have been destroyed. I saw this as soon as the battle was over, and was greatly disappointed. Sheridan showed his

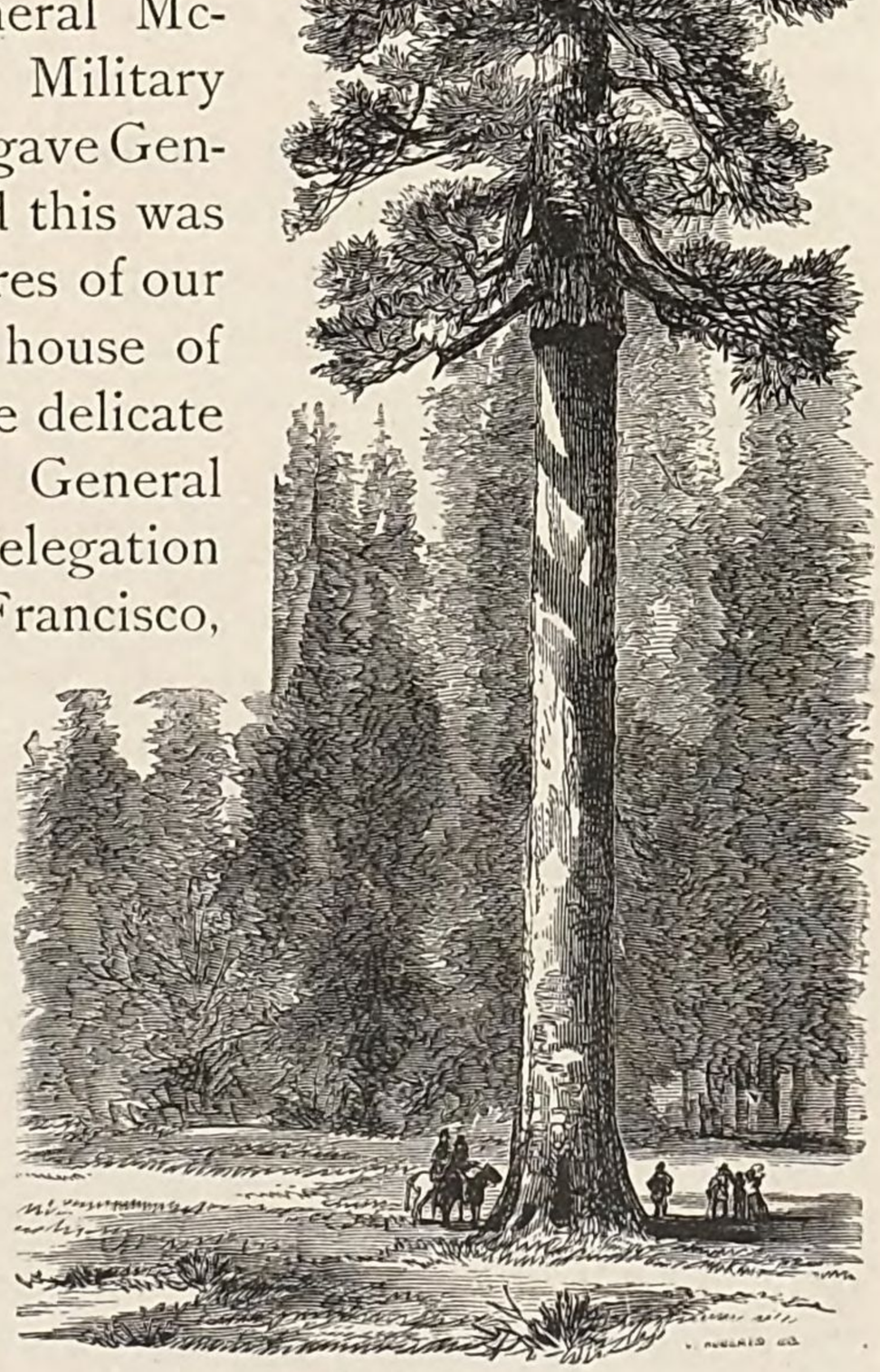
genius in that battle, and to him I owe the capture of most of the prisoners that were taken. Although commanding a division only, he saw in the crisis of the engagement that it was necessary to advance beyond the point indicated in his orders. He saw what I could not know, on account of my ignorance of the ground, and with the instinct of military genius pushed ahead. If the others had followed his example we should have had Bragg's army. The victory satisfied the country, but it might have been more fruitful. There were mistakes enough in our Virginia campaign, but fortunately we did not make as many as the enemy. So far as battles are concerned I always deplored Cold Harbor. That was a serious mistake. Lee's great blunder was in holding Richmond. He must have been controlled by Davis, who, taking the gambler's desperate view of the situation, staked the Confederacy on one card. It must have been that Davis felt that the moral effect of the fall of Richmond would have been equal to the fall of the South. Or it may be, as I have sometimes thought, that Lee felt that the war was over; that the South was fought out; that any prolongation of the war would be misery to both the North and the South. After I crossed the James, the holding of Richmond was a mistake. Nor have I ever felt that the surrender at Appomattox was an absolute military necessity. I think that in holding Richmond, and even in consenting to that surrender, Lee sacrificed his judgment as a soldier to his duty as a citizen and the leader of the South. I think Lee deserves honor for that, for if he had left Richmond when Sherman invaded Georgia, it would have given us another year of war."

On Saturday, September 20th, that being the eighteenth day of our homeward journey from Japan, we came to the coast of California. Our first news from home came with the pilot-boat, when we learned from the newspapers which it brought of the reception awaiting the General. The details of this proposed honor were a great surprise to the General, who had no idea of the magnitude and enthusiasm of the compliment in store for him.

The sun was setting behind the hills as we steamed into the Golden Gate. But the story of General Grant's reception in California has been told so fully that I despair of being able to add to it. On the whole, the scene was wondrously beautiful. The lines of brown hills, the puffs of smoke that told of salutes fired so far off that the sound of the cannon could scarcely be heard, the welcoming of the fog-horns, the trim and bending yachts bright with flags, the huge steamers covered with people coming out to meet us and cheering again and again, the deep thunder of the batteries of Angel Island, Black Point, and Alcatraz, the cheers from the thousands who swarmed on Telegraph Hill, as our vessel slowly steamed past; and, finally, the brilliant, blazing city, which burst upon us as we turned into our anchorage—all of this formed a picture which could not be forgotten, even by those who had seen the pageantry of Europe and the splendor of the East. But it had a quality which neither Europe nor the East could give, for it was a welcome home! Coming from the silent multitudes of Japan and China, it was a thrilling sound to hear once again the Anglo-Saxon cheer ringing out from thousands of voices.

At eleven o'clock in the evening General Grant reached his hotel, and dined quietly with Senator Jones and Senator Sharon, of Nevada. A. J. Bryant, Mayor of San Francisco, took the utmost pains to make General Grant's welcome a hearty one; and this courtesy was the more gracious from him, because Mayor Bryant is known to belong to a different political party. The General's time in California was spent in seeing the sights. The visit was to him one of peculiar interest. Twenty-five years before he had been, as a young officer, stationed in California; and, as he said to the writer, it had always been the dream of his life to live in California. What surprised him were the changes that had taken place. The San Francisco that he had known in the early days had vanished, and even the aspect of nature had changed; for the resolute men who are building the metropolis of the Pacific have absorbed the waters and torn down the hills to make their way. Many were the old friends the General met in San Francisco—companions

of other days. There were visits to the City Hall, where the General reviewed the veterans of our war, representatives from the various armies of the Union who had made their homes in California. There was a visit from the Methodist Conference, who called in a body. Bishop Haven made an address, and the General and Mrs. Grant spent an hour in conversation with the members of the Conference. There were visits to the stock exchanges, the banks, and the various centers of business. General McDowell, commanding the Military Department of the Pacific, gave General Grant a reception, and this was one of the pleasantest features of our stay. It was while at the house of General McDowell that the delicate question, whether or not General Grant should receive a delegation from the Chinese of San Francisco, was decided. The Chinese are not loved in California, and so, when it was proposed to present him with an address from the Chinese merchants, there were strong objections from some quarters, for fear that it would give offense to the people of California. When the matter was submitted to General Grant he said that the kindness he had received from the statesmen and rulers of China was so marked that he would be only too happy to



ONE OF THE BIG TREES.

return it by any courtesy he could show to Chinamen in America. As the home of General McDowell is a government property, it was thought better that the Chinese delegation should there present their address. So, on the afternoon of the reception, the delegation came, headed by Colonel Bee. An address was read, and a scroll of worked silk presented to the General. On this scroll were the following words in Chinese: "To General Grant. We join our voices to swell the pean which has girdled the earth, wafted over seas and continents. Praises to the warrior and statesman. Most graciously presented by the Chinese of California." General Grant, in return, acknowledged the great kindness and hospitality shown to him by the people and authorities of China, and expressed the hope that China, by breaking down the seclusion in which she has been shrouded for ages, would continue to draw nearer to her the trade and sympathy of the civilized world. At the close of the speech Colonel Bee said that Mrs. Grant had done much to break down the spirit of domestic exclusiveness that reigns in China, and asked her to accept, on behalf of the delegation, a small casket of ivory. There were visits to the theaters, and a very pleasant day at Oakland. Oakland is a suburb of San Francisco, and is certainly one of the most beautiful cities I have seen in my journey around the world. Here were processions, banners and flags; but especially worthy of note was the gathering of five thousand school children, who formed in line, and as General Grant walked up and down threw roses at his feet.

There was a dinner at the house of D. O. Mills, a banquet at his beautiful home, Millbrae. There was a reception at the house of Senator Sharon, Belmont, a famous house, famous in the social annals of California. Here Senator Sharon entertained General Grant with princely and splendid hospitality. There was a visit to the house of J. C. Flood, Menlo Park, and a pleasant day at San José, the General accompanied on this occasion by Colonel J. P. Jackson, M. D. Boruck, Mayor Bryant, and others.

Life in California was a round of hospitalities so contin-

uous as almost to be distressing. A pleasant episode was our trip to the Yosemite. The party who made this little journey was composed of the General and Mrs. Grant, U. S. Grant, jr., General John F. Miller and wife, their daughter, Miss Eudora Miller, Geo. W. Dent, Miss Florence Sharon, daughter of the Senator, Miss Jennie Flood, daughter of J. C. Flood, Esq., and the writer. Mr. Washburne accompanied us on behalf of the company who own the stage lines and are building the road through the Yosemite. It was a vivid and graphic experience—these long drives through the sierras, the nights we spent in the lonely out-of-the-way taverns, the glimpse of the primitive but hearty kindness shown in the little towns by the wayside, whose inhabitants all came out to welcome General Grant. A few days were spent in the Yosemite, every point of interest in the valley being visited. The General climbed the rocks, rode over the peaks, and seemed to enjoy once more the freedom and the motion of out-door life. There was a visit to the Big Trees, and we spent an hour or two wandering about, clambering over fallen trunks, and endeavoring to form some idea of the real magnitude of these gigantic phenomena of nature. So much has been written about the Yosemite that I venture but one remark: that having seen most of the sights that attract travelers in India, Asia, and Europe, it stands unparalleled as a rapturous vision of beauty and splendor. The view from Inspiration Point—as suddenly turning from the wooded road that brings you down the mountain you have before you the whole of the Yosemite Valley, every feature of its daring and mighty scenery blended as it were into a picture sweeping beneath you as you look down from your giddy height—is the most beautiful that I have seen in the world.

My journey with General Grant ended with the visit to the Yosemite. His ways led to Oregon, mine to the Atlantic coast.

So came to an end an experience that one can never hope to see again.

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